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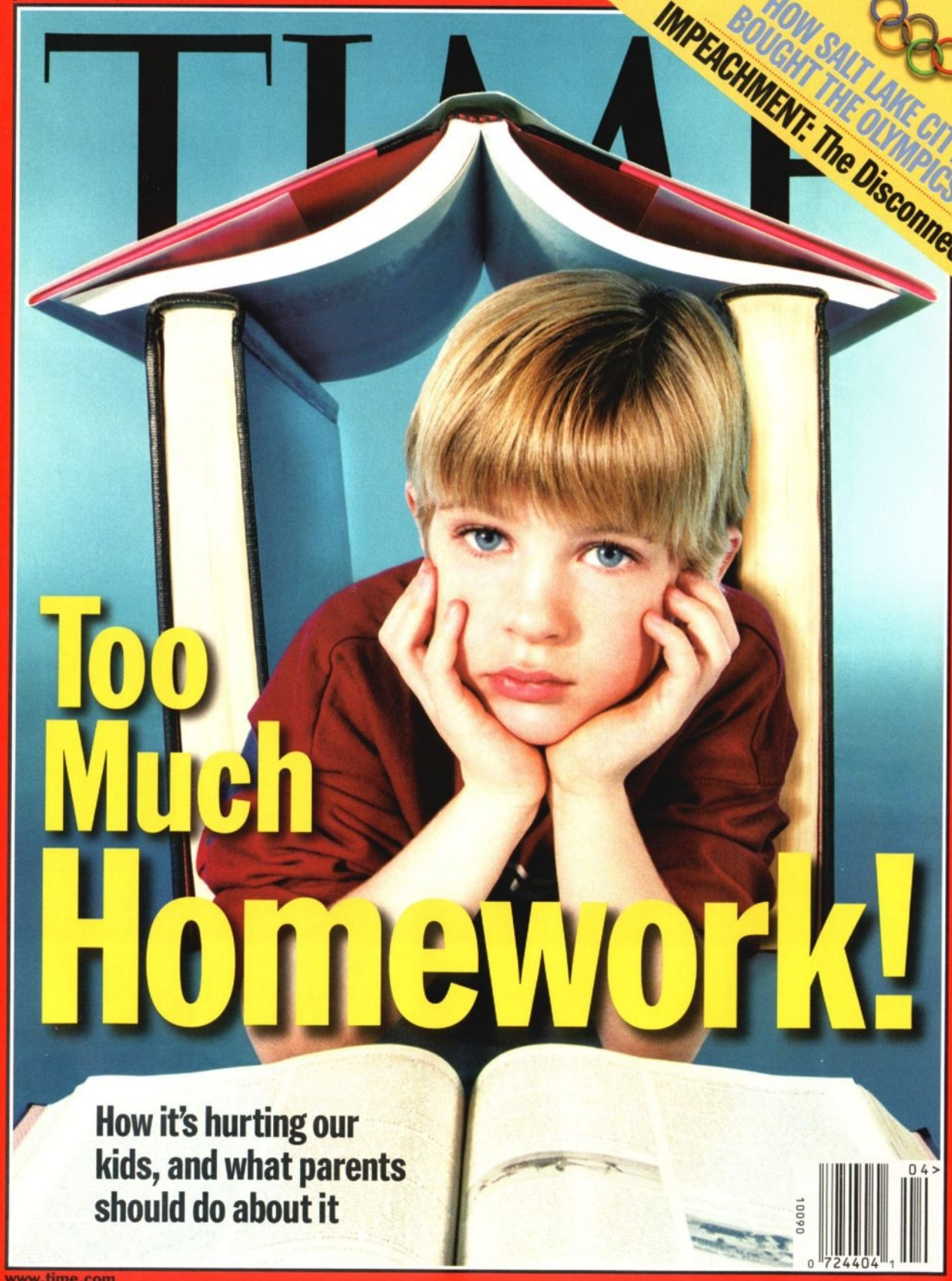

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JANUARY 25, 1999

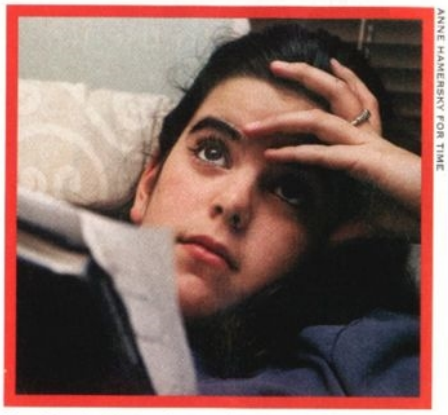
TIME

VOL. 153 NO. 3

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

KEITH PHILPOTT FOR TIME

Talk of the Town: The Clinton trial as seen from Kansas (*see* NATION)



ANNE HAMERSKY FOR TIME

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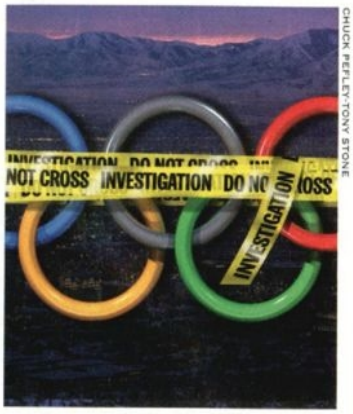

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MADAME TUSSAUD'S

WAXING ELEGANT: An artist puts a finishing touch on Oprah

BEING ON THE COVER OF *TIME* OR having yourself rendered in paraffin at Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum of London could be considered a benchmark for fame and infamy. Appearing in both spots could be a benchmark for making the TIME 100. Since last April, TIME, in conjunction with CBS News, has been saluting this century's most influential men and women with the TIME 100, a series of special issues profiling 20 leaders in five categories.

Next week Madame Tussaud's, a company that has been shaping history, so to speak, since 1835, joins us in our endeavor. Madame Tussaud's, the most popular tourist attraction in London, has created a special TIME 100 exhibit featuring the likenesses of figures such as Winston Churchill, Martin Luther King Jr., Nelson Mandela, Pope John Paul II, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the Beatles, Pablo Picasso, Mikhail Gorbachev, Lech Walesa and Oprah Winfrey, all of whom have been named in our TIME 100 issues: Leaders and Revolutionaries (April 13, 1998), Artists and Entertainers (June 8, 1998) and Builders and Titans (Dec. 7, 1998). The museum will incorporate wax figures from upcoming issues on Scientists and Thinkers (March) and Heroes and Inspirations (June) as they are published. The series culminates with a year-end issue dedicated to the Person of the Century; a space in Madame Tussaud's will be set aside as a permanent site for a statue of the honoree. Additionally, Madame Tussaud's is offering visitors Internet stations where those interested can learn more about the people who have made the TIME 100; or, you can use our website at *time.com*.

C.M. HOLOVACH

EDWARD BARNES IS THE ONLY *TIME* STAFF MEMBER WHO KEEPS A bulletproof vest hanging in his office. For most of his career Barnes has specialized in getting incredible stories out of impossible places. While covering the 1991 Persian Gulf War for LIFE magazine, he was so close to the front lines that four Iraqi Republican Guards surrendered to him. Last week when fighting heated up in Sierra Leone, Barnes didn't hesitate. He jetted from New York City to Paris on Tuesday, then traveled through the Ivory Coast and Mali to Guinea, where he caught a Nigerian helicopter into Freetown on Saturday morning. Battle-hardened though he is, Barnes found the scene harrowing. "The situation is totally chaotic," he says. "Much of the city is under the control of 15- and 16-year-old kids who will shoot at anything." Barnes filed his story from Freetown on a borrowed satellite phone from under the cover of a palm tree as a muggy quiet settled over the city. His dispatches, and his courage, provided the outside world with its first glimpse of Sierra Leone's nightmare in more than a week, since the last journalists fled.

TED THAI FOR TIME

ROMESH RATNESAR JOINED *TIME* IN 1997 AND WROTE HIS FIRST story for the magazine on new ways to teach students math. Since then, he has profiled U.N. Secretary-General Kofi Annan, written our initial story on Monica Lewinsky and landed on a missile cruiser off the coast of Bahrain to detail the American military buildup against Iraq. This week Ratnesar returns to the classroom for our cover story on homework. "Reporting on education is always intriguing," he says, "because while we seem able to reach a loose consensus on other social issues, people can't agree on the most basic questions about education, such as how much homework kids should receive." Of his own education history, Ratnesar says, "I didn't take homework very seriously. I never won the award for the best science project." He did not lack for ways to occupy his time, however. Ratnesar played three musical instruments, soccer and tennis, and edited his high school paper. He believes that while students today are assigned more homework than he endured, "it's still not very focused, at least not in the way you'd find in schools in Tokyo or Stockholm."

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Righteous Wrath Down on the Farm

Phillip J. Barker says he lost his land to racism, and now he wants it back

BACK IN 1985, AS PHILLIP J. BARKER WAS CHOPPING down trees to build a lounging shed for his dairy cows, one tree fell the wrong way and broke his neck. Doctors told him he would never walk again. But the gritty little farmer—just over five feet tall—refused to accept that prognosis. Within seven days he regained feeling in his limbs. And after 18 months of rehabilitation he was back at work on his 300-acre dairy farm here, about 40 miles northeast of Durham.

The despair of temporary paralysis paled, however, compared with the anguish Barker felt in late 1997, when all but 20 acres of the farm he had owned for more than 15 years were auctioned off following what he contends was an illegal foreclosure. "It was one of the worst days of my life," says Barker, 50. "It was like losing two or three children all at once."

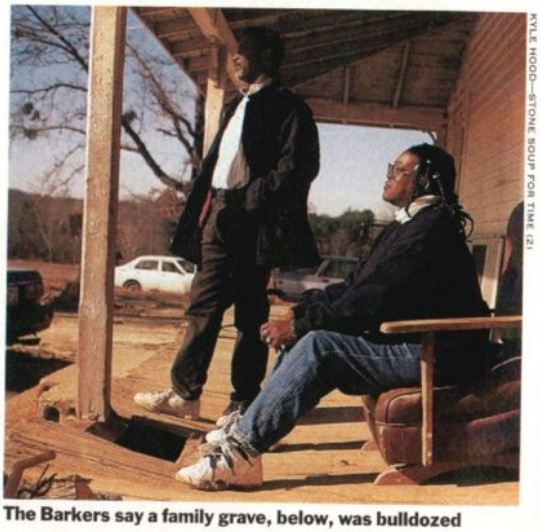
Once again, the father of five refused to give up. "Just because one thing throws you back, it doesn't mean that it throws you out," says Barker. For him it has been a lot more than one thing. In 1987 he lost half his herd of 100 Holsteins to a blood disease; four years later, after years of struggling to get loans for feed and basic upkeep of the farm, he had to sell the remaining cows and give up on dairy farming. For a time, Barker grew and sold tobacco to keep the farm and support his family. Even when he lost most of his acreage after the government and other creditors finally forced him into bankruptcy two years ago, he bounced back—putting together a cooperative with other destitute black farmers to grow and process sweet potatoes and other vegetables.

Earlier this month, Barker's fight to reclaim the land—now dotted with red FOR SALE signs and yellow NO TRESPASSING signs—got a boost. The U.S. Department of Agriculture agreed to settle a 1997 class action that had accused the agency of denying black farmers loans and crop subsidies routinely available to white farmers. The landmark agreement requires the government to pay as much as $375 million to more than 3,500 black farmers. Most will probably accept the basic option guaranteeing a $50,000 tax-free payment and retirement of any government debts, which average about $175,000.

But for many, including Barker, the settlement may be way too little and way too late to reverse the damage done by decades of institutional racism. Black farmers now own less than 1% of the farmland in the U.S.; at the turn of the century that figure was 14%. In 1920 nearly 1 million black farmers tilled American soil; 70 years later, that number had dropped to fewer than 20,000.

"They took too much from me to be playing around with $50,000," says Barker from the porch of the rundown farmhouse with the peeling paint and the rusted tin roof.

Instead, citing losses over the years of more than $3 million and $660,000 in current debt, he and his wife Dorathy intend to throw the dice in a one-day minitrial before a mediator. They'll come armed with numerous loan applications denied by the Federal Services Administration, and other loan requests that weren't even considered in the 14 years before Barker finally secured his first loan.



KYLE HOOD—STONE SOUP FOR TIME (2)

The Barkers say a family grave, below, was bulldozed

The Barkers will also challenge that 1997 sale of 280 acres of their farm at auction to local real estate developer Ossie Smith. They contend that local officials denied their eldest son, Phillip R., the right to purchase the farm at its appraised price after the foreclosure—even though he had the financing to do so. They also claim that Smith bulldozed the grave of Dorathy's father on the property—despite a court-ordered stay pending outcome of the class action. Smith refuses to comment on the allegation.

The Barkers are happy about the acknowledgment of government wrongdoing, but they feel a long way from whole. "We were at the point where we felt like there was just no justice," says Dorathy. "The greatest loss of all is the breakup of our family." The Barker children were forced off the land on which they had lived all their life—land on which they had hoped to set up various businesses, including a family dairy, day-care center and beauty parlor.

"And the thing that I hate the most," says Dorathy, "is that the same people who committed these acts are still in place, and they will retire in these jobs without even so much as a reprimand."

Says Barker: "I don't know if we'll get the land back, but Mr. Smith is going to know he's got a fight on his hands. If they had sold the farm legally, I could move on. But there is no way I can leave with this thing unresolved. We had a right to this land, and we're not through farming." ■

"They took too much from me."

—PHILLIP J. BARKER, FARMER

LETTERS

Men of the Year

"Kenneth Starr and Bill Clinton have presided over a year that will endure as one of the most shameful in U.S. history."

MARTIN SCHLANK
Aberdeen, N.J.

PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON AND INDEPENdent counsel Kenneth Starr as Men of the Year [Dec. 28–Jan. 4]? Are you joking? Those two deserve a good old-fashioned tarring and feathering, not the cover of TIME. Their actions and the attention they've gained make me question the validity of the U.S. political system.

JARED THOMAS, AGE 18
Montpelier, Vt.

WHILE MY VIEWS ON WHAT PUBLIC OFFIcials should do match those of the rightst and purist Starr, I have to make an exception for the individualist Clinton—not for his personal conduct regarding sex but for his ideas about government and world affairs.

CHARLES W. WALL SR.
Gretna, La.

LARRY FLYNT OF *HUSTLER* MAGAZINE hould have been named Man of the Year. After all, he can smoke out adulterers in the government at far less cost and n far less time than Starr. And Flynt can lso get a confession, remorse and a resgnation at no extra cost!

ROBERT COALE
Chicago

LINTON AND STARR SPENT THE ENTIRE ear trying to discredit and destroy each ther. In the process, they consumed onsiderable time and resources that ould have been better spent addressing merica's real problems. They accomlished nothing of which to be proud. our choice of these two egomaniacs was nortsighted and a great disservice to our readers.

ROBERT F. VIOLANTE
Natick, Mass.

VEN THOUGH PRESIDENT CLINTON LIED nder oath, lied to the American people r months and then denied lying even ter sorta fessing up to the truth, you ade it sound as if it were the Republiins who were in the wrong. If TIME had put as much energy into investigating why the Democratic Party (and the media) was so eager to defend a President who couldn't tell the truth, it could have ended the year practicing journalism instead of propaganda.

MICHAEL J. GALLAGHER
Cortland, N.Y.

CLINTON, NO MATTER WHAT HE HAS DONE, should not have to pay the penalty of sharing a cover with Starr.

DICK ALEN
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

JUST WHAT DOES CHOOSING CLINTON AS one of your Men of the Year say to our young people and the rest of the world—that America honors men who lie and who are immoral?

CYNTHIA WELLS
Longview, Texas

Musings About Starr

OF COURSE, YOUR PROFILE OF KENNETH Starr [Dec. 28–Jan. 4] presented him in a flattering light. After nearly five years of observing his prosecutions in Arkansas, I know he doesn't take questions, much less grant interviews or leak information to people who might be critical of him. Your "investigation" concludes that his suspicious contacts with the Paula Jones–Linda Tripp forces have been overblown. Yet you did not mention how Starr knew the details of the Monica Lewinsky affidavit before it was filed in court. You mention Starr's lack of political savvy in questioning Lewinsky's mother. But the questioning of mothers and children on matters light-years removed from Bill Clinton was standard practice by Starr in Arkansas, as were inquiries into Clinton's sex life. These are facts, if not the "truth" to which Starr is so devoted.

MAX BRANTLEY, EDITOR
Arkansas Times
Little Rock, Ark.

QUESTION:
In the dark about people who are deaf-blind?

People who can't see or hear can do more than you think. Sandra was deaf as a young child, then started losing her vision at 21. But through rehabilitation training, she learned skills for regaining her **independence**.

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Maybe **you** know someone like Sandra or Scott? To learn more about **your** neighbors, co-workers, or classmates who may be deaf-blind, call 1-800-255-0411 x275.

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YOU STATED THAT "STARR HAD A CHANCE to trap Clinton in a way that could have destroyed the President" if Clinton had continued to deny sexual relations with Lewinsky at a time when Starr held contradictory DNA evidence from the blue dress. You noted that although the prosecutor "wasn't legally bound to inform" Clinton, he nonetheless decided to alert the President rather than set the trap for a "clear-cut perjury case." I wish the prosecutor had not been so magnanimous. Clinton's ratings in the polls would now be much lower.

ALICE WROBLEWSKI
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Better Half?

HILLARY, ANOTHER JOAN OF ARC, ENDURing so much suffering because of philandering Bill [Dec. 28–Jan. 4]? Baloney! That tough little gal marches to her own drummer's beat. It will be interesting to see her plans for fulfilling her personal ambitions after Bill leaves office. I wonder if he is included? Hillary has the media and the public just where she wants them, thinking she's such a martyr.

BILL BANDLE
Manchester, Mo.

AS HILLARY CLINTON MAKES VOCATIONAL plans for the future, in either the private or public domain, the question is, How can she expect to win back respect and the all-important women's vote with the persona of a doormat?

BARBARA REIDER
El Dorado Hills, Calif.

PEOPLE WONDER WHY HILLARY DOESN'T divorce Bill. Don't bet on it. She will remain married to the scoundrel for the duration. If she were the ex-Mrs. Clinton, she would be a nobody. Isn't it ironic that the feminist élite point to her as an icon, when in fact she is just the old-fashioned wife of a powerful man?

DAN HARRELL
Savannah, Ga.

MAIL CALL!

We had a banner year for mail in 1998: more than 80,500 letters, e-mails and faxes from readers, an increase of 19% over 1997. We're talking big! We're talking huge! We're talking eyestrain! Here are the cover stories that got the greatest response:

Starr Report (Sept. 21)	**3,640**
Clinton Speaks (Aug. 31)	**2,723**
Monica and Bill (Feb. 2)	**2,327**

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Issues of Impeachment

THE REAL LESSON AMERICANS HAVE learned from the Clinton impeachment proceedings orchestrated by House Republicans [NATION, Dec. 28–Jan. 4] is this: It is O.K. to commit adultery, as in the case of Bob Livingston, or even have an illegitimate child, like Dan Burton, as long as you don't lie about it.

HARRY HSU
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CLINTON WILL BE REMEMBERED AS ONE of two U.S. Presidents to be impeached. Starr and the House Republicans will disappear onto the trash heap of disdained history, and Clinton will always have his asterisk for impeachment.

GEORGE TAYLOR
Barrie, Ont.

LET'S DO AWAY WITH CONGRESS. IF OPINion polls show anything, it's that the American people think the country should be governed by opinion polls rather than by their elected representa-

SOME OTHER PAIRS?

TIM PARKER—REUTERS

A few letter writers thought they had a better idea about which two people should share TIME's Men of the Year cover [Dec. 28–Jan. 4]. Instead of matching up Kenneth Starr with Bill Clinton, reader Mike Breen of Las Vegas proposed that "a far more appropriate pair would have been Starr and Larry Flynt." Wallace Coffey of Ashburn, Va., voted for Paula Jones and Linda Tripp. "They are the bimbos who brought our country down! Without them we would never have heard of Monica Lewinsky." But the team whose names cropped up most often had nothing to do with politics. As Bernice Kessler of Aurora, Colo., put it, "Two superstars, Mark McGwire and Sammy Sosa, captured our imagination with their spectacular accomplishments, extraordinary sportsmanship and grace under pressure. They are the true Men of the Year."

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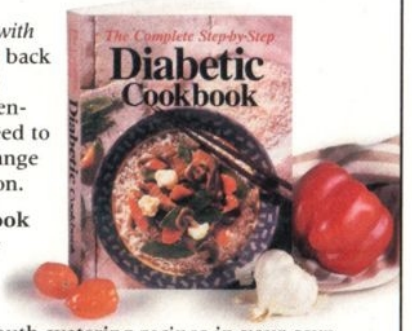

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YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED HIM THE ...

O.K., so you can't please everybody. We've heard from a number of readers who didn't think either Ken Starr or Bill Clinton should have been dubbed TIME's Men of the Year. Here is a small sampling of their suggestions for more apt honorifics or epithets:

LARRY DOWNING—REUTERS

KEN STARR

Inquisitor of the Century

Witch Hunter

Commissioner for Sex

BILL CLINTON

Serial Lecher of the Year

Liar and Adulterer

President of High Crimes and Misdemeanors

LARRY DOWNING—REUTERS

tives. We clearly have the technology to run the country by polls. Majority rules! (Of course, I might be sarcastic.)

PETER SCOTT
Burbank, Calif.

THE HOUSE OF HYPOCRITES HAS SPOKEN.

COLIN FLETCHER
Carmel Valley, Calif.

WHEN A PIOUS MEMBER OF THE HOUSE looks squarely into the TV camera and says the House of Representatives' behavior is not partisan but is about the President's telling lies, people understand that the Congressman is lying. What upsets us most is that Congress is ruling from its inside-the-Beltway fiefdom, disconnected from and apparently unconcerned with what the people repeatedly demand: that Congress get on with governing and leave this debacle behind. We can only hope the electorate will remember the Republican Representatives' arrogance in November 2000.

PETE KOLBENSCHLAG
Grand Junction, Colo.

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF the American people to forgive and forget as long as the good times are rolling.

JEFF HINMAN
Tremont, Ill.

A Stunning Juxtaposition

AT THE VERY MOMENT I WAS LOOKING AT the horrific picture of a starving Sudanese child in your photographs of the year [IMAGES '98, Dec. 28–Jan. 4], I snapped on the TV, only to see Jerry Springer's holiday food fights, featuring tables bounteously laden with foods that Jerry's guests proceeded to throw at one another and all over the stage. Surely, we should fear the wrath of God!

LILLIAN SMITH
Lake Geneva, Wis.

The Decision to Relocate

YOUR ARTICLE "FIVE WAYS OUT," ACCOMpanying your series on tax incentives and subsidies for companies [SPECIAL REPORT: CORPORATE WELFARE, Nov. 30], mentioned Hobart Corp., a unit of PMI Food Equipment Group, stating that in 1995 the company moved its Dayton, Ohio, plant to Piqua, Ohio, as a result of tax incentives, and that employees had only three days' notice before the closing. In fact, the relocation decision occurred only after Hobart determined that its Dayton facility was antiquated and inefficient. The move would have occurred regardless of any tax incentives, which to date have been less than $155,000, not the $2 million cited. Furthermore, the company announced the closing in December 1994, more than six months before the relocation.

JOSEPH DEERING, PRESIDENT
PMI Food Equipment Group
Troy, Ohio

New Jobs for Phoenix

YOUR REPORT ON WHAT IT COST THE CITY of Phoenix, Ariz., to encourage Sumitomo Sitix of Japan to locate a silicon-wafer plant there was intellectually dishonest in describing what occurred [SPECIAL REPORT: CORPORATE WELFARE, Nov. 23]. You ignored the fact that this company brought 400 new high-tech jobs and an annual payroll of $14 million to a section of Phoenix that offered few employment opportunities. You failed to note the additional wealth created by yearly payments to vendors of $10 million, a $1 million payment to Phoenix for development and impact fees and $5 million in construction sales taxes. You repeated the activists' rhetoric of a bad odor and pollution. We realize this makes for good controversy; however, you failed to clarify that human health and the environment were not at risk, and the start-up problems mentioned in your article have been corrected for some time. We are concerned that your reporters did not speak to anyone at this company. If your readers are interested in judging for themselves, we invite them to visit our website at *www.sitix-ssp.com.*

MATAJIRO NAGASHIMA
PRESIDENT AND CEO
Sumitomo Sitix of Phoenix Inc.
Phoenix, Ariz.

Better Late than Never

IT WAS WITH A GREAT SENSE OF ACCOMplishment that I just finished your cover story "How America Has Run Out of Time," about our frenzied life-style and inability to achieve everything we are trying to do [LIVING, April 24, 1989]. With the new year upon us, we should resolve to enjoy life more. Some ideas: let's drive faster, thus spending less time in our cars; use more convenience and frozen foods to save preparation time; get and stay organized in all facets of our lives and . . . stop procrastinating!

JIM ABSHIRE
Denver

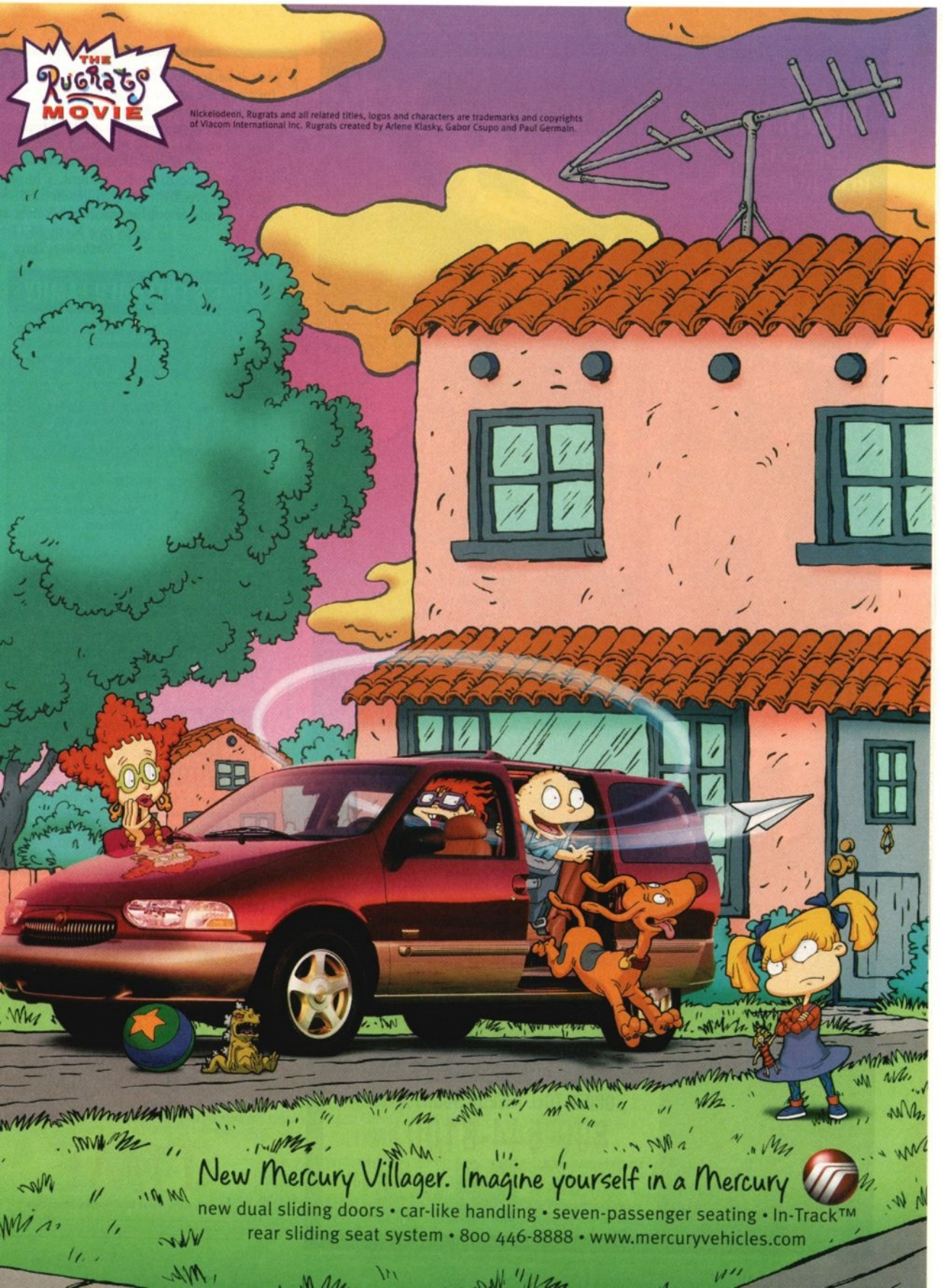
Easy Access to Guns

IN YOUR LOOK BACK AT SOME OF THE year's key events [THE FOLLOW-UP, Dec. 28–Jan. 4], you wrote of the shooting in Jonesboro, Ark., in which two young boys fired on students and teachers. I was amazed at the apparent naiveté and arrogance of Douglas Golden, grandfather of one of the shooters, who said of raising a child to hunt, "You're teaching him how a gun is supposed to be used, not abused. It's not an instrument of violence." There will be more Jonesboros unless American society realizes that the crux of the problem is guns—both their sheer number and the apparent ease with which youngsters can access their parents' weapons. Britain learned its lesson about guns and schools after the 1996 Dunblane, Scotland, school massacre. Will the U.S. and its powerful gun lobby learn anything from Jonesboro?

PAUL MURRAY SR.
East Kilbride, Scotland

Patch in Practice

THE HEART OF THE MOVIE *PATCH ADAMS,* in which a physician prescribes laughter as the best medicine [CINEMA, Dec. 28–Jan. 4], is not Hollywood sentimentality; it is medical reality. I have met the real-life Patch Adams twice. He wears outlandish clothes and recites Pablo Neru-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da's love sonnets from memory. Adams inspired me and other medical students to defy and persevere through the dehumanizing environment of medical training that crushes one's spirit and enthusiasm to serve others with humility and love. As a doctor and a patient, I have benefited greatly from changes in medicine brought about by rebels like Patch.

JAY NAIR, M.D.
Nashville, Tenn.

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VERBATIM

"The Senate will convene as a court of impeachment. The chaplain will offer a prayer."

WILLIAM REHNQUIST,
Chief Justice, opening President Clinton's trial in the Senate

"Markets have a funny way of reacting positively to reality once they think it through."

BYRON WIEN,
chief U.S. investment strategist at Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, on the effect of the devaluation of the Brazilian currency

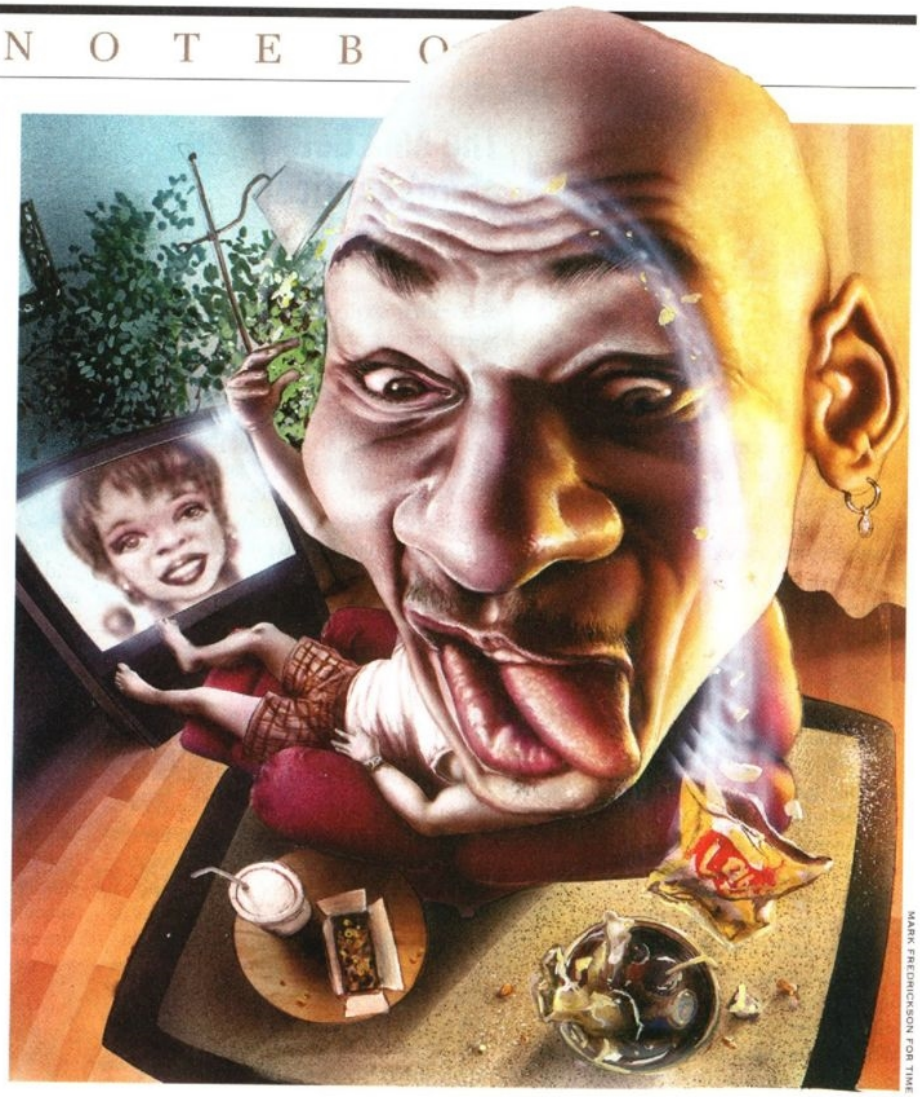
"That's one thing Bill Clinton and I do have in common: we overmarried."

DAN QUAYLE,
former Vice President, complimenting his wife

"So this is a reciprocal relationship ... people in Virginia like to utilize New York because we're a cultural center ..."

RUDOLPH GIULIANI,
New York City mayor, on why Virginia should accept New York City's garbage

Sources: Rehnquist, Wien (New York *Times*); Quayle (CNBC's *Hardball*); Giuliani (Washington *Post*)



MARK FREDRICKSON FOR TIME

PLAYOFFS 2000 Rich enough never to work again, famous enough to want to stay indoors, Michael Jordan, the man regularly compared to God, Einstein and thin air, may have to practice his hook shot seatside. Mike, we'll miss ya

WINNERS & LOSERS

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SPORTSWRITERS
President's on trial, but everyone's reading them. Hope Gretzky quits soon

DAVID STERN
The lockout's over, but does anyone care? Quick, charm lessons for Latrell Sprewell!

CHICAGO
Famous for gangsters, Jordan and now what? Oprah can't dunk

THE OTHER MICHAEL JORDAN
U. Penn b-baller keeps hearing that the NBA will never see another Michael Jordan

SUE OGROCKI—REUTERS

THE BALKANS

Will Melting Snow Bring A Hot War to Kosovo?

MOVE OVER, IRAQ. TOP WHITE HOUSE AIDES have been meeting to prepare for the next international blowup they expect by March: Kosovo. Serbian President **SLOBODAN MILOSEVIC** halted his bloody crackdown of the rebellious province after NATO threatened to bomb him last

VISAR KRYEZIU—AP

Serb army prisoners awaiting release

October. But negotiations to reach a political settlement between Milosevic and the province's ethnic Albanians have stalled. U.S. diplomats managed to avert a major clash in the northern part of the province last Wednesday, when they persuaded Albanian guerrillas to free eight Serb army soldiers, but by the end of the week 45 ethnic Albanians were killed by Serb forces in the south. The White House fears the two sides will be in a full-scale war when the snows melt. "The hottest spot in the world this spring is going to be Kosovo," says a senior U.S. official. —***By Douglas Waller/Washington***

MEDICINE

The AMA Gets (Even More) Political

HAS THE BELEAGUERED AMERICAN MEDICAL Association made another dubious decision? An AMA source says panic over potential wrath from Republicans was the prime reason for the firing last week of **GEORGE LUNDBERG,** 65, longtime editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, who the AMA said was booted for "inappropriately and inexcusably interjecting *JAMA* into the middle of a debate that has nothing to do with science or medicine." The sin? Lundberg published a study—begun in 1991, analyzed in '95 and presented to *JAMA* in late '98—on the attitudes of U.S. college students toward sex. Among the findings:

FRED JEWELL—AP

Lundberg

59% of the student group did not view a person who has had oral sex as having "had sex," which could be seen as supportive of Bill Clinton. The firing is the latest in a string of controversies. In 1997 the AMA agreed to endorse Sunbeam medical equipment in what many saw as a conflict of interest. Last year it alienated conservatives by supporting a health-care proposal to make HMOs liable for malpractice. Lundberg's lawyer disparaged the group for interfering in the "inviolable ground of editorial independence" and said his client may sue.—***By Harriet Barovick/New York and Dick Thompson/Washington***

THEATER

Depending on the Cast, The Show Must Not Go On

WHY DID **DAVID MAMET** REFUSE AN ALL-female troupe the right to perform his plays? The New York City–based Quint-Essential Theatre Co. chose a series of pieces from Mamet's *Goldberg Streets* as its inaugural production. "We picked works we felt were gender nonspecific," says member Natasha Borg. The group got the O.K. from the two publishing houses that shared the rights, Dramatists Play Services and Samuel French. "When applying for the rights, you must list all the cast members," says Borg. "They could see we were all women." But a few weeks before the Jan. 6 performance, the group received letters from both houses saying the pieces were not intended for an all-female cast. The women began rehearsing other Mamet works they say the publishers agreed to grant rights to, as they were gender nonspecific. But the day before opening night, the cast was ordered by Samuel French to cease and desist. The shows were canceled. Explanation? Samuel French has directed all questions to the playwright's publicist, who declined to comment.—***By Michele Orecklin/New York***

WILLIS ROBERTS

The girls just wanna perform

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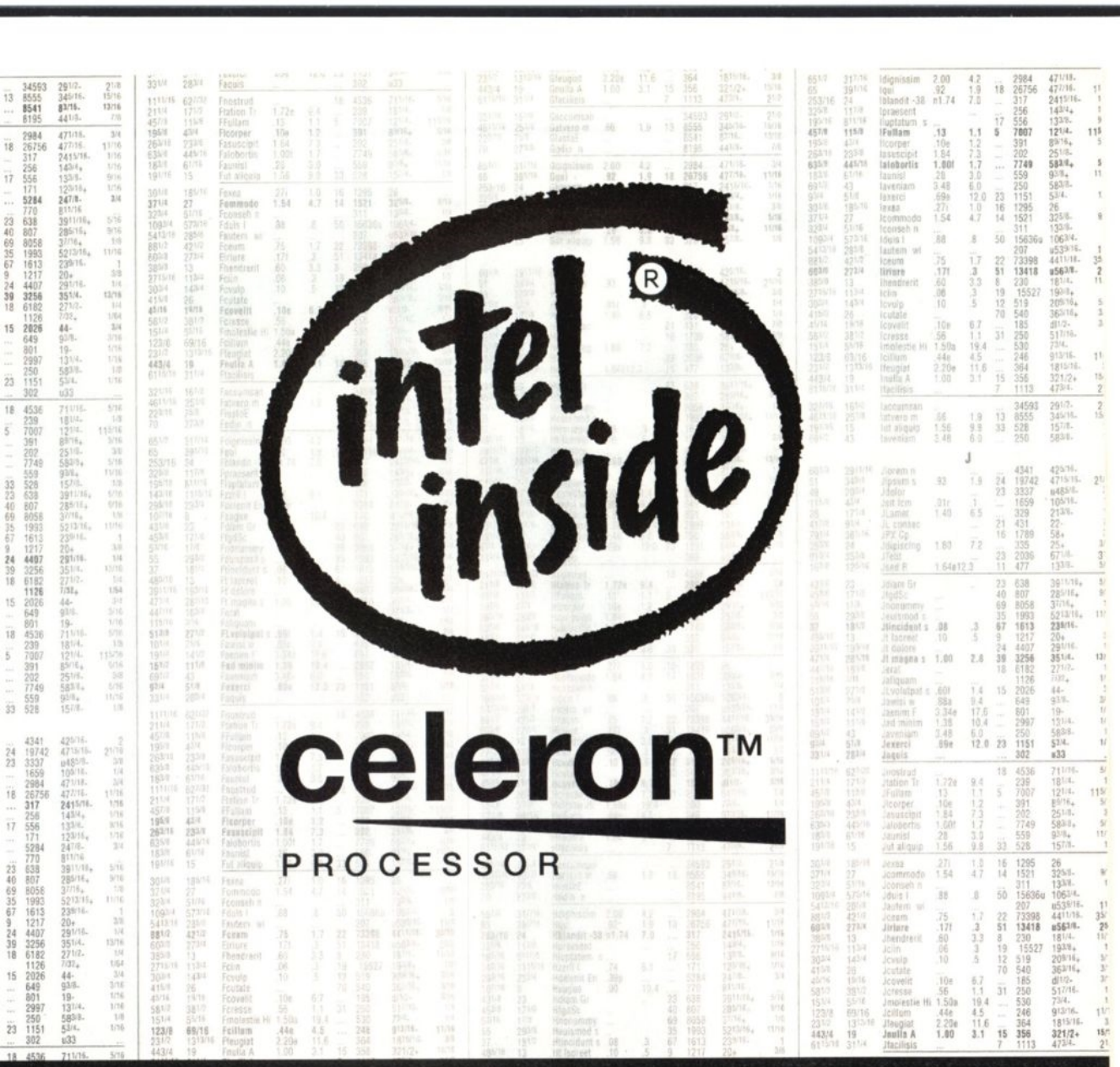
Cartoon by Peter Kuper for TIME



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What the World Really Doesn't Need Now

AS THE PRESIDENTIAL IMPEACHMENT trial in Washington forges ahead, Americans can console themselves: sex scandals also rack other nations.

MUHAMMAD—REUTERS

MALAYSIA: Ex-Deputy Prime Minister **Anwar Ibrahim** was arrested in September on sodomy and corruption charges. Prosecutors have since dropped the sodomy charges and are focusing on abuse of power.

BOYCE—REUTERS

BRITAIN: Tony Blair's Welsh Secretary, **Ron Davies,** who is married, resigned his Cabinet post Nov. 4, after he was robbed by men he met at a London park known as a cruising ground for homosexuals.

CANADA: Former Nova Scotia premier Gerald Regan was acquitted in December on eight sex-related charges alleged to have occurred as far back as the 1950s. Now he will stand trial for allegedly "indecently assaulting" a baby sitter in the 1960s.

KASAHARA—AP

JAPAN: Naoto Kan, head of the Democratic Party of Japan, the country's largest opposition group, was alleged in a weekly magazine to have had an affair with a 32-year-old former newscaster. He denied the charge.

TAIWAN: Daniel Huang was eased out of his position as spokesman for provincial governor James Soong last fall after a radio journalist accused him—on the air—of getting her pregnant, pressuring her to get an abortion and dumping her for another girlfriend—all while separated but not yet divorced from his wife.

RON FREHM—AP

1

MURRAY BECKER—AP

4

AP

8

Ball Park Figures

WHO NEEDS A STOCK PORTFOLIO when you've got baseball memorabilia? Mark McGwire's 70th home-run ball (not even the one that broke Ruth's record) set its own record at auction last week. But don't bet the farm on your signed Hank Aaron mitt yet. It's a steep drop to the next nine highest prices paid for sports memorabilia at public auction.

1. **$3,005,000** - Mark McGwire's 70th home-run ball
2. **$640,000** - 1909-10 trading card of Honus Wagner (1996 auction)
3. **$363,000** - 1927 Lou Gehrig road jersey
4. **$306,000** - Jersey worn by Lou Gehrig the day he gave the "luckiest man" speech in 1939
5. **$222,500** - 1909-10 trading card of Honus Wagner (1998 auction)
6. **$220,000** - 1938 Lou Gehrig jersey
7. **$220,000** - 1942 Jimmie Foxx jersey
8. **$176,000** - 1922 Ty Cobb uniform
9. **$172,500** - Sammy Sosa's 66th home-run ball
10. **$132,000** - 1929 Babe Ruth road uniform

Sources: Leland's, CNN/*Sports Illustrated*, *Sports Collectors Digest*, *USA Today*, Christie's, *Sportsworld*

BOB BRACCO

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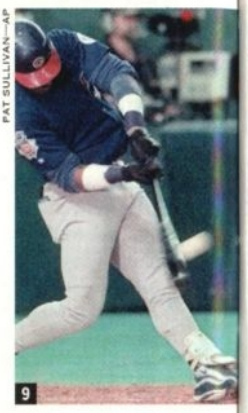


PAT SULLIVAN—AP

9

AP

7

DOUBLE VISION

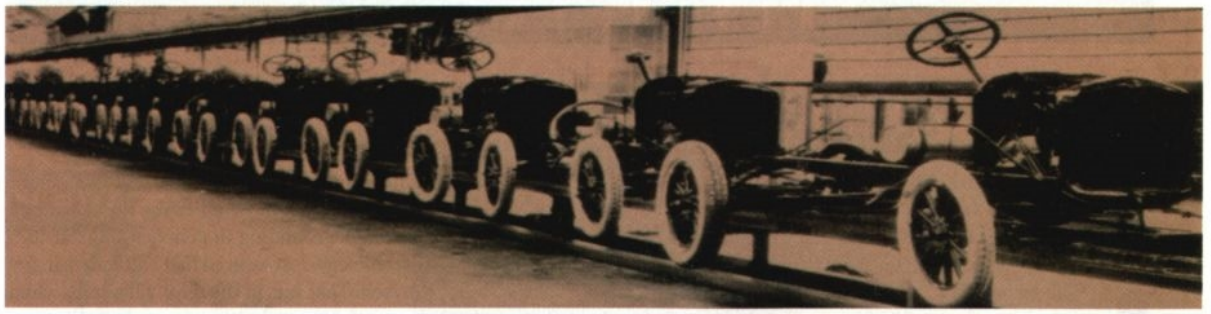
OLD, FROM LEFT: EVERETT COLLECTION; NBCTV; EVERETT COLLECTION; ROBERT MILAZZO—ABCAP

CALL IN THE REINFORCEMENTS
Networks are replacing canceled shows with mid-season replacements that look awfully familiar

NEW, FROM LEFT: EVERETT COLLECTION; MATT YORK—AP; PHIL GREER—THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE/AP; ABC

OLD SHOW	NEW SHOW
The Secret Life of Desmond Pfeiffer: Cartoonish show about Lincoln's butler that drew protests from African-American groups	***The PJs:*** Animated show about inner-city family that has drawn protests from African-American groups
Encore! Encore! Unfunny comedy about celebrated opera singer who returns home to dysfunctional family	***Providence:*** Unfunny dramedy about celebrated plastic surgeon who returns home to her dysfunctional family
Trinity: Large Irish family, including a cop, loves and brawls in New York City	***Turks:*** Large Irish family, including many cops, loves and brawls in Chicago
Good Morning America (with Lisa McCree, Kevin Newman): Morning show anchored by attractive blond woman, attractive brunet man	***Good Morning America*** (with Diane Sawyer, Charles Gibson): Morning show anchored by *famous* attractive blond woman, attractive brunet man

Henry Ford dreamed of "making the desirable affordable."



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CALVIN TRILLIN

Wanted: One Egg (Ph.D. Pref.)

PLOWING THROUGH THE NEW YORK *TIMES* ON A RECENT Sunday, I read in the Metro Section that infertile couples in the market for smart-kid genes regularly place advertisements in the newspapers of their own Ivy League alma maters offering female undergraduates $7,500 for a donated egg. Before I could get that news comfortably digested, I came across an article in the Magazine section describing SAT prep courses for which parents spend thousands in the hope of raising their child's test scores enough to make admission to an Ivy League college possible. So how can people who have found a potential egg donor at an Ivy League college tell whether the donor carries genuine smart-kid genes or just pushy-parents genes?

JASON SCHNEIDER FOR TIME

The donor herself may not even be aware that such a distinction exists. After years of expensive private schooling and math tutors and tennis camps and SAT prep courses and letters of recommendation from important family friends, she's been told that, unlike beneficiaries of affirmative action, she got into an Ivy League college on pure merit.

Since it is probably safe to assume that people intent on securing high-priced Ivy League eggs are carrying some pushy-parents genes themselves, their joining forces with a donor who got into an Ivy League college by dint of her family's willingness to fork over 10 grand to an SAT prep course could result in a child with somewhere between a dose and a half and 2½ doses of pushy-parents genes. Apparently the egg seekers aren't troubled by the prospect of having their grandchildren raised by this sort of person.

If you have any doubts about whether the dosages I cite are based on a thorough grounding in genetics and statistics and advanced microbiology, rest assured that I attended an Ivy League college myself. That was in the days, I'll admit, when any number of people were admitted to such institutions without having shown any evidence of carrying smart-kid genes even in trace elements. Somehow, most of these dimmer bulbs managed to graduate—every class needs a lower third in order to have an upper two-thirds—and somehow most of them are now millionaires on Wall Street.

One element many of them had going for them in the admissions process was that they were identified as "legacies"—the offspring of alumni. In Ivy League colleges, alumni children are even now admitted at twice the rate of other applicants. For that reason, egg seekers may not actually need genuine smart-kid genes for their children: after all, an applicant whose mother and father and egg donor were all alumni could be considered a triple legacy.

But how about the college-admission prospects of the grandchildren? As methods are perfected of enhancing a college application through increasingly expensive services—one young man mentioned in the magazine article had $25,000 worth of SAT preparation—it might become more important to have a parent who's a Wall Street millionaire than to have smart-kid genes. Maybe it would be prudent to add a sentence to those ads in college papers: "Preference given to respondents in the lower third of the class." ■

KEEPSAKE

COLBURN FOR TIME

SLIP OF THE PEN The Senate gift shop had better stock up on these. The pens used to sign the pledge that Senators would remain impartial during the trial had a misprint. Gillette has offered to replace the pens but so far has only received requests for more.

JESSEWATCH

JOE ODEN—PIONEER PRESS

JESSE'S WORLD Anyone who feared that former wrestler Jesse Ventura (with his ice-cream alter ego, left) would be an insensitive brute can be reassured that in his early days in office the Minnesota Governor has practiced politics with a very, very personal touch. Some highlights:
DAY 3: Ventura, owner of five waverunners, lambastes legislation—passed last year with overwhelming support—regulating the noisy watercrafts. "I have to pay $50 ... to the government so they have the ability to bust me!"
DAY 9: Announces that his official car will be, instead of a luxury sedan, a Lincoln Navigator sport-utility vehicle with extra-strong shocks, "for running over reporters."
DAY 13: Presides over "The People's Celebration"—a four-hour-long bash intended to give ordinary citizens a chance to glorify Jesse. On the musical lineup: Trailer Trash.

"I got Lyme disease last spring and I'm being treated for serious health problems. I couldn't prevent it then, but *now* you could."

New

LYMErix™

Lyme Disease Vaccine (Recombinant OspA)

Protect yourself and your family with ***LYMErix***, the world's first vaccine to prevent Lyme disease. Call your doctor *now*.

If you live or plan to travel where Lyme disease is a problem, there are important facts you should know. For example, you can get bitten by the tick that carries the disease while out gardening, walking, barbecuing, even playing with your dog. And, if you don't have any early symptoms, you might not know you have Lyme disease. You could be one of the few people who develop serious health problems. Left untreated, Lyme disease can lead to potentially serious joint and neurological conditions. Why put yourself or your family at risk?

Now, there's a vaccine that has been shown to be safe and effective in preventing Lyme disease. It's called *LYMErix*. New *LYMErix* is for people 15 to 70. As with any vaccine, *LYMErix* may not protect 100% of individuals. *LYMErix* may be associated with local injection-site reactions including redness and swelling, flu-like symptoms, arthralgias and myalgias.

Ask your doctor about new *LYMErix*. Or call toll free 1-888-LYMERIX, ext. 200 for information.

Now is the time to begin building protection for yourself and your family for the upcoming season. Call your doctor today.

Please see important product information on next page.

www.lymerix.com

Manufactured by **SmithKline Beecham Biologicals**, Rixensart, Belgium Distributed by **SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceuticals**, Philadelphia, PA 19101

LYMErix™
Lyme Disease Vaccine (Recombinant OspA)

Brief Summary. Please see complete prescribing information in SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceuticals literature.

INDICATION AND USAGE: *LYMErix* is indicated for active immunization against Lyme disease in individuals 15 to 70 years of age. Individuals most at risk may be those who live or work in *Borrelia burgdorferi*-infected tick-infested grassy or wooded areas (e.g., landscaping, brush clearing, forestry, and wildlife and parks management), as well as those who plan travel to or pursue recreational activities (e.g., hiking, camping, fishing and hunting) in such areas. Most cases of Lyme disease in the United States are thought to be acquired in the peri-residential environment, through routine activities of property maintenance, recreation, and/or exercise of pets.

Previous infection with *B. burgdorferi* may not confer protective immunity. Therefore people with a prior history of Lyme disease may benefit from vaccination with *LYMErix*. Safety and efficacy for this vaccine are based on administration of the second and third doses several weeks prior to the onset of the *Borrelia* transmission season in the local geographic area (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION in complete prescribing information). *LYMErix* is not a treatment for Lyme disease. As with any vaccine, *LYMErix* may not protect 100% of individuals. Do not administer *Lymerix* to persons outside of the indicated age range.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Contraindicated in people with known hypersensitivity to any component of *LYMErix*.

PRECAUTIONS: General: *LYMErix* will not prevent disease in those who have unrecognized infection at the time of vaccination. *LYMErix* will not provide protection against other tick-borne diseases such as babesiosis or ehrlichiosis. Treatment-resistant Lyme arthritis (antibiotic refractory), a rare complication of *B. burgdorferi* infection, has been associated with immune reactivity to OspA of *B. burgdorferi*. Since the underlying etiology is not clearly understood, it is recommended that *LYMErix* not be administered to such patients. As with other vaccines, although a moderate or severe febrile illness is sufficient reason to postpone vaccination, minor illnesses such as mild upper respiratory infections with or without low-grade fever are not contraindications. Before the injection of any biological, the physician should take all reasonable precautions to prevent allergic or other adverse reactions, including understanding the use of the product concerned, and the nature of the side effects and adverse reactions that may follow its use. Prior to immunization with any vaccine, the physician should review the patient's immunization history for possible vaccine sensitivity, previous vaccination-related adverse reactions and occurrence of any adverse-event-related symptoms and/or signs, in order to determine the existence of any contraindication to immunization and to allow an assessment of benefits and risks. Epinephrine injection (1:1000) and other appropriate agents used for the control of immediate allergic reactions must be immediately available should an acute anaphylactic reaction occur.

Packaging for the *LYMErix* Tip-Lok™ syringe contains dry natural rubber, which may cause allergic reactions; packaging for the vial does not contain natural rubber.

Use a separate sterile syringe and needle or a sterile disposable unit for each patient to prevent transmission of infectious agents from person to person. Dispose of needles properly and do not recap. As with any vaccine administered to immunosuppressed persons or persons receiving immunosuppressive therapy, the expected immune response may not be obtained. For individuals receiving immunosuppressive therapy, consider deferring vaccination for 3 months after therapy.

Laboratory Test Interactions: *LYMErix* immunization results in the generation of anti-OspA antibodies, which can be detected by an enzyme-linked immunosorbent assay (ELISA) for *B. burgdorferi*. The incidence of positive IgG ELISA tests depends on the sensitivity and specificity of the ELISA assay and the titer of anti-OspA antibody. In general, there is an association between anti-OspA titer and IgG ELISA index or Optical Density (OD) ratio; the higher the titer of anti-OspA achieved, the higher the IgG ELISA index or OD ratio. Therefore, because vaccination may result in a positive IgG ELISA in the absence of infection, it is important to perform Western blot testing if the ELISA test is positive or equivocal in vaccinated individuals who are being evaluated for suspected Lyme disease. Following vaccination, the appearance of a 31kD OspA band, possibly accompanied by other lower molecular weight bands on an immunoblot (Western blot), should not interfere with the determination of positivity when assessed by CDC/ASTPHLD criteria.

Drug Interactions: No data are available on the immune response to *LYMErix* when administered concurrently with other vaccines. As with other intramuscular injections, do not give *LYMErix* to individuals on anticoagulant therapy, unless potential benefit clearly outweighs risk of administration.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility: *LYMErix* has not been evaluated for carcinogenic or mutagenic potential, or for impairment of fertility.

Pregnancy: Teratogenic Effects: Pregnancy Category C. Animal reproductive studies have not been conducted with *LYMErix*. It is also not known whether *LYMErix* can cause fetal harm when administered to a pregnant woman or can affect reproductive capacity. Give *LYMErix* to a pregnant woman only if clearly needed. Health care providers are encouraged to register pregnant women who receive LYMErix [Lyme Disease Vaccine (Recombinant OspA)] in the SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceuticals vaccination pregnancy registry by calling 1-800-366-8900, ext. 5231.

Nursing Mothers: It is not known whether *LYMErix* is excreted in human milk. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, use caution when *LYMErix* is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: Safety and efficacy in pediatric subjects younger than 15 years of age have not been evaluated. Therefore, the vaccine is not indicated for this age group at this time.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: During clinical trials involving 6,478 individuals receiving a total of 18,047 doses, *LYMErix* has been generally well tolerated. Subjects with the following conditions: chronic joint or neurologic illness related to Lyme disease; diseases associated with joint swelling (including rheumatoid arthritis) or diffuse musculoskeletal pain; second- or third-degree atrioventricular block or a pacemaker were excluded from the efficacy trial because such conditions could interfere with the assessment of Lyme disease in the trial. Therefore, data are limited regarding the safety of the vaccine in subjects with these conditions (see below).

Unsolicited Adverse Events: The most frequently reported (≥1%) unsolicited adverse events within 30 days of vaccination for all subjects receiving at least one dose (n=10,936) in the double-blind, placebo-controlled efficacy trial are shown in Table 1.

Table 1. Incidence (≥1%) of Unsolicited Adverse Events Occurring Within 30 Days Following Each Dose* and Overall (after Doses 1, 2 or 3)

Events	Dose 1 Vaccine (N = 5469) %	Dose 1 Placebo (N = 5467) %	Dose 2 Vaccine (N = 5397) %	Dose 2 Placebo (N = 5417) %	Dose 3 Vaccine (N = 5001) %	Dose 3 Placebo (N = 5018) %	Overall Vaccine (N = 5469) %	Overall Placebo (N = 5467) %
Local								
Injection site pain	17.96[a]	4.90	8.76[a]	2.95			21.87[a]	6.91
Injection site reaction							1.54[b]	0.91
General Body as a Whole								
Achiness	1.57	1.19	1.22	0.90			2.78	2.25
Chills/Rigors							2.05[c]	0.73
Fatigue	2.03	1.96	1.72	1.42			3.86	3.42
Fever	1.35[c]	0.91					2.58[c]	1.61
Infection viral	1.88	1.66					2.83	2.45
Influenza-like symptoms	1.44[a]	0.93					2.54[c]	1.66
Nausea							1.12	1.04
Musculoskeletal System								
Arthralgia	3.22	2.67	3.11	2.60	1.24	1.16	6.78	6.05
Back pain							1.90	1.55
Myalgia	2.69[c]	1.72	1.52[a]	0.98			4.83[c]	2.94
Stiffness							0.95	1.21
Nervous System								
Dizziness							1.01	1.08
Headache	3.51	2.96	2.39	2.33			5.61	5.09
Respiratory System								
Bronchitis							1.10	1.29
Coughing							1.50	1.46
Pharyngitis	1.39	1.12	1.15	1.20			2.52	2.45
Rhinitis	1.50	1.46					2.41	2.47
Sinusitis	1.74	1.57	1.26	1.27			3.16	2.93
Upper respiratory tract infection	2.63	3.22	1.65	1.75			4.35	4.98
Skin/Appendages								
Rash							1.37	1.08

* Includes events obtained through spontaneous reports following each dose and events reported 1 month after doses 1 and 2 (when all subjects were queried regarding the occurrence of any adverse event since the previous vaccination).
a. *p*-value <0.05. b. *p*-value <0.01. c. *p*-value <0.001.

The most frequently reported (≥1%) unsolicited adverse events occurring more than 30 days (late) after vaccination for all subjects (n=10,936) were similar in nature to those listed in Table 1, and most occurred at a frequency of <5%, in both the vaccine or placebo groups. The only late adverse events occurring with an incidence of >5% in vaccine or placebo recipients were arthralgia (13.64% vs. 13.55%, respectively) and headache (5.06% vs. 4.72%, respectively). No significant differences in late adverse events were noted between treatment groups after any dose and overall.

Separate post hoc analyses were conducted to assess two subsets of musculoskeletal events which occurred either early (≤30 days) or late (>30 days) post-vaccination. There were no significant differences, either early or late, between the vaccine and placebo recipients with regard to experiencing arthritis, aggravated arthritis, arthropathy or arthrosis. However, vaccine recipients were significantly more likely than placebo recipients to experience early events of arthralgia or myalgia after each dose [for dose 1: odds ratio (OR), (95% CI) = 1.35 (1.13, 1.61); dose 2: OR = 1.28 (1.05, 1.56); dose 3: OR = 1.59 (1.18, 2.16)]. With regard to late events of arthralgia or myalgia, there were no significant differences between vaccine and placebo recipients.

There was no significant difference in the rates of cardiac adverse events between vaccine and placebo recipients. Neurologic adverse events which occurred at a rate <1% in the vaccine group and were noted to occur with a similar frequency in placebo recipients included: carpal tunnel syndrome, migraine, paralysis, tremor, coma, dysphonia, ataxia, multiple sclerosis, myasthenia gravis, meningitis, trigeminal neuralgia, nystagmus, neuritis, neuralgia, nerve root lesion, neuropathy, hyperesthesia, hyperkinesia, and intracranial hypertension.

Overall, approximately 18% of subjects enrolled in the study had a prior history of some musculoskeletal condition (19% vaccinees, 18% placebo recipients). In a post hoc subgroup analysis, there was no significant difference between vaccine and placebo recipients with regard to development of musculoskeletal events (defined as arthritis, arthropathy, arthrosis, synovitis, tendinitis, polymyalgia rheumatica, bursitis or rheumatoid arthritis and lasting more than 30 days) in those with a prior history of musculoskeletal conditions. However, both vaccine and placebo recipients with a prior history of musculoskeletal conditions were more likely to experience musculoskeletal events than subjects without such prior history.

Solicited Adverse Events: The frequency of solicited local and systemic adverse events was evaluated in a subset of subjects (n=938) who comprised the total enrollment at one study center in the efficacy trial. Of these 938 subjects, 800 completed a 4-day diary card following each of three doses, and were evaluable according to protocol. Table 2 shows the percentage of subjects reporting a solicited symptom following any one of the three doses and overall. The majority of the solicited events were mild to moderate in severity and limited in duration.

Table 2. The Incidence of Local and General Solicited Adverse Events (including Severe Events) Reported After Each Dose and Overall

Events	Dose 1 Vaccine (N = 402) %	Dose 1 Placebo (N = 398) %	Dose 2 Vaccine (N = 402) %	Dose 2 Placebo (N = 398) %	Dose 3 Vaccine (N = 402) %	Dose 3 Placebo (N = 398) %	Overall Vaccine (N = 402) %	Overall Placebo (N = 398) %
Local Symptoms								
Redness, any	21.64[b]	8.29	16.67[b]	7.04	25.12[c]	11.81	41.79[c]	20.85
Redness, severe*	2.2[c]	0.0	1.0	0.0	2.5[c]	0.0	4.2[c]	0.0
Soreness, any	81.59[c]	36.68	76.37[c]	30.90	82.59[c]	52.26	93.53[c]	68.09
Soreness, severe†	1.2	0.0	1.0	0.3	3.0[a]	0.3	5.0[c]	0.0
Swelling, any	14.43[c]	4.27	11.44[c]	3.27	19.19[c]	6.78	29.85[c]	11.31
Swelling, severe*	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.5	0.0	0.5	0.0
General Symptoms								
Arthralgia, any	11.94[c]	4.52	10.70	8.29	13.43[a]	7.54	25.62[a]	16.33
Arthralgia, severe†	0.7	0.0	0.2	0.3	0.0	0.3	1.0	0.5
Fatigue, any	20.90	16.83	20.15[c]	11.81	21.89[a]	16.33	40.80[a]	32.91
Fatigue, severe†	0.5	0.05	1.5	1.3	1.0	1.0	3.0	2.3
Headache, any	20.65	19.10	14.43	12.31	19.90	18.34	38.56	37.19
Headache, severe†	0.5	0.05	1.2	0.5	1.2	1.8	3.0	2.8
Rash, any	4.23[a]	1.51	4.98[a]	2.01	5.47[a]	1.76	11.69[c]	5.28
Rash, severe*	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.2	0.0	0.2	0.0
Fever ≥99.5°F	1.49	0.75	1.00	0.50	1.00	1.01	3.48	2.26
Fever >102.2°F	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0

* Severe = measuring >3.0 cm and persisting longer than 24 hours.
† Severe = preventing everyday normal activity.
a. *p*-value <0.05. b. *p*-value <0.01. c. *p*-value <0.001.

Subjects with Previous Lyme Disease: Subjects with previous Lyme disease were assessed using two definitions: subjects whose baseline sera were evaluated for Western blot (WB) positivity and subjects who at study entry self-reported a previous history of Lyme disease.

Study participants did not routinely have baseline sera tested by WB for Lyme disease. WB at baseline was performed for subjects who were noted to have a positive or equivocal WB during a visit for suspected Lyme disease or when tested at months 12 or 20. Baseline serology was thus found to be positive in 250 subjects out of 628 tested. The nature and incidence of adverse events (either early or late) did not differ between vaccinees determined to have been WB-positive at baseline (n=124) compared to vaccinees determined to have been WB-negative at baseline (n=151).

There were 1,206 subjects enrolled in the study who self-reported a previous history of Lyme disease (610 vaccinees, 596 placebo recipients). For adverse events occurring within the first 30 days, there was an increased incidence of musculoskeletal symptoms in vaccinees with a history of Lyme disease compared to vaccinees with no history of Lyme disease (20% vs. 13%, $p<0.001$). No such difference was observed in the placebo group (13% vs. 11%, $p=0.24$). Subjects with a previous history of Lyme disease had an increased incidence of late (>30 days post-vaccination) musculoskeletal symptoms compared to subjects without a history of Lyme disease in both the vaccine and placebo groups. There was no significant difference in late musculoskeletal adverse events between vaccine and placebo recipients with a history of Lyme disease (33% vs. 35%, $p=0.51$).

Subjects with a self-reported prior history of Lyme disease had a greater incidence of psychiatric disorders (early and late); central, peripheral and autonomic nervous system disorders (late); and gastrointestinal disorders (late) than subjects with no prior history of Lyme disease. However, there was no significant difference in the incidence of any of these disorders between vaccine and placebo recipients with a prior history of Lyme disease.

Among the 10,936 subjects enrolled in the efficacy trial and followed for 20 months, a total of 15 deaths occurred (10 vaccine, 5 placebo). None of these deaths were judged to be treatment-related by investigators. In the vaccine group, causes of death included: cancer (5), myocardial infarction (3), sudden death (1), cardiac arrest (1). In the placebo group, causes of death included: cancer (1), sudden cardiac death (1), cardiac arrest (1), septic shock (1), homicide (1).

As with all pharmaceuticals, it is possible that expanded commercial use of the vaccine could reveal rare adverse events not observed in clinical studies.

Manufactured by
SmithKline Beecham Biologicals
Rixensart, Belgium

Distributed by
SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceuticals
Philadelphia, PA 19101

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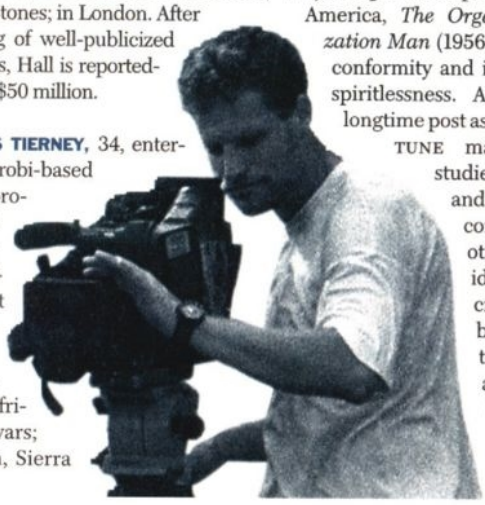
BRS–LY:L1

MILESTONES

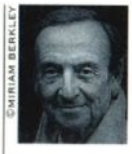
INDICTED. GARTH DRABINSKY, 48, and **MYRON GOTTLIEB,** 55, founders of the Toronto-based theatrical production company Livent, Inc.; by a federal grand jury; on 16 counts of criminal fraud and conspiracy; in New York City. The U.S. alleged that the partners, who produced such Broadway extravaganzas as *Showboat* and *Ragtime,* led an eight-year scheme to fake earnings or hide financial losses and siphon off some $4.6 million. In a separate civil complaint, the SEC charged the two with securities fraud. Drabinsky denied the charges and blamed the company's "new management" for the imbroglio.

DAVID GUTTENFELDER—AP

FILED FOR DIVORCE. JERRY HALL, 42, leggy Texan model; from **MICK JAGGER,** 55, of the Rolling Stones; in London. After a long string of well-publicized marital crises, Hall is reportedly asking for $50 million.



DIED. MYLES TIERNEY, 34, enterprising Nairobi-based television producer for the Associated Press; after being shot by a Sierra Leone rebel while covering West Africa's civil wars; in Freetown, Sierra Leone.



©MIRIAM BERKLEY

DIED. BRIAN MOORE, 77, Belfast-born author; in Malibu, Calif. In his 20 novels, Moore used sparse prose to tackle giant themes including faith, morality and the bigotry of denizens of his native city. An expatriot whose first novel, *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne,* detailed the life of an unmarried Belfast woman, Moore particularly floored critics with his empathically crafted female characters.

WILLIAM FOLEY

DIED. WILLIAM H. WHYTE, 81, optimistic social thinker and urban planner; in New York City. Whyte's opus on corporate America, *The Organization Man* (1956), warned against conformity and its accompanying spiritlessness. After leaving his longtime post as an editor of FORTUNE magazine, Whyte studied how humans and cities could best complement each other. One of his ideas—to beautify crime-friendly urban spots in order to attract law-abiding citizens—helped inspire the makeover of New York City's Bryant Park.

NUMBERS

17.5 Number of minutes it takes couriers to travel three miles in Manhattan

53 Minutes to cover the same distance in the center of Frankfurt

1,018,874 Number of "moving violation" tickets given to motorists by New York City cops last year

107 billion Pieces of first-class mail delivered by the U.S. Postal Service in 1998

4 trillion Approximate number of e-mail messages received by U.S. residents in 1998

2.4% Amount the Dow gained on the day Brazil announced it would let its troubled currency, the real, float

4% Projected amount Brazil's economy will shrink this year

$850,000 Amount President Clinton sent last week to Paula Jones

$874,000 Amount Jones' former lawyers claim in legal fees

$4,000 Low-end price for nose job

BOB HAMBLY FOR TIME

Sources: The DHL Speed of Business Survey, NYPD, *Wall Street Journal,* Electronic Messaging Association, Pew Research Center, AP

PIE CHART

WHISPERED MEDIA—AP

SPLAT DECISION San Francisco Mayor **WILLIE BROWN** testified last week in the trial of three people who threw pies in his face last November to protest his policies on homelessness. To avoid future unpleasantness, we asked Pedro Reis, founder of the National Circus School of Performing Arts, and David Solove, "Boss Clown" at Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey, about the best way to get a pie in the face:

SERGE LIGTENBERG—AP

1) As the pie approaches, close your mouth (as shown by Dutch Finance Minister **Gerrit Zalm** but not by **Bill Gates**).

VERGULT—BELGA NEWS PHOTOS

2) Afterward, wipe your eyes clean, lick your lips, and look surprised and honored, like **Prince Charles.**

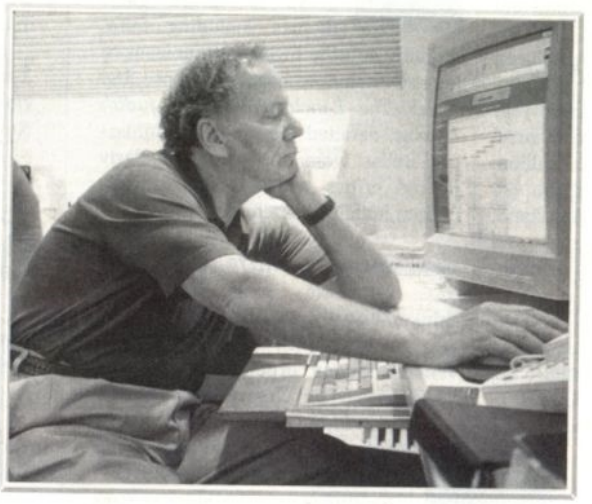
TIM GRAHAM—SYGMA

UPI

3) Thank the pie thrower. (Or, if you're **Anita Bryant,** a higher power.)

By Harriet Barovick, Elizabeth Bland, Tam Gray, Lina Lofaro, Michele Orecklin, Flora Tartakovsky and Chris Taylor

It's housecleaning at Howard's.



SYMBOL	NAME	QTY	MARKET VAL	PRICE
OAKVX	OAK VALUE FUND	3,824.759	$93,821.34	24.53
BIGRX	AMCENT: INCOME AND GROWTH	894.682	$25,265.82	28.24
SAFQX	SAFECO EQUITY FUND INC	15,685.96	$359,051.62	22.89
SCDGX	SCUDDER GROWTH & INCOME	3,588.864	$97,617.10	27.20
SSHFX	SOUND SHORE FUND INC	3,371.187	$94,662.93	28.08
AMAT	APPLIED MATERIALS INC	2,000	$78,250.00	39.125
ADM	ARCHER-DANIELS-MIDLAND CO	2,097.1202	$33,947.14	16.1875
CSCO	CISCO SYSTEMS INC	1,000	$80,375.00	80.375
GE	GENERAL ELECTRIC	1,018.3585	$88,406.25	86.8125
HD	HOME DEPOT INC	1,406.0123	$71,618.75	50.9375
INTC	INTEL CORP	1,703.3706	$190,032.28	111.5625
EL	LAUDER ESTEE CO INC CL	1,005.7348	$72,664.34	72.25
PG	PROCTER & GAMBLE CO	451.2853	$39,092.59	86.625
5562941	CALIFORNIA ST PUB WKS BRD	10,000	$1,113,980.00	111.398
TOTALS			$2,438,784.90	

12/14/98

"I'm cutting my losses and I'm cutting my taxes."

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"Since I talked to you last, the market has bounced back nicely from an adjustment. And that Cisco stock I bought on schwab.com has done nicely as well. If I only knew then what I know now.

"Now I'm into my year-end strategy. Which means, I'm doing what I can to minimize my tax hit. I'm selling off my losers to put against the capital gains on my winners.

"I'm also online at schwab.com, selling mutual funds with capital gains and dividend distributions, so I can minimize my tax exposure. There are no-loads and no fees on my Schwab OneSource funds. With that cash I'll be looking to take advantage of any temporary price drops on some good companies I already own. I've got alerts on schwab.com for Applied Materials, Intel and Home Depot. And, when any of those stocks hiccups, it'll notify me. I'll be ready." **HOWARD**

Sell

TRADING

Stocks
Mutual Funds
Options
Treasuries
Corporate Bonds
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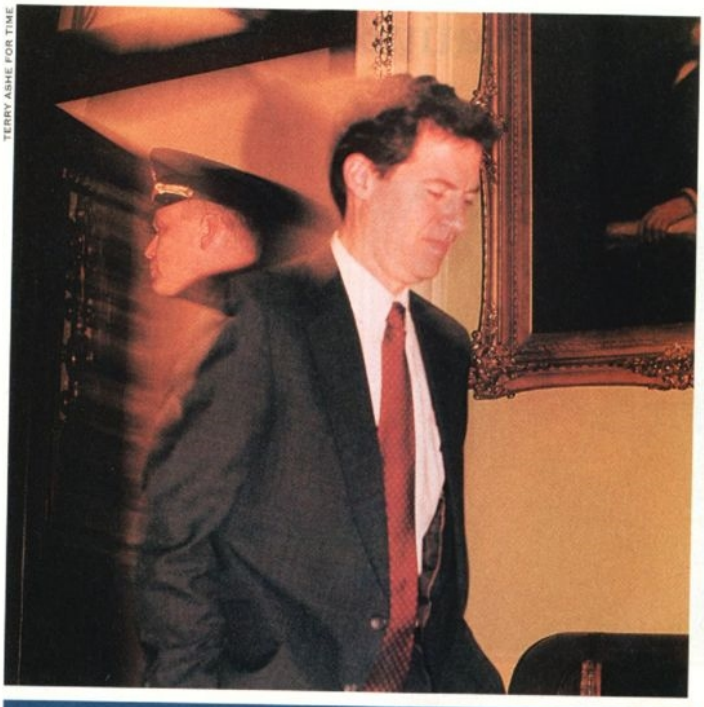
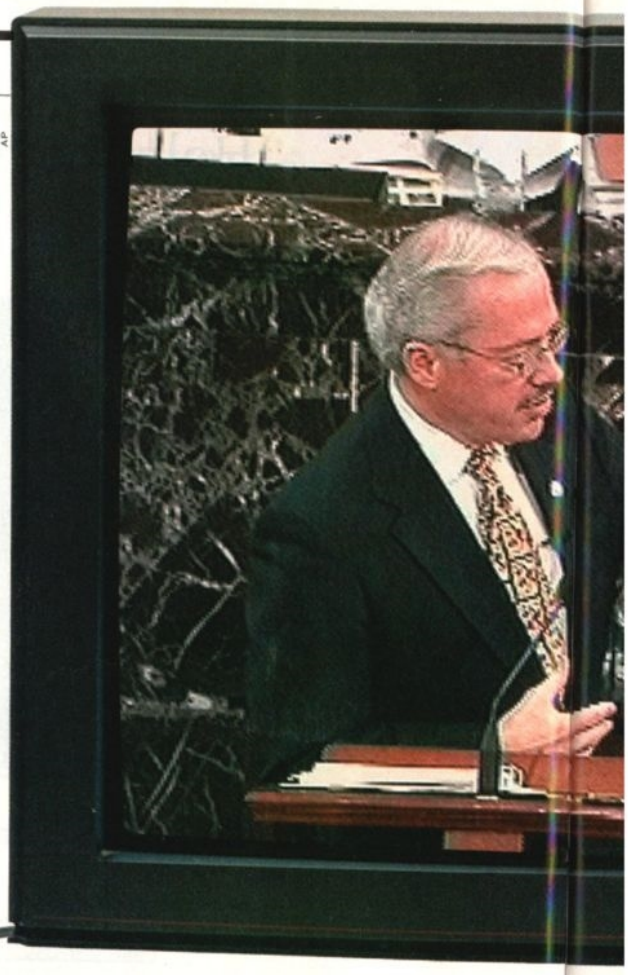


TERRY ASHE FOR TIME



AP

TRYING SITUATION

Kansas Senator Brownback, above, says he doesn't know how he will vote; Georgia Representative Bob Barr, right, laid out the case against Clinton

THE GREAT DI

While Washington obsesses about the President's trial, Emporia, Kansas —a

By NANCY GIBBS and MICHAEL DUFFY

WITH THEIR EARNEST COMments and starchy bearing, Republican Senators have tried to make it clear how seriously they take their oath to sit in impartial judgment of a President. But in private last week, that wasn't their immediate concern. The talk in the G.O.P. cloakroom was about a more awkward judgment: What to do about Bill Clinton's State of the Union speech Tuesday night? Almost a year to the day after the Monica Lewinsky story first broke, a disgraced President is on trial in one chamber of Congress, being called a liar, a cheat and a threat to the rule of law, while in the other he will stand and claim credit for the best year in a half-century, and the audience will rise and shout amen. Republicans wonder, Do they clap, stand or walk out on the speech? Should they even show up at all?

Sam Brownback of Kansas, for one, has made up his mind. "The country will forgive a lot," he notes, "but not bad manners." Yet whatever Clinton says, and whatever Congress does, neither side can take much credit for the luminous State of this Union, since they have spent the year in a locker room, arguing about sex. And in the year in which the phrase divided government came to refer to a government divided from its people, says Brownback, that "is the biggest disconnect of all."

A good many Senators are still having trouble swallowing the notion that their decisions don't matter to the public, but Brownback understands this as well as anyone in Washington. He has been thinking about it for years, since the day he saw

STEVE LISS FOR TIME

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD
In Brownback's home state, Emporia *Gazette* editor Joel Mathis checks Friday's paper, where impeachment doesn't even make the front page

ISCONNECT

nd the rest of the country—are busy with more important matters

a bumper sticker in Topeka that said: I LOVE MY NATION, BUT I FEAR MY GOVERNMENT. As he sat at his back-row desk last week, Brownback listened carefully to the House prosecutors making their case and wondered about his duty to a President he wants to treat fairly, the laws he swore to uphold and the people of Kansas whose interests he promised to defend.

Except what if those people are too busy to care? A man who takes his faith so seriously that he once washed a departing staff member's feet as a gesture of thanks, Brownback has an idea about what his constituents are praying for these days: "They just want it over with," he says. And however it turns out, they tell him, it will have no effect whatever on their lives. "That," he says quietly, "is an amazing thing."

To plot those crosswinds, TIME sent a team of reporters to a small city in Brownback's home state to watch the political trial from a distance and the public response to it up close. Emporia, Kans., is as good a place as any to see what devolution looks like, how it works and what it means. People here haven't merely fled politics in disgust because of the scandal; they have been strolling away for years. Prosperity has made this possible, conservatives made it fashionable, and the scandal has at last made it visible.

"Disconnect?" asks Emporia city manager Steve Commons. "You make the assumption there was a connection in the first place. In the end we function on our own."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, WHEN POLITICIANS from the East Coast wanted to know what America was thinking but did not have time to go find out for themselves, they would scour the pages of the Emporia

Gazette, produced by Republican patriarch William Allen White. The Sage of Emporia, as White was known, urged the G.O.P. to move beyond the bitter arguments of Reconstruction and focus on a new century, the 20th. Today, with the party apparently again fixated on a single issue instead of on the next century, White's town is worth another look.

A visit to Emporia suggests that it may be years before anyone really understands all the solvents at work at the end of this century. With no cold war or domestic crisis or money for moon shots, it has been less immediately clear what government was really good for, except diversion. If Americans began leaving their leaders behind years ago, nothing—not shrinking voter turnout, not Ross Perot, not a yearlong campaign-finance scandal that resulted in no changes—nothing has brought home the gap between the governed and governing classes as much as the impeachment that doesn't matter.

Emporia is a town of 25,512 people 110 miles southwest of Kansas City, with wide streets, big porches and the nation's smallest accredited zoo. This is not Clinton country: Republicans here outnumber Democrats almost 2 to 1. In 1996 Emporia went for the local guy, Bob Dole, over Clinton, but everyone here would stand up on instinct if Clinton walked in on them at the diner. People here have always had better things to do than worry about Washington. On Dec. 19, the day the House was voting to impeach the President, the incoming Speaker was burned at the stake and bombs were falling on Baghdad, Brownback was standing on the porch of what just a few weeks earlier had been a reeking, roach-infested flophouse near the heart of town. Now it was midway through a gut renovation, newly painted Crayola yellow and beginning to shine. Brownback was talking about how if you really want to change people's lives, you have to change hearts, one on one, one at a time.

That's a theme that Texas Governor George W. Bush uses in all his pep rallies. Around here, it's also the kind of thing that can happen fast and change someone forever. Kathy Currier was a state welfare worker on Nov. 13, 1997, when a mean, dirty drunk she had seen too many times came into her office, and she realized she was growing "a little hardened." Working for the government, she decided, would let her process many people but save very few. So she quit, took over the transients' flophouse and began its conversion into a rescue mission. The architect is a volunteer, as are the contractor, the electrician and the people who show up to help on Saturdays when the local restaurants send over food. Asked how she gets so many to pitch in with so much, Currier says, laughing, "It's the God thing."

Emporia Mayor Dale Davis, 63, owns a business that makes parts for oil refineries, which means the price of steel and what happens in Asia matters to him. And yet he is worried not at all that the scandal has engulfed the President and Congress for a full year. The distraction, he says, "may keep them from doing something that makes it all worse" for places like Emporia. As a boy during World War II, he had three heroes: Roy Rogers, Gene Autry and President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Especially Roosevelt. "People generally thought this

WHY THE G.O.P. WANTS TO CALL WITNESSES

The House managers say they need to hear from key witnesses in order to resolve contradictions in grand jury testimony. But only a few key points are in dispute:

1. THE TOUCHING **If Clinton touched Monica Lewinsky's breasts or genitals, he met the definition of "sexual relations" in the Paula Jones lawsuit. He told the grand jury he didn't; Lewinsky said he did.**

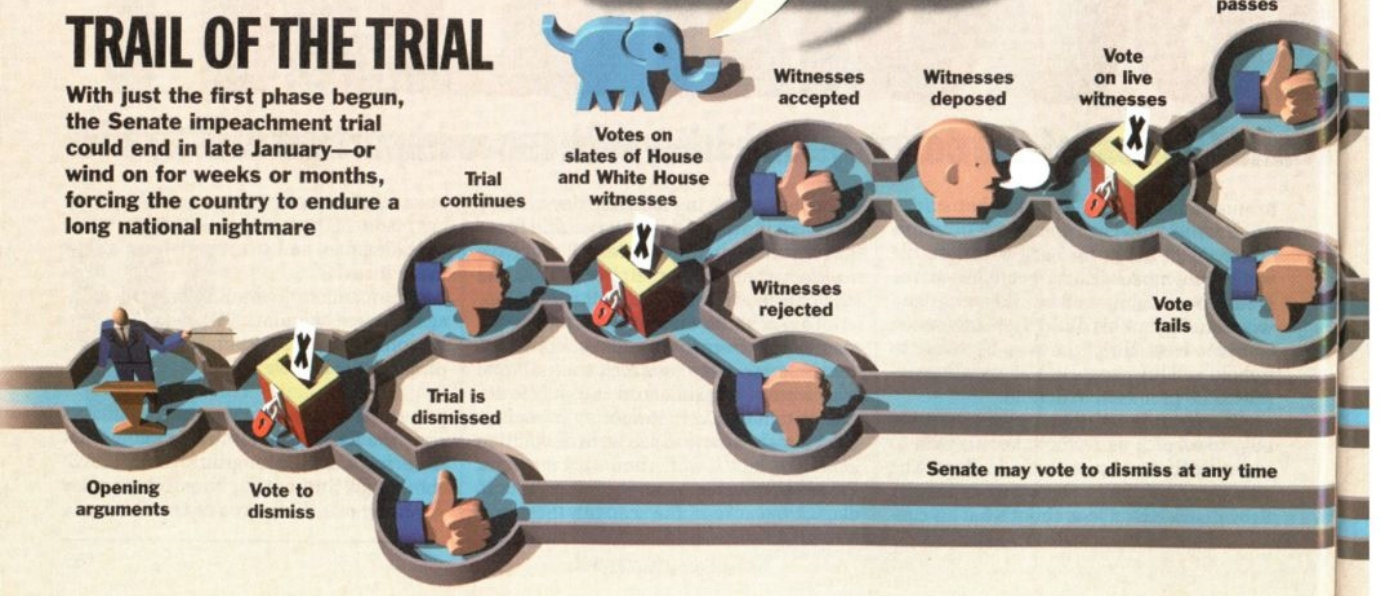
2. THE TIMING **Lewinsky testified that the relationship began in November 1995, during the government shutdown. Clinton said it was in '96. The relevance is limited: was the affair with an intern or an employee?**

3. THE GIFTS **Betty Currie testified that Lewinsky called her to retrieve gifts from Clinton that were under subpoena in the Jones suit; Lewinsky said Currie made the call. But what was Clinton's role?**

4. THE TELLING **White House aide John Podesta testified Clinton said he didn't even have oral sex with Lewinsky. Clinton told him he "tried to be careful and ... accurate." House managers call this obstruction, saying Clinton expected aides to repeat his words to the grand jury.**

TRAIL OF THE TRIAL

With just the first phase begun, the Senate impeachment trial could end in late January—or wind on for weeks or months, forcing the country to endure a long national nightmare



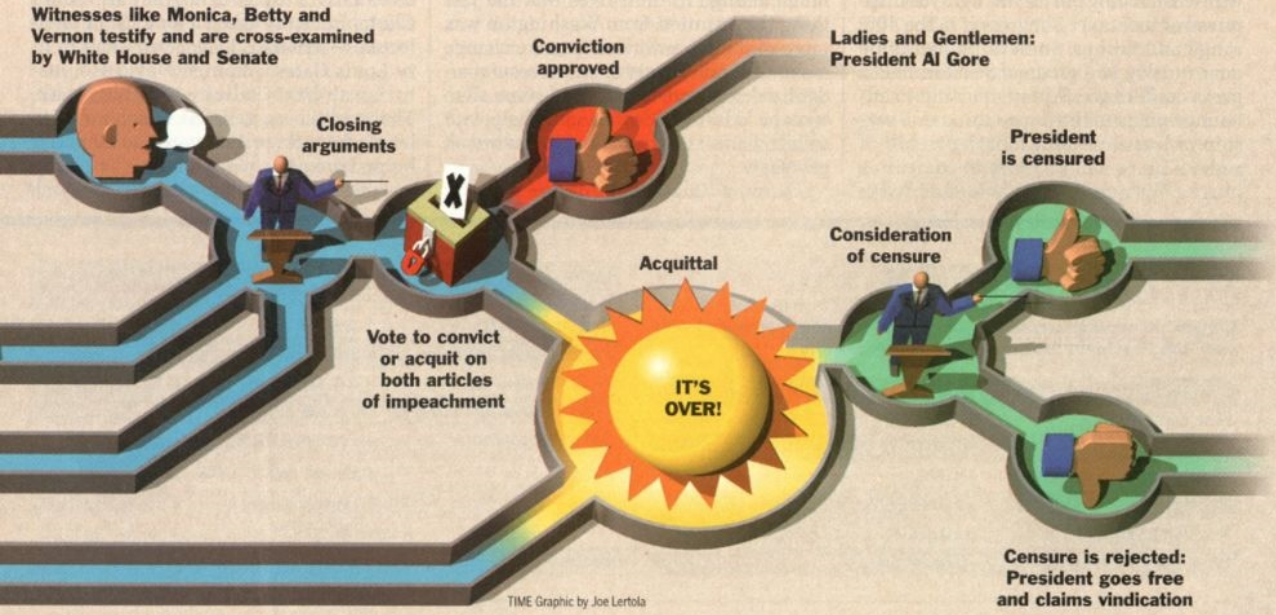
KEITH PHILPOTT FOR TIME (2)

LOCAL BEEF
Rancher Wagaman, left, is focused more on falling cattle prices than impeachment

LIGHT UNTO OTHERS
Currier quit her job as a state welfare worker to start her own rescue center

one man was the difference between winning and losing that war," the mayor says. It wasn't until later that they learned he couldn't walk. And yet, Davis says, "I remember him, because my mother cried when he died, and that's the only time I ever remember my mother crying." Brownback is of a different mind, a different generation. "I don't look to a President to be my hero," he says. "Kathy Currier is my hero."

"THE UNION DOES NOT STAND ON WHO THE President is," says pastor John Glennon, an ally of Currier's. "The State of the Union is a matter of heart. It's not a matter of persons." But Clinton, like every President before him, will do everything in his power to suggest otherwise. There was never much chance that Clinton would delay his speech until the trial was over. Never in memory has a President had so much to brag about and so many reasons to do it loudly. Clinton, forever the luckiest of men, is the luckiest of Presidents to be presiding over America in 1999, when everything that should be up—incomes, the markets, test scores, productivity—is up, while everything that should be down—inflation, crime, welfare rolls, teen pregnancies—is down. And he's lucky right down to the timing: he gets to give a nationwide address just as the prosecution rests and his lawyers begin cranking up his defense. David Kendall and Charles Ruff may have been up all weekend scribbling notes, preparing briefs and drafting their final statements, but when Clinton gives his speech Tuesday, he is taking the stand in his own defense.

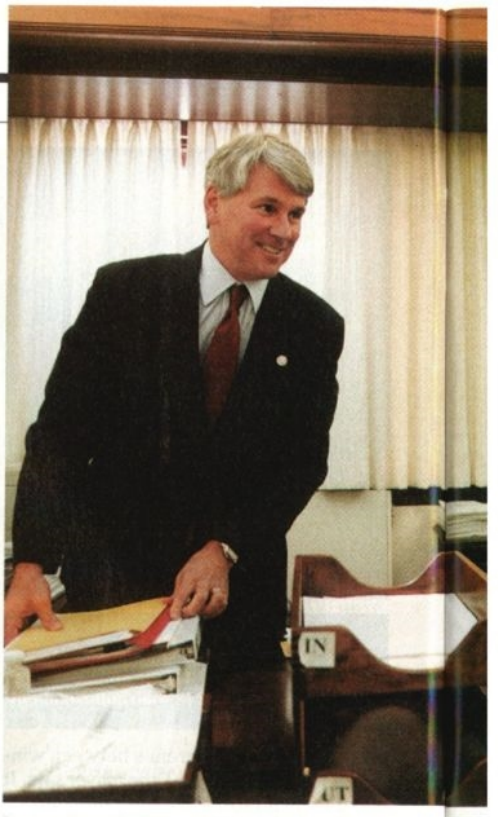


TIME Graphic by Joe Lertola

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY KARIN COOPER (4)

ON THE CLINTON TEAM

On Friday, White House aides Bruce Lindsey and Lanny Breuer, left, head to the Senate trial, while Clinton team lawyers Greg Craig and David Kendall, right, share a lighthearted moment



His tormentors have set the stage to his liking: they're worrying about impeachment, he has been saying, and we're worrying about keeping guns out of schoolyards. While House managers tried to pin him in the Senate well, Clinton spent the week preserving wide-open spaces, proposing a 55¢-a-pack hike in the federal cigarette tax and helping disabled Americans keep their health insurance. However hard it is for him to give the speech, it may be harder for Congress to hear it. If all goes his way, the Senate will wake up on Wednesday wondering whose idea this trial was anyway.

What Brownback knew in his gut going into last week was confirmed in closed-door meetings by some cold, hard numbers presented to G.O.P. Senators by pollster Linda DiVall two days before the trial began. The party, she told them, was stuck with a ballooning bill for this ugly year. Approval of the G.O.P. Congress is in the 40% range and falling. Something had to be done quickly, so a group of Senators held a press conference Friday morning to announce plans to introduce the G.O.P. version of legislation for a patients' bill of rights. There will be more to come, in a hurry. "We are in a real hole here," says a G.O.P. leadership aide. "We are getting blamed for this, and we must become more relevant to what people's lives are about."

Brownback sat in for part of the DiVall briefing and came away thinking both parties, working together, had to come out of the trial with something big up their sleeves—fixing Social Security, reforming taxes, maybe a bipartisan education package. The people, he said, had moved past the trial. Passing something large, he added, "would catch us up with them."

Clinton has always danced with the disconnect—at first badly, when he lost touch with what Americans want from government (less, not more)—but since then he has been its darling, mastering its lessons and collecting its rewards. He waltzed to re-election two years ago when he became the first to figure out that Americans had so much change in their lives that the last thing they wanted from Washington was more of it. So he worked to make change easier to handle, to get those car seats standardized, to secure maybe a little time off to take the kids to the doctor, some help with college loans and long-term care as we all get older.

Now, with the trial under way, he knows that all the expectations and coincidences of luck and timing work to his advantage. Last week he took every opportunity to drive the wedge a little deeper. "The important thing for me is to spend as little time thinking about that as possible and as much time working on the issues we're here to discuss as possible," he said. "They have their job to do in the Senate, and I have mine, and I intend to do it."

White House aides boast that their man is the only guy in town with an agenda or a list of things to do; they also admit Clinton recently asked a long list of intellectuals—writers E.L. Doctorow and Henry Louis Gates, scientist David Ho, historian Robert Dallek—to fill his tank. Their written suggestions, which varied in length from three paragraphs to 30 pages, helped provide the millennial rhetoric to go with the usual Clinton cafeteria of small

STATE OF THE UNION

A snapshot comparison of the way things are now, compared with when the President first took office six years ago

	THEN	NOW
Economic growth	2.7%	3.5%
Jobless rate	7.3%	4.5%
Poverty rate	14.8%	13.3%
Median income (1997 dollars)	$16,665	$19,241
New-home sales	610,000	825,000
Federal-budget balance	–$290 billion	+$70 billion
Gap in average income between top and bottom fifths	$83,822	$113,892
Cell-phone users	11 million	66.5 million
People lacking health insurance	36.6 million	43.3 million
Welfare recipients	14.1 million	8.4 million
Violent crimes (per 100,000)	757.5	610.8
Top public concerns	Economy: 22% Budget deficit: 18% Unemployment/jobs: 13%	Lack of morals/values: 14% Crime: 9% Drugs: 7%
Deaths from AIDS	40,700	21,909

fare: funds to improve food safety, hire more police officers, replace aging school buildings and provide more help to minority entrepreneurs. Brownback smiles when he thinks about the litany of little things Clinton will suggest on Tuesday. "It's beautiful politics," he says. "But it isn't significant. It doesn't change the world. It just keeps the people happy."

A DOZEN MEN ARE SITTING AROUND A TABLE Friday morning at Coburn's Family Restaurant, drinking coffee and talking about the trial. Clinton's removal would be just another form of change, they figure, something new to worry about in an age of permanent impermanence. Who wants to wrestle that one to the ground too? "If the President is removed, there won't be huge applause," says Jeff O'Dell, 46, news director for KVOE radio. "It's like if you get a new boss at work. You're not sure what will happen next." He digs into a stack of pancakes. "People here still have their lives to attend to," he says.

PLAYING DEFENSE
White House lawyers Cheryl Mills and Charles Ruff must block charges that Clinton lied and obstructed justice

When people who do look to Washington for help don't get it, the news travels. Donna Newkirk's eyes flood as she tells how her 45-year-old husband Randy was killed in an accident last year. She received a $255 death benefit from the federal Social Security Administration—exactly $5 more, she discovered, than her grandmother got 31 years ago when *her* husband died. "I was absolutely stunned. I mean, that didn't even buy embalming fluid," she says. "It was like getting a dime tip after you've worked for an hour for a table of 15." Instead came food and prayers, in a humbling wave, from her friends and neighbors. "We take care of our own," she says.

Maybe the reason Americans don't care that the lines are down between them and Washington is that in the past few years, so many new lines have gone up; people have put out leads, cables, wires, dishes and high-speed traces connecting them to just about everything else. In a hyperconnected digital age, the last thing anyone can afford is an analog connection to a government that doesn't get it, can't keep up and is probably only going to make things worse if it finds you. Gordon Smith, the freshman Republican Senator from Oregon, is worried that a government engineered more than two centuries ago risks irrelevance in the Internet age. He and Democrat Ron Wyden held a series of bipartisan town meetings earlier this month, thinking they might be a good antidote to the bickering. But what Smith heard from voters surprised him. "I expected to be deluged with questions about the scandal," Smith said. "But it was the opposite. I got questions about everything but this."

Nobody's talking impeachment at the Emporia Livestock Sale Barn on Friday. It's almost noon, and a cattle auction is in progress. The drone of the auctioneer tells the story, head by head. Cows are going for between 27¢ and 31¢ per lb.—salvage price by local standards. "Should be 40¢," mutters Loren Wagaman, 79, a rancher taking a coffee break. Philip Bender chimes in. "They're not working for us in Washington," he says, paying for a cinnamon bun. "We're little peons to them. They don't give a dang about whether we make it or whether we don't." Bender, 79, an eye snapper in his orange Sunglo hat and cherry-red windbreaker, didn't bother to tune in to

Abortions (per 1,000 women)	25.9	22.9
Clinton's job-approval rating	49%	67%
Dow Jones average	3242	9340
Federal, state prison inmates	946,277	1,197,890
Teacher's salary (1997 dollars)	$39,594	$38,921
Cost of public college	$5,379	$6,534
Alternative medicine sales	$3 billion	$12 billion
Illegal drug users	12 million	13.9 million
Gym memberships	16.5 million	22.5 million
Computer-owning households	22.6 million	35.3 million
Online shopping sales	$0	$14 billion

Preschoolers in day care	9.9 million	13 million
Teen birthrate (per 1,000)	60.7	54.7
Charitable giving	$110 billion	$143 billion
Overweight Americans	34 million	97 million
Top sitcom	*Roseanne*	*Friends*
Highway deaths	39,230	41,967
Handguns	67 million	70 million
Americans who think things are going well	53%	74%

Sources: National Journal; Council of Economic Advisors; National Assn. of Home Builders; Dept of Health and Human Services; TIME/CNN poll; US Dept. of Education; Federal Highway Admin.; National Highway Traffic Safety Admin.; National Institutes of Health; Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms; American Assn. of Fund-Raising Counsel

PHOTOGRAPH FOR TIME BY DIANA WALKER

the trial. "I kept the TV off yesterday," he says. "I was working on my books to see if I could go another year."

Brownback got a lump in his throat two weeks ago when he raised his right hand and swore "to do impartial justice." It's the President of the U.S., he thought. This is serious. "But I had a keen sense of sadness too," he recalled later. "You tell your kids not to do things that are wrong, but whatever they do, you tell them, 'Don't lie about it.' Americans all over the country say that every day to their kids. That's the reason we're here. That's the reason the Chief Justice is here, 100 Senators are here, and all this time and money is being spent. Because of that one admonition."

When they retired to the cloakrooms on Saturday night, the Senators had to admit the House managers had done better than expected. On Day One, Henry Hyde was brief, James Sensenbrenner was solid, Jim Rogan was compelling if strident, and Asa Hutchinson stole the show. Ed Bryant was incoherent, "shockingly bad," as one Senator said later. Most of the other presentations were forgettable or repetitive, even annoying. But on Saturday, South Carolina Republican Lindsey Graham struck an empathic chord. Instead of insisting, as others had, that the case was clear-cut, he acknowledged that the Senate faced a difficult decision. Then Hyde closed with a stirring summation. Said a Republican Senator who had been skeptical about the House managers: "We were impressed with how well prepared they were and the passion they conveyed."

IN THE LOOP

On Wednesday the President and aides work on the State of the Union address

HUTCHINSON AND ROGAN marched the Senate briskly through the two articles of impeachment: the President, they claimed, had obstructed justice in the Jones case, caused other witnesses to provide false testimony to Kenneth Starr's grand jury and then knowingly lied under oath in order to maintain the deception. Hutchinson fashioned a compelling narrative from this too familiar tale. The obstruction, he alleged, began when Clinton learned that Lewinsky was to be subpoenaed in the Jones case; he drafted Vernon Jordan to help find her a job and get her back on Clinton's side; once that was under way, he approached Lewinsky with his plan to have her sign a false affidavit in the Jones case. As Hutchinson explained it, Jordan was recruited once more to find her a lawyer, hold her hand, get her out of town. But when it turned out that the Jones lawyers knew far more about Clinton's relationship with Monica than the President expected, Clinton hid behind his secretary, Betty Currie, who he claimed had been the object of Lewinsky's visits. The next day he met with Currie to go over his testimony, encouraged her to recall events as he had sworn to them and, the House contends, asked her to reclaim the gifts he had given Lewinsky. In places the testimony is contradictory; that, the House managers insist, is why the Senate needs to hear from Jordan, Currie and Lewinsky.

Many legal scholars believe the President is more vulnerable to charges that he lied about an affair than that he confected a conspiracy to conceal it. But the perjury charges do not throw open the doors to witnesses, and witnesses are what the House prosecutors want above all: witnesses are their last chance to sway opinion. The obstruction case, the Republicans realized, was the fastest way to convince Senators that the major players had to be called. "Let me ask you two questions," Hutchinson said. "First: Can you convict the President of the United States without hearing testimony of one of the key witnesses? Second: Can you dismiss the charges under this strong set of facts and circumstances without hearing and evaluating the credibility of the key witnesses?" How, he inquired, could the Senate figure out the punishment without truly knowing the crime?

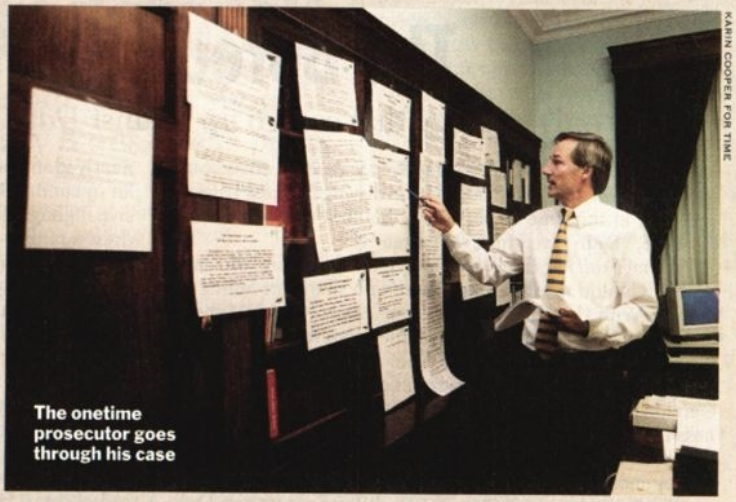
Later Brownback sounds as if he is wrestling with issues of justice and mercy. "You sit in those hearings, and it's a sad role, but you realize none of us is perfect. There are consequences to actions, but none of us is perfect. If you're in a civil society, you have to dispense justice but also forgiveness."

THE HEADLINES LAST WEEK IN THE EMPORIA *Gazette* were not about a President's disgrace; they were about the revered principal of a local grade school who had just resigned after being arrested on suspicion of marijuana possession. A public figure who everyone thought was doing a wonderful job was accused of doing something petty and dumb—and in so doing gave the town a chance to wonder about its standards and its sense of mercy.

No one approves of educators who use drugs, the *Gazette* editorialized last week. But in the fog of charges, it warned, don't lose sight of the principal's record. The paper recalled the August day when a house burned down; the principal helped the firemen lug hoses and waited there until the children, his students, came home. He wanted to help them cope with their loss. Or the time he was quick to arrive at the scene of a school-bus crash, comforting victims and helping the rescuers. But most important, the paper said, was his morality and courage under fire: the moment he was accused of wrongdoing, the principal resigned rather than cling to his job. "What was probably his last act as an educator—his resignation—may carry the strongest lesson," city editor Joel Mathis wrote. "Actions have consequences."

And then, of course, Mathis administered the coup de grace. Some people, he wrote, have already suggested that by accepting the consequences of his actions, the principal "has actually set a better example for our children than a certain scandal-plagued President."

And so the town of Emporia, a Republican stronghold where people generally agree that it would be better if Clinton disappeared, has supported the principal's decision to resign: reaching out to him in this painful moment but not trying to change his mind. "It's been a tough week," says Kathy Dreirer, whose daughters attend the principal's school. "The big thing at our house is lying," Dreirer says. "The kids ask, 'Why can the President get away with it, and we cannot?' I can't explain it. So I have to tell them, 'Because we're not his parents.'" —***Reported by Ann Blackman, Karen Tumulty and Mark Thompson/Emporia, Jay Branegan, James Carney and John F. Dickerson/Washington***



KARIN COOPER FOR TIME

The onetime prosecutor goes through his case

THE ARKANSAS CONNECTION

WHEN ASA HUTCHINSON, THE STAR PERFORMER AMONG THE 13 HOUSE PROSecutors, slipped across the Senate floor last Thursday to say hello to White House lawyer Bruce Lindsey, it was almost like old times. A sophomore Congressman from Arkansas, Hutchinson says he got to know Lindsey when they worked in state politics in the 1980s and early 1990s. Though always cordial, they were foes then too. Hutchinson was a rising Republican, while Lindsey was a close friend and adviser to the state's most powerful Democrat, Governor Bill Clinton. In Arkansas, Hutchinson says, "everybody's got some connection."

So it's no surprise that Hutchinson also has some old ties to the man he's trying to convict. Now 48, Hutchinson was a student at the University of Arkansas law school when Clinton taught there in the 1970s, though he never took a class with Clinton. Hutchinson went on to become a prosecutor, and in 1984, as a U.S. Attorney, he brought a cocaine-distributing charge against Roger Clinton, the Governor's wayward half-brother. Roger pleaded guilty, and at the sentencing, Governor Clinton thanked Hutchinson for helping save Roger's life.

Now the other Clinton brother is on trial, and the prosecutor who made the most effective case against him last week was Hutchinson. Using a pointer and charts as props, he took all the familiar, disparate facts of the case and reassembled them into a coherent, sinister whole. As he went along, Hutchinson punctured a few holes in the Clinton defense. For example, the President's lawyers maintain that Clinton's leading questions to Betty Currie on the day after his deposition in the Paula Jones case could not have been witness tampering because Currie had not been called as a witness. But Hutchinson showed how Clinton had repeatedly suggested to Jones' lawyers that they talk to Currie—the logical conclusion being that Clinton expected her to be called.

Hutchinson also cast doubt on the White House contention that the help Vernon Jordan and others gave Monica Lewinsky in finding a new job had nothing to do with her involvement in Jones' case. The Congressman laid out evidence that the help came in earnest only after Clinton learned that Lewinsky's name was on the witness list. "The question here," he said, "is not, Why did the President do a favor for an ex-intern, but, Why did he use the influence of his office to make sure it happened?" Hutchinson's answer: "To obstruct [and] impede justice."

Hutchinson's performance won effusive reviews from G.O.P. Senators. "He was outstanding," said Utah's Robert Bennett. Said another: "I thought the obstruction case was weak going in. Now I think it's pretty strong." —***By James Carney. With reporting by John F. Dickerson/Washington***

PUBLIC EYE

Margaret Carlson

The Boredom of Proof

The only strategy that can go up against *Days of Our Lives* is witnesses

A FRIEND OF MINE JOKED RECENTLY THAT IF SOMEBODY told him the President had been driving Princess Diana's car at the time of her death, his first reaction would be, "Didn't we know that already?"

If that's the bar the House managers delivering the case against Clinton must surpass, there's no shame in failing to deliver. With the choreography they chose—all 13 of them getting an hour-plus in front of the cameras—they surely weren't concerned about repetition. Already, the 60,000 official pages, the hundreds of unofficial ones, plus nonstop Geraldo and MSNBC, have seeped into the public consciousness like elevator music. We can hum along with "We were never really alone." "There is absolutely no sex of any kind." "It depends on what the meaning of the word *is* is."

But these managers dared to be dull for a purpose. Dull was the right antidote to their frothing performance in the House. Dull is good when the Senate has deigned to be host to the poor relations with country manners in the upper house. Dull fits their perverse purpose: to make a case strong enough to vindicate their vote to impeach, but not so strong that the need for witnesses isn't manifest. The only way to preempt *Days of Our Lives* is to get the gold-festooned Chief Justice to ask Monica Lewinsky to raise her right hand. It's their last chance to change the public's mind.

KEVIN LAMARQUE—REUTERS

Spectators lining up for the first day of the trial of Bill Clinton

Henry Hyde opened by reading the résumés of the other 12 managers. This reverse voir dire yielded one illuminating fact: they're not just lawyers; four of them served in the JAG corps, which punishes adultery with imprisonment. (Is it just a coincidence that *JAG* is majority leader Trent Lott's favorite TV program?) They heaped both flattery ("We want you to know how much we respect you") and abuse (each speech duplicated others, with lectures on the law to lawyers, who had to sit there and take it). The House managers are such unknowns that photos were circulated so the Senate wouldn't confuse Bob Barr with George Gekas.

Still, the managers had the undivided attention of the Senators, sitting quietly for what must be record-setting periods. Fatigue was an ever present danger. When I met up with Senator Orrin Hatch in his office at lunchtime, he was eating lightly to forestall his usual midafternoon slump. But that broccoli and baked potato were no match for air on the Senate floor, as recirculated and stuffy as that on a 747. By 3 p.m. his head was nodding. Those scribbling most energetically were not necessarily the most attentive: Senator Byron Dorgan was writing on cream-colored stationery what looked like thank-you notes. John Breaux hunched over two nearly identical briefing books, one on the trial, the other on an upcoming Mardi Gras event. Jay Rockefeller, a compulsive highlighter, covered entire pages in yellow. Bob Kerrey drew a rainbow. Joe Biden kept taking out his pocket calendar, as if it must surely be February by now. Senator John McCain perked up enormously when a page delivered a phone message. What fun, a hall pass! It would be a cheap shot, looking down from the press gallery, to comment on hair. But on a per capita basis, the Senate must contain the largest number of adult gum chewers in the country.

To get within camera range, Senator Bob Smith changed his seat from the third row to the second. The neatest desk belonged to Lott, fitting for a man who presses his shirts *after* they come back from the laundry. He's so efficient he called for a 15-min. break before poor Representative Ed Bryant had actually finished speaking. The press section, fearing that perhaps we were not witnessing the trial of the century, was relieved when Dominick Dunne, the reporter of record for the previous trial of the century, in Los Angeles, finally arrived.

The trial got so soporific that Senator Tom Harkin's stunt objection over not calling the jurors jurors but "triers" was considered high drama. The best drama was supplied by Representative Asa Hutchinson. Like a sportscaster, he went to the tapes and chose bites of Clinton at his most weaselly. And like the director of a thriller, Hutchinson showcased the week of Jan. 17 with such precision you could see every point at which the perp could have come clean but didn't, that when cornered the President substituted cunning for conscience.

Repetition came even in the quotes from *Bartlett's* as prosecutors strained for gravitas. Representative Bill McCollum took us with him on his drive to the office as he contemplated the ice on the trees and the geese on the wing and his awesome task. The House managers call themselves historic when all we know for now is that what they are doing is rare. They are characters suited to the *Guinness Book of World Records,* not Edmund Morris or David McCullough.

As long as McCollum and Barr and Starr are working so feverishly against the President, Clinton's supporters will continue to see their tactics as more of a threat to the Republic than the President. Quiet the extremists, move to censure, and his support will evaporate. And unlike the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, now dismissed by history as a partisan act, Clinton's trial would end in his near universal condemnation, a judgment made by all of us, not one faction of us, that will stand the test of time. ■

Playground Predators?

The high court considers whether schools should be liable when students sexually harass their peers

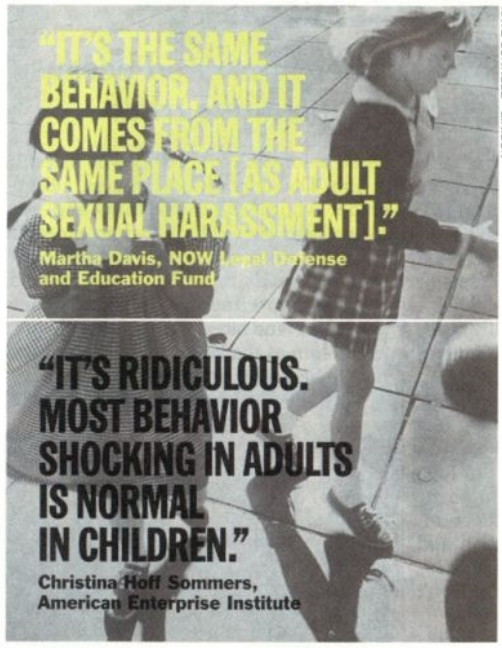
By TAMALA M. EDWARDS WASHINGTON

AURELIA AND LEROY DAVIS SAY THEIR daughter LaShonda entered fifth grade in Forsyth, Ga., an excited, engaged kid. But by December she was telling her parents that a boy in her class was sexually taunting her with touches and comments. The Davises complained, but for the next five months found their concerns brushed aside. LaShonda was forced to sit next to the boy for months despite his lewd comments and his attempts to grab her genitals. The principal responded with a lackluster promise to "threaten him a little harder." LaShonda became withdrawn and depressed, and one night her father found a suicide note. Even now, six years later and in 11th grade, his daughter, he says, is still "not the same LaShonda."

The Davises did not let the matter rest. They hauled the boy into juvenile court, where he pleaded guilty to battery. Then they sued the school district in a case that last week made its way to the Supreme Court. Facing the high court for the first time is the issue of whether schools should be held liable when students sexually harass other students. At stake are $500,000 in damages and some difficult questions: Where does childish misbehavior end and sexual harassment begin? Should courts and judges be meddling in an area in which parents and educators have traditionally held sway?

The Supreme Court has applied sexual-harassment law liberally in a number of recent cases. In two rulings last term it decided that same-gender workplace harassment is actionable and that schools can be responsible for the sexual misbehavior of teachers. But during oral arguments in the Davis case last week, the Justices made it clear that they were troubled by this case. Only a few sentences into her argument, the Davises' lawyer was stopped by Justice Sandra Day O'Connor. "I'm sure children nationwide tease each other," she said. "Is every one of those incidents going to lead to some sort of lawsuit?" The Justices continued to pepper the attorney with questions: Are schools responsible for sexual misbehavior between children? Should the same standard be applied for adults, teens and children? Aren't these problems better left to psychologists, parents and educators rather than to courts and judges? "Its a question of where we draw the line," said Justice Anthony Kennedy.

Ever since Jack and Jill went up the hill, children on playgrounds have been shoved around or called fathead. And as kids notice sexual differences—something our *Baywatch* society makes it hard for them to ignore—a whole new arsenal of insults opens up. Those supporting the Davis suit contend that sexualized behavior can often get out of hand. And when schools sweep problems aside by saying "Kids will be kids"—or, more often, "Boys will be boys"—sexual harassment can become sexual discrimination, since the fear and psychological stress can take a toll on a child's ability to learn and infringe on the Title IX right to an equal education.



KATE CONNELL—LIAISON

But are we comfortable applying the language of adult sexual harassment and sexual discrimination to kids? It's hard to tell if today's children behave much better or much worse than those of the past, since sexual-harassment studies are new to the '90s. Davis supporters believe they can draw a valid parallel to workplace sexual harassment, where once common behavior is now seen as unacceptable. "It's the same behavior, and it comes from the same place," says Martha Davis, legal director of the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund. But opponents point out that children can be cruel without fully understanding it. "It's ridiculous. Most behavior shocking in adults is normal in children," argues Christina Hoff Sommers, a researcher at the conservative American Enterprise Institute.

Even knottier is the question of whether school districts should be made more liable than they are in state courts, where rulings tend to spark change only in the offending district. A 1993 survey by the American Association of University Women found that 30% of girls and nearly 20% of boys are harassed often, leading Davis advocates to argue that the problem is systemic and needs the widespread changes likely to follow a federal precedent.

The changes would be significant if they reflected the difference made in individual districts by state rulings. Raul Ugarte, a parent in Antioch, Calif., sued his school district five years ago after it refused to take action against a boy who was sexually harassing and threatening to kill his fifth-grade daughter Tianna. Ugarte won a $450,000 judgment, and the school district fired the superintendent.

Supporters of the lawsuit contend the lines would be clear, with the school responsible only for taking reasonable action rather than ensuring that the behavior ends. Yet the moving parts are many and concerning. The behavior would have to be severe, repeated and objectionable to a reasonable person. But it's hard to see which jeers and touches would meet everyone's definition of unreasonable. And as the courts test that standard, they will also have to measure what it means for a school to take reasonable action. Was detention too little or suspension too much?

Conservatives argue that the real impact of a Davis victory would be a crackdown on boys, their rambunctious natures suddenly defined as harassment. They cite the case of Jonathan Prevette, the North Carolina six-year-old suspended last year for kissing a classmate. They may have a point. The challenge facing the Supreme Court is to come up with an answer that would save Jonathan without sacrificing LaShonda. —*With reporting by Laird Harrison/San Francisco*

ANDRE LAMBERTSON—SABA FOR TIME

THE BOY WHO SAW TOO MUCH: The body of Leroy ("B.J.") Brown at his funeral last week

In Silent Testimony

Was a Connecticut third-grader murdered because he was the star witness in an upcoming trial?

By JOHN CLOUD BRIDGEPORT

A GRITTY, WET SNOW FELL ON THE DAY the town said goodbye to Karen Clarke and Leroy Brown Jr. The ice closed schools and slicked streets in Bridgeport, Conn., and residents slid helplessly and angrily through their daily tasks. So by the time 600 arrived for the funeral at Refuge Temple Church of God, on Main Street, it seemed as though God had forgotten this place, a small city with big-city problems. "Violence is let loose like a wild boar on our streets!" thundered the Rev. Courtney Williams, a phalanx of fellow ministers behind him hollering agreement, along with worshippers who sobbed and shouted. "There's an insatiable appetite for blood ... the blood of our princes ... Don't let Prince Leroy's death go in vain!"

One week earlier, Leroy—an eight-year-old whom family called B.J.—was shot in the back and head as he and his mother raced up their stairs, trying in vain to escape an intruder. His mom Karen Clarke, 30, was shot twice in the back. It looked like an execution, for B.J. was the star witness in a murder trial.

One summer day in 1997, Rudolph Snead, his mother's boyfriend, had picked B.J. up from basketball, his daily passion. Someone in another car shot at Snead. A bullet grazed Snead's forehead and broke glass that cut B.J. Police charged Russell Peeler with the attempted murder; both Snead and B.J. identified Peeler as the shooter. Peeler and Snead knew each other and were said to be fighting over money.

The state probably would have had a tidy case against Peeler, but Snead was murdered before he could testify who had shot at him. That left only one witness, a third-grader whose smile was sunny and persistent, who should have had no cares but to tell his jokes and read a favorite book, *Double Trouble in Walla Walla*. Instead, B.J. agreed to tell authorities what he knew about guns and blood. Prosecutors planned to call him as the key witness in what was now to be Peeler's murder trial.

B.J. Brown was reportedly worried about helping the law. To know what a remarkable kid he was, one has to understand the community around him. When gang leaders commandeered swaths of Bridgeport and other cities in the early 1990s, the never easy task of finding witnesses became all but impossible. A 1996 federal study found that law officers in eight urban areas reported that violent acts of witness intimidation "occur on a daily or weekly basis." In Los Angeles a stunning 1,000 homicides in the first half of the decade went unsolved because no one stepped forward. At B.J.'s funeral last week, a family friend made the point without numbers: "Some of us men, grown men, can't stand up. B.J. did that."

MARY BETH MEEHAN—THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

RUSSELL PEELER, whom B.J. was to testify against

The murder rate is down a bit in Bridgeport, but other violent crimes aren't. "There's still a subculture of drugs and guns," says state senator Alvin Penn. "We may develop around it, but that subculture hasn't disappeared." The residents are sick of it. At the funeral, grievers bellowed amens when the Rev. Williams asked the assembled politicians to do more to catch criminals and—here the loudest cheers went up—protect witnesses. Many people here have come to believe that cops abandoned B.J., left him to fend for himself in the same community where the man he would name as a criminal was living.

While most people suspect a connection, police haven't charged Peeler with the Clarke-Brown murders, though they were questioning him about them at week's end. Peeler was wearing a monitoring bracelet at the time of the killings, and his lawyer has said he was at home.

From the pulpit, Williams noted that the state budgets only "30,000 lousy dollars" a year for witness protection, and lawmakers were rushing last week to fix that. But few states spend much guarding witnesses, in part because most are not nearly as angelic as B.J. "A lot of witnesses are dirt-bags"—criminals themselves who don't want or need protection, says Eric Sterling of the Criminal Justice Policy Foundation. Many face incarceration and want a deal. The federal Witness Security Program is limited to people with important evidence in big cases. (Of those who get in, 98% have been involved in crimes.)

Only California has a major state program; it began a year ago with a budget of $5 million. Only a fifth of that has been spent, and there are limitations, chiefly that the state can't do much for witnesses who don't want to switch jobs, change their kids' schools and otherwise uproot themselves for a court case.

B.J.'s mother was trying to make a new start. She had a solid job at U-Haul and a duplex in a middle-class neighborhood. She recently told B.J.'s father that she "was finally getting somewhere in life." Patrolmen watched her place last year for a few days, but police say she called them off. It was intrusive and, she reportedly said, conspicuous. In the icy clime of Bridgeport, the coldest truth about these murders may be that there was little that could have been done to prevent them. ■

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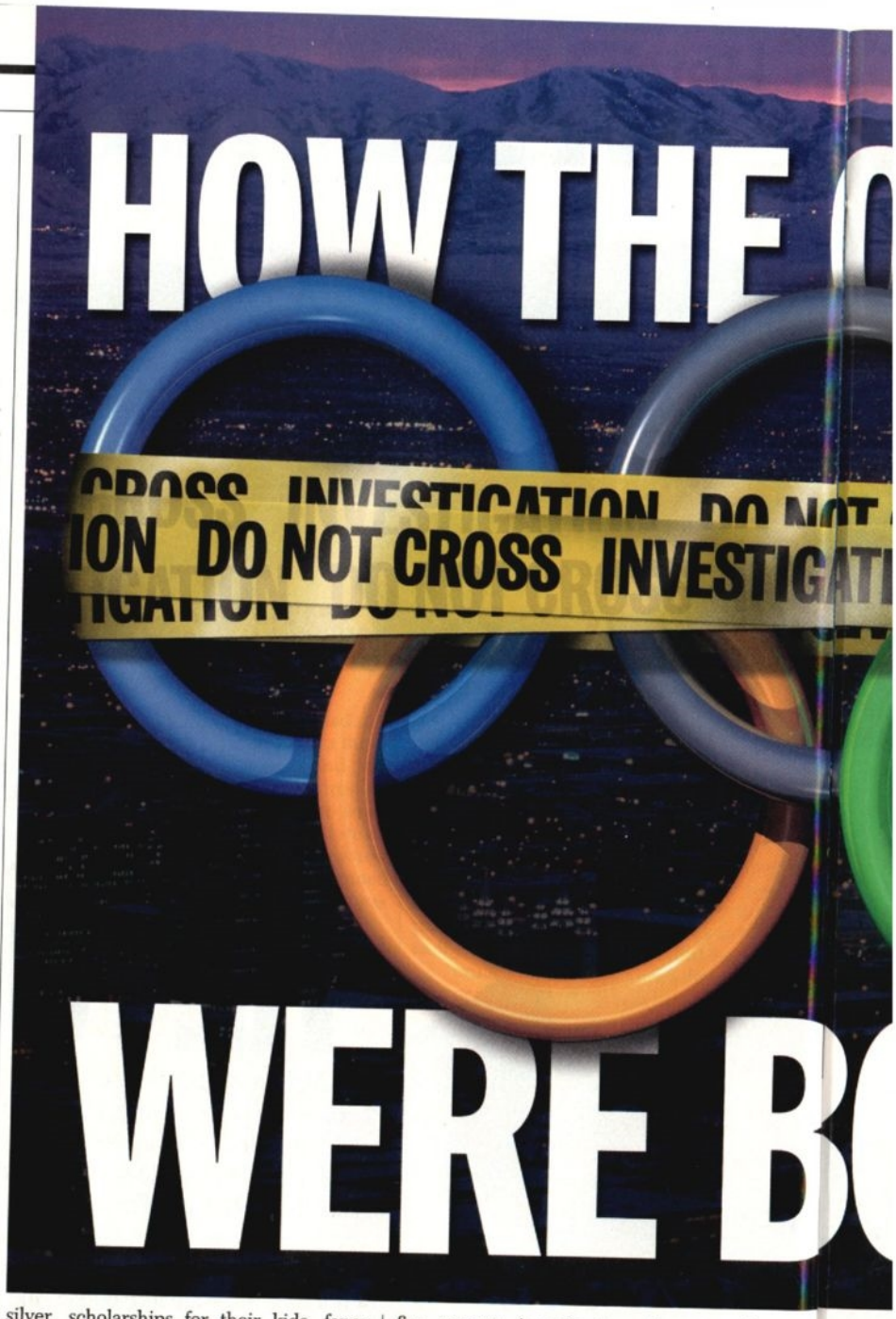
Beaten out in the past, Salt Lake City wanted the Games badly. Now it has its wish—in a bad way

By ROBERT SULLIVAN



JUNE 16, 1995: IT'S ANNOUNCED THAT Salt Lake City has won the right to be host of the 2002 Olympic Winter Games. Grumbling from press row. "Trouble ahead," says a grizzled veteran of the Games with a sigh. "Mormon morals—that'll bring 'em down."

"Yeah," says his buddy. "I hear the bars close at 11!" How can you hold an Olympics in such circumstances?

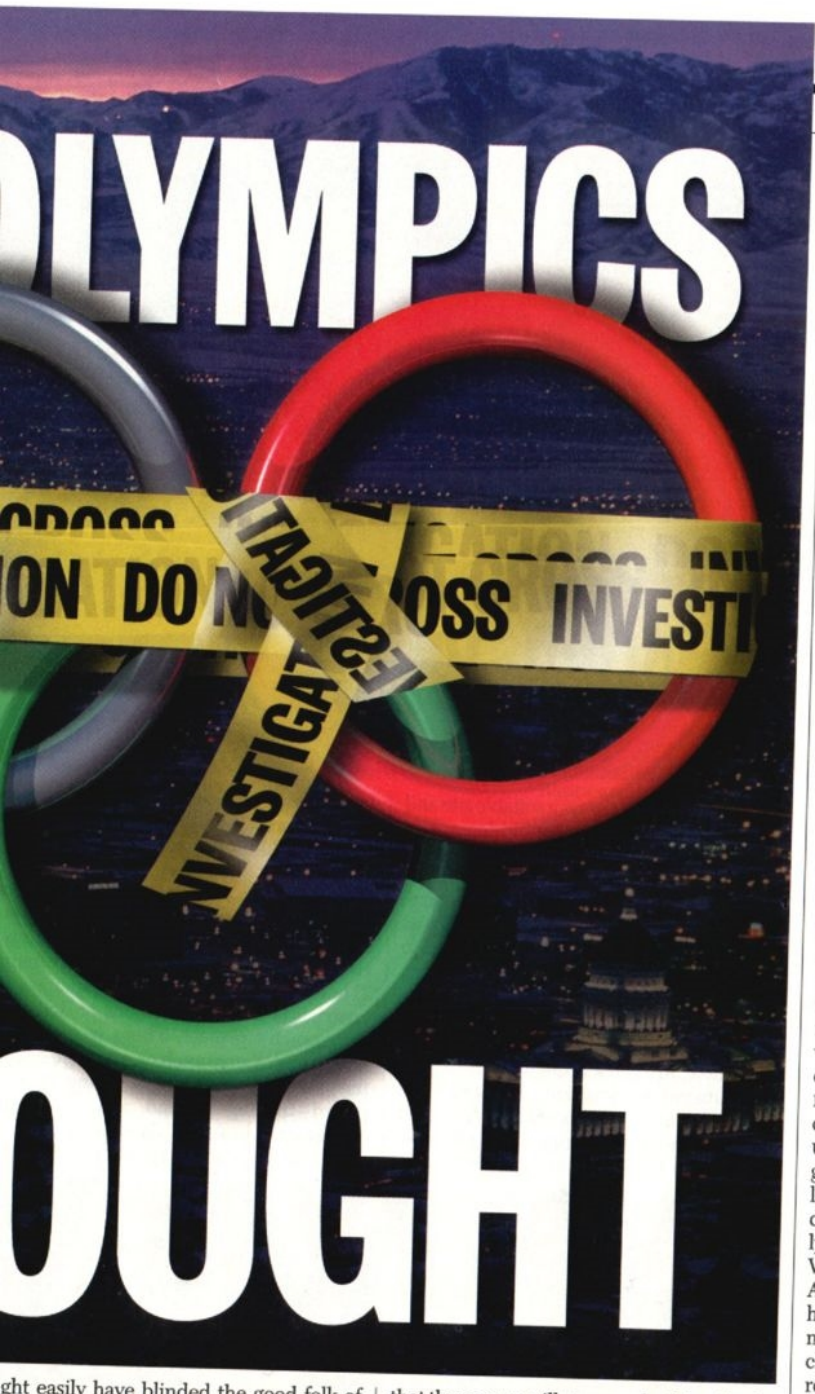
What wasn't presaged by even the most knowing, most inside, most keen-nosed Olympics hound was that, more than three years before any torch lighting, the head of the Salt Lake Organizing Committee—a fine Mormon he was—would be brought down by a spousal-abuse charge, and his successor and others would fall in a huge, still widening bribery scandal. Salt Lake City wanted to hot up its image for the Olympics, and today it has no worries.

In that regard, at least. On other matters—whether it can put together an untainted administration to oversee the Games, whether it can raise enough money to support the Games, whether its reputation as an oasis of virtue in a desert of iniquity is forever forfeit—Salt Lake has nothing but woe. "We are stunned and bruised," said Utah Governor Mike Leavitt, who along with Salt Lake mayor Deedee Corradini controlled appointments to the S.L.O.C.'s board of trustees. "This does not represent the values of this community."

"People are saying, 'How could it happen here, with our high moral standards?'" echoed Corradini, who had lobbied hard and glamorously for the Olympics, and had joyously accepted the five-ring flag during closing ceremonies at last year's Games in Nagano, Japan. "It has tarnished our reputation." Hers, not least. Last week she announced that she would not run for a third term in 2000, though she had dearly wanted to preside over the Olympic festival.

After the instinct to lament passed, the instinct to point fingers took over. "We revolt at being associated with them," Leavitt said of a Salt Lake bid committee that had, in the years preceding the International Olympic Committee's vote on the 2002 site, crossed the palms of I.O.C. members with silver, scholarships for their kids, fancy guns, cowboy hats, skis and other booty that reportedly included call girls. While acknowledging bribery, Leavitt also implied extortion, by way of a "sinister and dark corner of corruption." Robert Garff, a local car dealer and now, gamely, third at bat as S.L.O.C. czar, said, "I can't say our hands are clean, but the system has been flawed for years. So in some sense we're victims." Of whom? Fingers pointed at an I.O.C. that allegedly demands favors for favoritism.

Who's to blame is being sorted out by five separate investigations—the S.L.O.C.'s own; the U.S. Olympic Committee's, chaired by gadfly troubleshooter George Mitchell; the Justice Department's; a U.S. House of Representatives inquiry into whether laws prohibiting the bribing of foreign officials have been broken; and the I.O.C.'s, which could result in the resignation or expulsion of as many as nine of the body's 114 members, plus sanctions for four others. These reports, due to be issued during the next several weeks, will depict a system so systematically corrupt that it



CHUCK PEFLEY—TONY STONE

ght easily have blinded the good folk of lt Lake to reality. Whether the disclosures ll be enough to deprive Salt Lake of the mes or topple the autocratic—some say tatorial—18-year regime of I.O.C. head n Antonio Samaranch is doubtful. But investigations will reveal certain things: t the leaders of S.L.O.C. were not present- saints, that Samaranch is either delu- nary or hypocritical to a Clintonesque de- e, and that the relationship between the mpic movement and the U.S. involves d measures of fear and loathing—fear that the money will go away, loathing for the other guy's values.

ALL THE PROBLEMS BEGAN IN AMERICA—NOT in Salt Lake, but in Los Angeles. The 1976 Montreal Games had dutifully lost millions of dollars, and the 1980 Moscow Games, boycotted by the U.S., didn't make a ruble. The Winter Games, always staged in nice little Currier & Ives villages, had seldom turned a profit. Therefore, naturally, no sane city wanted to play host to the Games. Then, in 1984, Peter Ueberroth and his Los Angeles organizing committee put on a splashy, TV-friendly, penny-squeezing Olympics that netted $220 million. Suddenly suitors were turning handsprings before the I.O.C., each performing *citius, altius, fortius* than the last. Two cities had asked for the '84 Games, but in 1985 a dozen came begging for the '92 Winter Games, and six vied for the summer events. What they were willing to do, and what it all might lead to, was evident from the get-go. Brisbane flew lobsters, kiwi fruit and its mayor from Australia to East Berlin for a 1985 I.O.C. meeting, then hired a hotel staff from across the Wall to cater. The lunch tab was $1.9 million. Sofia's bidders, who had put out a meager $50,000 buffet, trudged glumly back to Bulgaria. (As if even Brisbane had a chance! The competition that season included Barcelona, Samaranch's hometown. Guess who won.)

The great skier Jean-Claude Killy had earlier helped Albertville, France, secure the rights to the '88 Winter Games, and remembers how quickly things were evolving. "We didn't offer trips and lodging. We gave them little gifts, souvenirs like Savoyard knives and pens," he says. "Then the stakes became much more considerable."

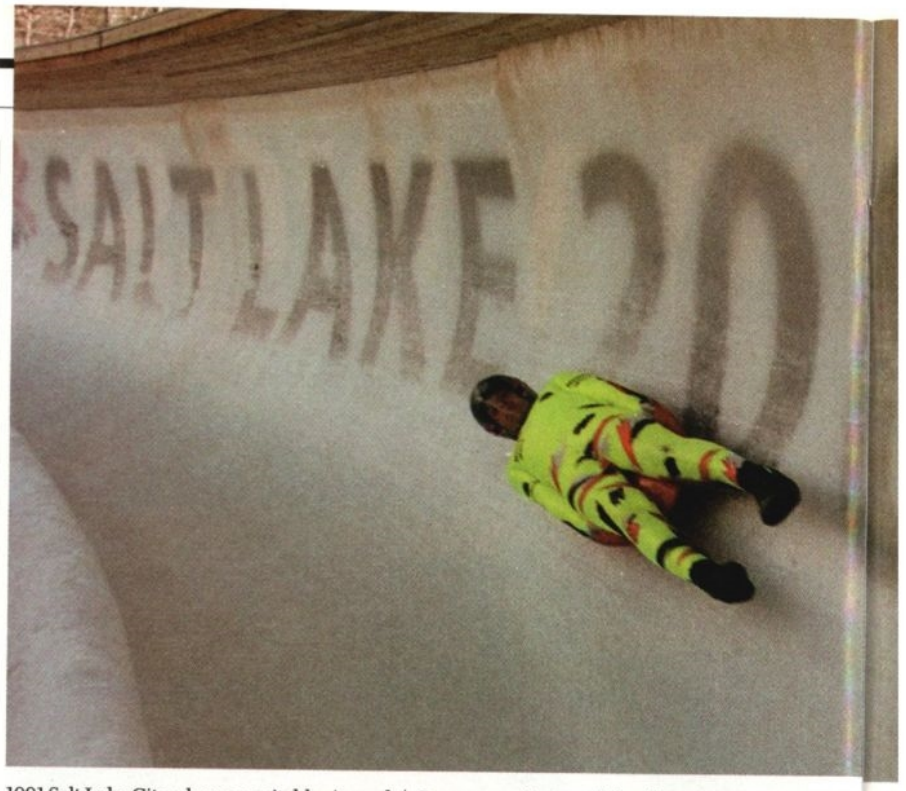
Salt Lake City was already a player in this transitional era, and was learning, painfully, how the game was changing. In 1984 and '85, Mayor Ted Wilson oversaw Salt Lake's effort to become America's bid city (the U.S. Olympic Committee designates one town to be the U.S. contender before the I.O.C. picks a winner). The two finalists were Salt Lake and Anchorage, which frankly didn't have a snowball's chance of ultimately being chosen by the I.O.C. "We did very little entertaining because we had been told not even to *contact* U.S.O.C. members," Wilson recalls. "So we go to Indianapolis in June of 1985, and we lose." He was baffled. "Anchorage is dark, doesn't have any venues, doesn't have nearly the culture we did." Back in Salt Lake, Wilson started hearing about fishing trips to Alaska by U.S.O.C. delegates, hunting trips, helicopter rides. "Whether those were rumors or not, we said, 'We screwed up. Anchorage schmoozed and we lost. Next round, we're going to schmooze big time.'"

Anchorage, meanwhile, was learning that courtship with the U.S.O.C. was kiss-on-the-cheek stuff compared to a tango with the worldly, rouge-lipped, fire-breathing I.O.C. Rick Nerland, an advertising executive who served as the Anchorage bid's executive vice president, said last week that he was approached twice by agents who asked up to $30,000 for a bloc of I.O.C. votes. "I was disappointed that the person was intimating that that went on," he said. "We dismissed it on the spot." Also resistant were officials from Toronto and Amsterdam, who report-

ed similar shakedowns in the 1980s, as well as a Swedish hospitality hostess who alleged that she had been asked to have sex with an I.O.C. member—for the good of her country.

NOT EVERYONE SAID NO, AND SOON reports were rife in the Olympic community of five-star boondoggles and outright fraud. You just weren't a self-respecting I.O.C. member if you weren't demanding first-class travel. You were something of a boob if you weren't cashing in those tickets, buying coach and keeping the change. Where once Killy gave out pens, suitor cities now offered furs, jewelry and fine wines. Robert Helmick, a former I.O.C. member and U.S.O.C. president who resigned in 1991 when it was alleged that he had violated U.S.O.C. conflict-of-interest guidelines by representing clients linked to the Olympics (he later was cleared of any wrongdoing), remembered keepsakes suddenly escalating from "nice things to exorbitant things." At I.O.C. confabs, members were seen rolling dollies laden with gifts to their hotel rooms; at one meeting a makeshift parcel-post office was set up to wrap and ship "souvenirs" to delegates' homes. Helmick's wife surveyed the scene and termed it "legal bribery." Helmick told TIME that his wife saw I.O.C. delegates from the East bloc returning from shopping trips with bid officials, laden with Escada clothing and other $500 purchases. The I.O.C. could no longer claim such solicitation was "just rumor." In 1986 the committee put a $150 limit on gifts and insisted that travel tickets be nonrefundable.

Which slowed the flow of largesse not even a little. The situation reached its apex—or nadir, if you prefer—in the bidding for last year's Winter Games, won by Nagano. By



1991 Salt Lake City, always a suitable site and now represented by a savvy bid team, had grown to be an odds-on choice. But Yoshiaki Tsutsumi, then one of the world's richest men, had a dream: an Olympics in Nagano. "When I speak, 100 politicians jump" was his calling card. When he said he wanted to be president of Japan's Olympic committee, that group said sure. When he said he wanted to bring the Olympics to Nagano, many said, "But we've got no facilities. We've got lousy snow. Are you kidding?"

Tsutsumi doesn't kid. He met with Samaranch at a Tokyo hotel and discussed the I.O.C. head's pet project: an Olympic museum on the banks of Lake Geneva in Lausanne. Tsutsumi lined up 19 Japanese corporations, and together they contributed $20 million to build Samaranch's hall of fame. Tsutsumi was awarded the Gold Olympic Order, and Nagano was eventually awarded the Games, by four votes out of 88 total. On *60 Minutes*, Helmick said of the Tsutsumi tsunami, "There's nothing wrong with Japanese industrialists donating millions of dollars to Samaranch's project. There is something wrong with Samaranch or someone else on the I.O.C.—and I'm not saying it happened—turning around and voting for Nagano because of it." Samaranch, as is his habit, said money spent to lure the

WERE THEY GOING FOR THE GOLD?

Ex-S.L.O.C. bid committee officials admit awarding $393,000 in scholarships and stipends to 13 people, six of them relatives of I.O.C. members, and soliciting $28,000 in health care for three committeemen. The specific allegations against seven I.O.C. members:

ECUADOR
Agustin Arroyo

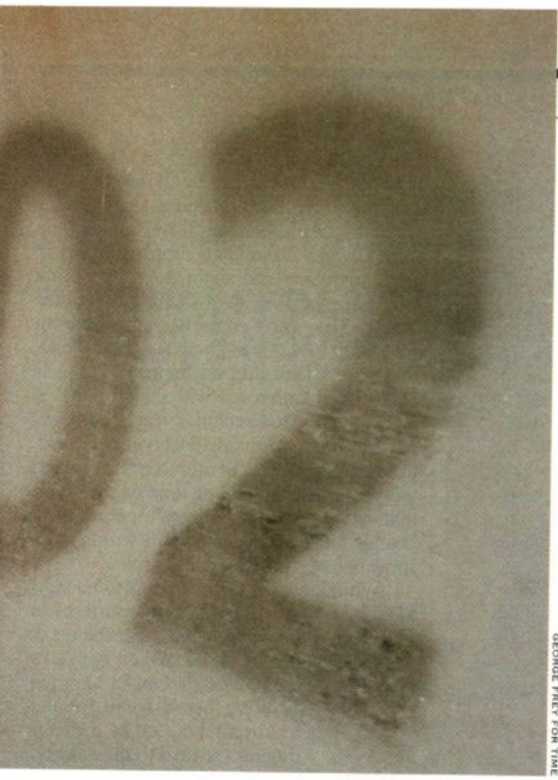
I.O.C. member since 1968; also a former private secretary to the President of Ecuador.
■ His stepdaughter Nancy briefly worked for the Utah State government and the Salt Lake City Olympic bid committee. According to ex-S.L.O.C. chief Tom Welch, she also received the committee's help while attending a school in Texas.

LIBYA
B.M. Attarabulsi

I.O.C. member since 1977.
■ His son Suhel received tuition, plus expenses, at Utah schools, including Brigham Young University.
■ "I consider this humanitarian aid," says Mahmoud El Farnawani, a family friend and Salt Lake consultant. He says Suhel was about to be drafted into the Libyan army and his father wanted him out.

CONGO
J. Claude Ganga

President, Association of National Olympic Committees of Africa.
■ Reportedly accepted $70,000 for children's charities.
■ Made $60,000 profit on a Utah land deal arranged by Salt Lake Olympic committees.
■ "I have done nothing wrong," he told French radio. "I will not become rich because I voted for Salt Lake City."



GEORGE FREY FOR TIME

A LUGE-LOSE SITUATION?
Even as Salt Lake City sports venues are rising, sponsors are wary and other cities are piping up as alternatives

Olympics had nothing to do with him: "Nobody's pushing them to spend this fortune or not to spend this fortune."

To which Salt Lake organizers would answer, Baloney. After they'd lost to Anchorage, they were ticked. Now they were seriously, seriously p.o.'d. It wasn't just the end-around with an Olympic museum; it was allegations that Nagano organizers had secured the services of agents who promised to deliver votes for huge fees. In 1994 a citizen's group in Japan filed a criminal complaint against Nagano's mayor and the prefecture's governor for allegedly destroying documents said to detail how $18 million in public and private funds were used in Nagano's bid. The case was thrown out, but last week a former Nagano committee official disclosed that a 90-volume financial record of the bid process had been destroyed in 1992 because it contained "secret information." And Nagano mayor Tasuku Tsukada reversed previous denials and admitted to TIME that Nagano's campaign had paid $363,000 to a Swiss-based agency run by Goran Takacs, son of Samaranch's friend Artur Takacs. Tsukada insisted the agent was retained only to act as liaison with I.O.C. officials, "not to collect votes, as people are saying happened in Salt Lake City."

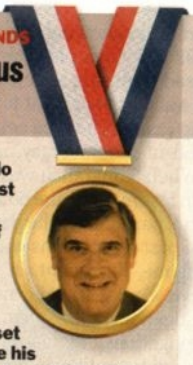
"We just knew Nagano wasn't playing it straight," says Kim Warren, international relations coordinator for the Salt Lake Olympic bid committee in 1990 and '91. "You can't believe the crap they were pulling. We were giving out saltwater taffy and cowboy hats; they were giving out computers." She is harsh on Samaranch. "He had to fly in on a private jet. He had to stay in the presidential suite—it had to be the finest room in the city. There was a particular type of NordicTrak he works out on, so we had to get that piece of equipment. We had to have limousines for him—Lincoln Town Cars weren't good enough. That was the example he set."

As Warren implies, Salt Lake City played along. Maybe not happily, maybe grudgingly, but Salt Lake City played along. The bid committee found the limos and the NordicTrak. It arranged for the room.

And it lost out again. So it upped the ante once more. Past officials of Salt Lake's 2002 bid committee now admit that the munificence extended toward I.O.C. members in the form of contributions, scholarships and health care was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Furthermore, the Salt Lake *Tribune* reported that the committee spent nearly $10,000 on six shotguns and rifles that went to Olympic officials, including Samaranch. (The president said it's O.K., because he doesn't vote for the host city. But even his deputy, I.O.C. vice president Dick Pound, has said Samaranch possesses "the loudest nonvote anyone can imagine.") Governor Leavitt's office confirmed that an internal ethics panel of the S.L.O.C. was investigating allegations of prostitution, including whether some committee members' credit cards were used to pay for escort services for visiting I.O.C. members. And sources close to the S.L.O.C. probe say only about 2% of the bid committee's spending has been analyzed.

The former S.L.O.C. and bid-team members who have admitted to the payments have had a harder time admitting to wrongdoing. Their attitude is, "Quid pro quo? Nah—we're humanitarians." Thomas Welch, the leader of the bid and organizing committees who resigned after pleading no contest to a spousal-abuse charge in 1997, told the Salt Lake *Tribune* he and other boosters did nothing wrong in their pursuit of Olympic glory. "Never, not once in all that time, seven years, did an I.O.C. member offer a vote for money," he insisted. "I never offered anything to get anyone to vote for

ETHERLANDS
Anthonius Geesink

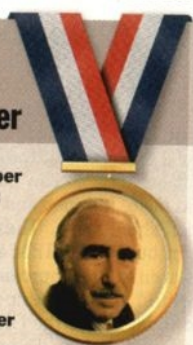


lympic judo old medalist 1964.
Friends of O.C. lember nton eesink, a undation set p to finance his ctivities, received $5,000.
The money, he says, funds a nobile academy" that tours e world to "spread the spirit the Olympics."
Dutch Olympic Committee lls the academy "murky."

FINLAND
Pirjo Haeggma

Middle-distance runner in three Olympics; member of Finland's Olympic Committee.
■ According to the New York *Times*, husband Bjarne worked for the S.L.O.C. bid committee. *USA Today* says he also held a government job in Toronto when that city was bidding for the 1996 Games. The couple has since divorced.
■ She has denied wrongdoing.

CHILE
Sergio Santander



I.O.C. member since 1992; president of the Chilean Olympic Committee.
■ Thomas Welch, former head of the S.L.O.C., says he gave Santander $10,000 to finance his re-election campaign for mayor of Santiago, the Chilean capital.
■ Santander has denied asking for or receiving the money from Welch and the S.L.O.C.

SWAZILAND
David S. Sibandze

Active in Swazi sports charity circuit; has sought I.O.C. funding for sports-journalism courses in Swaziland; also helped evaluate Rome's bid for the 2004 Olympics.
■ His son Sibo, a master's graduate from the University of Utah, got a job with the Salt Lake City economic development office.

STORM CLOUDS OVER LAUSANNE

FABRICE COFFRINI—AFP

JUAN ANTONIO SAMARANCH IS USED TO PAMPERING. The president of the International Olympic Committee is introduced as His Excellency and, though he draws no salary, keeps a suite at the posh Palace Hotel in Lausanne, Switzerland, where the I.O.C. is based. At short notice, the President of the U.S. has been known to squeeze him into the White House schedule. Private jets are at Samaranch's disposal, and he eschews the highway to travel the 37 miles from Lausanne to Geneva by helicopter. But in a phone interview with TIME's Helena Bachmann last week, Samaranch sounded stressed and tired. "The scandal has affected me deeply on a personal level," he said of the Salt Lake City imbroglio. "After 18 years watching this organization grow and prosper, these charges are extremely hard to accept."

Samaranch admitted that the I.O.C. is "in a storm." Insiders say the controversy has rocked the culture of self-righteousness and autocratic arrogance at the Château de Vidy, where the I.O.C. is headquartered. "Samaranch has done a lot of good things for the I.O.C.," says a French staff member, "but he has not exactly been a promoter of openness." Now, says that insider, that higher-than-thou attitude may be "over and done," as critics call for Samaranch's departure. It is a move he refuses to countenance. Says he: "If I.O.C. members have confidence in me, I am ready to stay on and continue until the end of my term, in 2001." He adds, "We are all going through a difficult time now, but remain confident that after the storm, calm will prevail." ■

DONALD STAMPFLI—AP

INTO THE MUSEUM go Samaranch's gifts, including a Browning handgun from "the people of Salt Lake City"

us ... If you measure our conduct the way people in this city do business, it's no different. You support your friends and their causes, and that's what we tried to do."

David Johnson, former senior S.L.O.C. vice president, was more direct and equally eloquent in responding to the charges. When a TV crew showed up at his door last Monday to ask about his resignation from the committee, Johnson yelled at the woman reporter, grabbed her microphone, kicked the male cameraman and seized his camera. Which is to say, No comment.

City councilwoman Deeda Seed sees corruption, not humanitarianism, in the S.L.O.C.'s behavior. "They basically operated in secret, in executive sessions. Where were the tough questions that should have been asked? We're a very naive place," she says. "Things went wrong because in our cultural orientation, hard questions aren't asked about accountability. It's impolite."

Hard questions are being asked today by those who stand to lose almost as much as Salt Lake if this mess isn't cleaned up. "If I were a corporate sponsor, I'd want this resolved quickly," says Seed. Rest assured: the sponsors want it resolved more quickly than that. US West briefly withheld a payment of $5 million to the S.L.O.C., and if the committee is unable to raise $242 million more in the next year, it will face a shortfall on its $1.4 billion budget. The buzzards are circling. Innsbruck and Calgary, both former Winter Games sites, have cheerfully announced that they stand ready to be host of the '02 Games, should their dear friends in Salt Lake be unable.

The Olympic movement has a trillion minor and a dozen major sponsors worldwide. These big guns include Coca-Cola, Visa, IBM and Time Inc. Each sponsor kicks in approximately $50 million over a four-year period for the "festoon"—the right to use the Olympic rings in corporate promotions. Then there is NBC, which has paid $3.5 billion for the rights to all five Winter and Summer Games between 2000 and 2008. A spot poll by TIME indicates none of them are amused. David D'Allesandro, president of John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance, a company with festoon privileges, said the I.O.C. must do an earnest investigation of the malfeasance—and not just in Utah—followed by a thorough purge. "If they fail to do that and something else comes up, the rings won't be tarnished, they'll be broken," he said. "If they attempt to simply line up 12 I.O.C. members and shoot them and think they can go back to Switzerland, they're wrong. They can't come back a year from now and say, 'Oops, here's another one; there was a leak, and we happened to hear about it.' Boardrooms will shake if this is mishandled. That includes NBC's." He expects future sponsorship deals with the I.O.C. to contain some sort of morals clause, which will be particularly galling to an organization that has made a tough-cop reputation by busting teenagers for taking the wrong nasal spray before the 400-m backstroke.

While Salt Lake City seems to be subjecting itself to the lash with puritanical zeal, early signs are not good that the I.O.C. will be similarly contrite. Asked by TIME about his group's investigation, Samaranch said, "We heard some rumors and dispatched I.O.C. director François Carrard to investigate. When he got there, he was assured that everything was straightforward and aboveboard. Now that we have the facts, we intend to take action and rid the I.O.C. of all corruption. Let's not forget that it was just a handful of individuals who acted improperly."

This has ever been his approach. The I.O.C. under Samaranch avoids trouble until someone—often someone in the U.S.—says it is trouble. He doesn't much care for all the rules that maintain in the U.S. When U.S. track star Butch Reynolds, despite having failed a doping test, obtained a Supreme Court order allowing him to compete in the 1992 U.S. Olympic trials, Samaranch considered requiring athletes to sign an agreement waiving their right to sue the I.O.C. in doping cases. (The idea could never have worked in a democracy, and was abandoned.) When Samaranch wasn't happy with his own testimony in the *60 Minutes* story on Nagano, particularly the part about being proud of past associations with Franco's Fascist regime, he sought, in vain, to have his interview retaped. And now this: four U.S. investigations, at least two of them criminal investigations, digging into the I.O.C.'s long-standing tradition of gift giving.

Certainly Samaranch wishes this never had happened. But whom does he blame? —***Reported by Cathy Booth and Anne Palmer Peterson/Salt Lake City, Donald Macintyre/Tokyo, Sylvester Monroe/Atlanta, Thomas Sancton/Paris, Robert Kroon/Geneva, with other bureaus***

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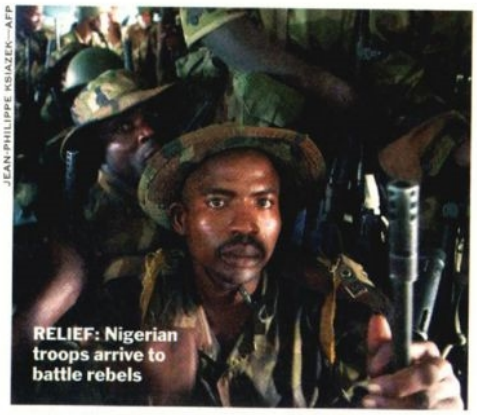

JEAN-PHILIPPE KSIAZEK—AFP

RELIEF: Nigerian troops arrive to battle rebels

THE HEART OF DARKNESS

A gruesome rebel offensive has turned Sierra Leone into a bloody hellhole

By EDWARD BARNES FREETOWN

FREETOWN IS BURNING. THE SKY IS barely visible through the gray clouds of smoke curling up from the eastern side of the city. The occasional finger of white African sunlight that pokes through the haze falls on piles of dead bodies. The soft sands of Lumley beach, which sits on the north edge of town, are blanketed with dead soldiers, and the tranquil bay that lies between downtown and the airport is an oily, grisly mess, teeming with floating bodies and body parts.

For the better part of two weeks, since the rebel forces of the Revolutionary United Front (R.U.F.) swept into Freetown from Sierra Leone's thick jungles, the capital city has been a killing zone. Last week the troops of the Economic Community of West African States Monitoring Group (ECOMOG), a peacekeeping force led by Nigeria, struggled to throw the rebels out. It was bloody, street-by-street fighting. Aid agencies evacuated most of their personnel during the week. The only way in and out of the city was by Nigerian military helicopter. One Lebanese businessman who had stayed behind to protect his rice crop bought his way out on the same helicopter that carried a TIME reporter in, one of the few journalists to venture into Sierra Leone in the week following the killing of an Associated Press staff member and the wounding of two others.

Into Saturday night, ECOMOG fought to maintain control. Since most of the R.U.F. leaders had been killed in the previous few weeks of fighting, most rebel positions in the city were held by 15- and 16-year-old boys, who looted and burned huge swaths of downtown. ECOMOG forces patrolling Freetown's main streets were continually harassed by Kalashnikov-wielding teenagers who slipped from dark alleys, machine-gunned them for 15 or 30 seconds and then slipped away again. After sunset the teenagers, many of them high on local hallucinogens, set houses on fire—night candles, they called them—to ward off the fearful dark.

Sierra Leone's descent into chaos began on May 25, 1997, when a group of rebel soldiers from the Sierra Leone Army staged a coup d'état, replaced democratically elected President Ahmed Tejan Kabbah with Major Johnny Paul Koroma, and soon allied themselves with R.U.F., the rebel movement that had waged a civil war earlier in the 1990s. Koroma was quickly isolated by some of Sierra Leone's West African neighbors, such as Nigeria and Guinea, which wanted to see Kabbah restored. Last February an ECOMOG military force pushed the junta from power, driving the rebels out of the capital, and Kabbah reassumed his office. ECOMOG hoped that once the rebels had been removed, they would scatter and disappear into neighboring countries such as Liberia, becoming less of a threat.

Instead, ousted from the capital, the rebels rearmed and, village by village, began terrorizing the countryside. For the better part of a year, ECOMOG has struggled to stamp out the fiercely violent brushfires. Nigerian Alpha jets have streaked through the skies of Sierra Leone bombing rebel hideouts. Tens of thousands of village-based militia—traditional hunters called *kamajors*—have stalked the jungles battling R.U.F. forces. But the Nigerians have discovered that the rebel fire seems to be nearly inextinguishable. Hopes for negotiations have been blocked by rebel de-

DESCENT INTO CHAOS

Sierra Leone, the world's poorest country, has had a miserable, violent decade

April 29, 1992

A MILITARY COUP, led by a five-member military junta, sends President Joseph Momoh into exile in Guinea and establishes the National Provisional Ruling Council as the ruling authority in the country.

March 29, 1996

ANOTHER COUP dislodges the NPRC, but the new military government gives in to international pressure and agrees to hold elections. Ahmed Tejan Kabbah, a former lawyer, wins 59.5% of the vote and becomes President.

May 25, 1997

AFTER 14 MONTHS Kabbah is toppled by a coup. The head of the new regime, Major Johnny Paul Koroma, warns the Nigerian-led peace forces stationed in the country not to interfere, but clashes quickly follow.

ISSOUF SANOGO—AFP

September 1997

FIERCE FIGHTING breaks out between government soldiers and West African peacekeeping troops known as ECOMOG. Aerial attacks by the peacekeeping troops against commercial targets in Freetown kill 50 civilians.

JEAN-PHILIPPE KSIAZEK—AFP (3)

LAST EXIT: Soldiers protect a woman preparing to flee Freetown by helicopter

The rebels have used brutalization as a strategy

mands for the release of Corporal Foday Sankoh, an R.U.F. leader who had been captured and sentenced to death. Two weeks ago, R.U.F. stormed the capital, using an army that included some 5,000 teenage soldiers who sneaked into Freetown unarmed and dug up weapons that had been buried in local graveyards.

The sheer dimensions of the brutalization in Freetown in the past few weeks have been hard even for resolute aid workers to withstand. The images that flash by them are otherworldly, they say. Marie de la Soudière, who heads the International Rescue Committee's Children in Armed Conflict Unit, is still haunted by the shy six-year-old girl outside Freetown who raised the stump of her arm and asked, "Will my fingers grow back?"

Ever since the rebels were driven into the countryside, they have used brutalization as a kind of strategic device, hoping the horror of war would lead Kabbah to sue for peace. In Freetown's Connaught hospital, doctors began reporting last April that they were seeing an enormous number of mutilations, as well as women who had had foreign objects inserted in their vagina. Aid workers say pregnant women, normally highly respected and well treated in Africa, had had fetuses cut from the womb while they were still alive. Rebel soldiers slashed one woman's ankles so she could not run away. She was raped and beaten over a one-month period.

One witness interviewed by Human Rights Watch said he saw rebel soldiers tell a boy that he was too tall. A soldier then took a machete and cut off the boy's left foot. When the boy fell to the ground, the soldier calmly shot him in the chest three times. A woman who sold fish in a market was ordered to lie down on the ground. When she hesitated, a boy in the rebel army slashed her neck with a machete. When she fell, a soldier put her wrist on a rock and cut off her hand. "They left me there," she told interviewers. "I walked 11 days to Forekonia [on the Guinea border], and I had to bury my own hand." The amputations are a common form of terror. Young rebels blithely ask victims if they want "long sleeves or short sleeves"—amputation at the wrists or elbows.

Such extreme violence is not characteristic of Sierra Leone. Jim Stearns, an emergency-relief-operations specialist for CARE, says that when he first started going to Sierra Leone in 1989, nearly all the violence was across the border in Liberia, which was then in the midst of a civil war. Freetown, which sits amid lush rice paddies and rolling green hills, was established in 1787 as a home for freed slaves. The British cut off the slaves' shackles on a block in front of a cottonwood tree that still stands today. But the country is no paradise: the U.N. ranked it the least-developed nation on earth in 1997. The average life expectancy is 34 years.

And there is no sign that the conflict that is ravaging the country will end soon. Though on-site negotiators pressed last weekend to get ECOMOG-R.U.F. talks started again, they faced a number of problems. The R.U.F. leadership vacuum is one. Another is that Kabbah's government, having seen the effects of a partial victory before, is in no hurry to sue for peace. Aid agencies say the city is still too hot to begin bringing in badly needed food and medicine. On Saturday night, civilians in Freetown were down to desperate rations: leather and pig food. Nigerian commanders planning an offensive for this week worried about what tactics could possibly contain thousands of drug-addled adolescents. Said a major: "This is a battle between democracy and dementia." —*With reporting by William Dowell/New York*

February 1998

CLASHES CONTINUE as Nigerian troops belonging to ECOMOG bombard Freetown, finally gaining control of the capital and ousting the junta. Thousands of civilians become part of a nightmarish refugee exodus.

March 10, 1998

AFTER 10 MONTHS in exile, President Ahmed Tejan Kabbah returns to the country in triumph. "We will make this a new beginning," he declares at a ceremony attended by Nigeria's leader, General Sani Abacha.

Jan. 3, 1999

A MAJOR OFFENSIVE is launched by newly strengthened rebels trying to regain control of the country. As they push toward Freetown, U.S. diplomats are evacuated and the United Nations pulls out most of its staff.

Jan. 6, 1999

THOUSANDS FLEE to the countryside as rebels fight their way into the capital. Witnesses said the presidential State House had been taken and that rebels were seen toting assault rifles on abandoned downtown streets.

Jan. 16, 1999

CEASE-FIRE HOPES dim as rebel leaders say they will not observe a scheduled truce unless their leader, Foday Sankoh, is released. Sankoh is imprisoned at a secret location following an October conviction for treason.

Spies Like Us

The Internet is changing the world's most dangerous game

By **SAM C. GWYNNE** AUSTIN

WILD BILL DONOVAN WOULD HAVE loved the Internet. The American spymaster who built the Office of Strategic Services in World War II and later laid the roots for the CIA was obsessed with information. Donovan believed in using whatever tools came to hand in the "great game" of espionage. These days the Net, which has already remade such mundane pastimes as buying books and sending mail, is reshaping Donovan's vocation as well.

The latest revolution isn't simply a matter of gentlemen reading other gentlemen's e-mail. That kind of electronic spying has been going on for decades. In the past three or four years, the World Wide Web has given birth to a whole industry of point-and-click spying. The spooks call it "open-source intelligence," and as the Net grows, it is becoming increasingly influential. In 1995 the CIA held a contest to see who could compile the most data about Burundi. The winner, by a large margin, was a tiny Virginia company called Open Source Solutions, whose clear advantage was its mastery of the electronic world.

Among the firms making the biggest splash in this new world is Stratfor, Inc., a private intelligence-analysis firm based in Austin, Texas. Stratfor makes money by selling the results of its sleuthing (covering nations from China to Chile) to corporations like energy-services firm McDermott International. Many of its predictions are available online at *www.stratfor.com*.

Stratfor president George Friedman says he sees the online world as a kind of mutually reinforcing tool for both information collection and distribution, a spymaster's dream. Last week his firm was busy vacuuming up data bits from the far corners of the world and predicting a crisis in Ukraine. "As soon as that report runs, we'll suddenly get 500 new Internet sign-ups from Ukraine," says Friedman, a former political science professor. "And we'll hear back from some of them." Open-source spying does have its risks, of course, since it can be difficult to tell good information from bad. That's where Stratfor earns its keep.

In the past month Stratfor has drawn attention to a carefully assembled open-source report that asserted that last month's attack on Iraq wasn't intended just to punish Saddam Hussein for blowing off U.N. weapons inspectors. By sorting through thousands of pieces of publicly available data—from Middle East newspapers to Iraqi-dissident news—Stratfor analysts developed a theory that the attacks were actually designed to mask a failed U.S.-backed coup. In two striking, contrarian intelligence briefs released on the Internet on Jan. 5 and Jan. 6, Stratfor argued that Saddam's lightning restructuring of the Iraqi military, followed by executions of the army's Third Corps commanders, was evidence that the coup had been suppressed. Predictably, U.S. officials said the report was wrong.

Stratfor merits more than just a curt dismissal. The company used the same techniques to accurately forecast the economic crisis in Asia as well as the social and political troubles in Indonesia, the 1998 India-Pakistan nuclear standoff, and the 1998 rapprochement between Iran and the U.S. Stratfor has missed a few calls—most notably predicting that the euro would flop—but its gritty analysis has already won 15,000 subscribers to its free website.

To turn all of this into a business, Friedman relies on a lean staff of 20 in Austin. Several of his staff members have military-intelligence backgrounds. He sees the firm's outsider status as the key to its success. Stratfor's briefs don't sound like the usual Washington back-and-forthing, whereby agencies avoid dramatic declarations on the chance they might be wrong. Stratfor, says Friedman, takes pride in its independent voice. The Web's resources provide such a tremendous advantage that the Stratfor team has already been able to do away with at least one staple of 20th century spycraft. Says Friedman: "We never go to cocktail parties." ■

DARREN CARROLL FOR TIME

THE WORLD TO COME

Stratfor's Friedman, left, and Matthew Baker look ahead

Russia: New Fears

Reform is failing and nationalists and communists are in charge. Expect them to try to rebuild the U.S.S.R. Belarus returned to the fold in 1998; Ukraine will be 1999's trouble spot.

Iraq: A Win at Last

Iraq will break out of its isolation in 1999. Russia, France and China are using Iraq to show the limits of U.S. power and, barring a U.S.-backed coup, Saddam will gain strength.

Japan: Little Hope

Japan is squandering its savings trying to save businesses that should disappear. Even Japan's strong exports can't save this sick economy. Look for growing U.S.-Japan tensions.

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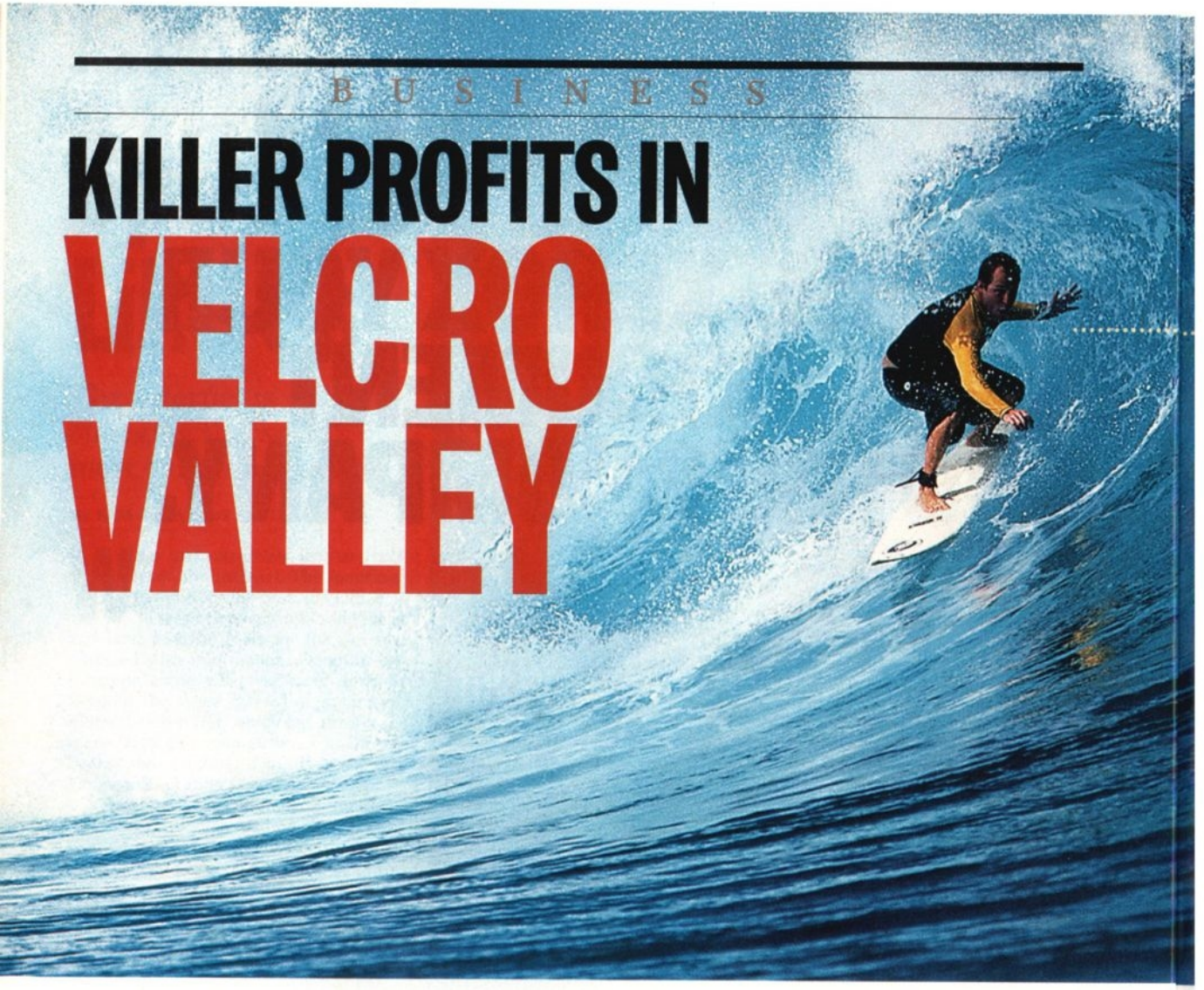
KILLER PROFITS IN VELCRO VALLEY



Surf- and snowboard-clothing firms give radical new meaning to the term core business

By KARL TARO GREENFELD COSTA MESA

THE VOLCOM STONE
The mark preferred by shoplifters

IT'S ABOUT RESPECTING THE stone, about being absolutely core. The stone, according to Volcom president Richard Woolcott, 33, "represents the buzz from a good skate session or riding a 10-ft. wave at pipe. The stone represents the euphoric state of riding."

Core is core, bro, as in hard-core. Right now, in the Orange County, Calif., coastal-wear industry, the Volcom stone—a diamond-shape logo sewn onto shirts, shorts and pants—is totally core, commanding huge respect within the genre of attitude-drenched brands that cool 15-year-olds crave. "Whatever they put the stone on is gonna rock out the door," says Joe Luzzia, owner of Identity Board Shop in Buena Vista, Calif. "You can tell they're the next big thing."

Here in Velcro Valley, as this ragged patch of the industrial landscape is known, a surfwear or skatewear company that catches the attention of style leaders—the best skaters, surfers or snowboarders in any coastal clique—can in a year swell from $5 million in annual sales to $100 million.

But it's hard to stick around in Velcro Valley. Successful firms have erupted from the Orange County youth-apparel industry to become globally recognized brands—among them, Quiksilver, Oakley, Billabong USA and Stussy. Yet just as many such labels—including Gotcha, Lightning Bolt, Vision Street Wear, Jimmy-Z, Maui & Sons, Mossimo and others—rode huge waves of sales only to wipe out in a few years.

The question for hot companies like Volcom, whose stone T shirts currently hold the honor of being the most ripped-off items from Orange County surf shops, is how to make the transition from small, sizzling firm to legitimate, stable business—and still respect the stone.

Orange County, the sprawling expanse of suburban, upper-middle-class communities south of Los Angeles, is the home of the California life-style. "Orange County is to the youth-apparel market what New York is to the fashion world," says Danny Kwok, co-president of Quiksilver. "We are the epicenter of the youth movement."

Over the years, numerous local surfers and skaters have schemed a way to extend the adolescent life-style of cutting school and hitting the beach into a career of cut-

TRYING TO CATCH THE YOUTH WAVE

Apparel brands for board sports come and go like the tide; only a few ride the right swell at the right time

VOLCOM

Prides itself on being core—president Rich Woolcott, left, and other employees surf, skate and snowboard. Currently Orange County's hottest surfwear firm

BLACK FLYS

Renowned as hardest of the core, its sunglasses are preferred by pro surfers and porn stars

HURLEY

Bob Hurley, 43, co-founded Billabong USA and then left to start his own firm. Hurley International has made it with core kids, grossing over $70 million in 1998

SOLE TECHNOLOGY

Its footwear for skateboarders has overtaken Airwalk, DC and Vans as the coolest core shoe

SCOTT WINER (WOOLCOTT)

ting work and hitting the beach. "It's a wonderful industry to be in," says Bob Hurley, 43, founder of Billabong USA and Hurley International. "It's kind of like going to high school forever, and then leaving every day to go surfing."

Hundreds of companies marketing clothes and accessories dedicated to the "board-sports" life-style are operating in Velcro Valley. They range from Oakley, the $200 million sunglasses-and-footwear firm housed in a futuristic, $47 million hilltop bunker, to smaller fry like Black Flys, Split and Volcom, crowded into Costa Mesa and Huntington Beach industrial parks.

To be successful in this market, a company must first be considered core, a catch-all term for unbridled living of the extreme-sports go-for-it ethos. "To be perceived as core is alternative-marketing gold," says James Palczynski, vice president and analyst at Needham & Co. If you are selling skatewear, then you had better be a skate rat, and your company had better sponsor a team of top skateboarders. But core is more than an aggressive, participatory attitude. It's also a vibe, a quasi-mystical, anti-Establishment subtext that has to permeate a firm and come across in marketing and advertising so that it resonates with trendsetters up and down the coast and then across the country.

There is a subtlety to being core. Some companies, including Jimmy-Z, Vision Street Wear, Mossimo and Gotcha, start out core but make a wrong turn. It can be an ill-conceived magazine advertising campaign (Mossimo). Or turning up in J.C. Penney's rather than the local skate shop (Jimmy-Z, Gotcha).

A brand trying too hard to be core, such as Mountain Dew or Nike, is by definition not core. "You can't buy your way in," says Don Brown, 32, vice president of Soul Technology, a growing skateboard-shoe company with $40 million in annual sales. "Look at Nike. They're the best marketing machine in America, and they couldn't buy their way into skateboarding." Ironic that in the pre-nose-ring generation, Nike invented core. Coreness can reach ridiculous extremes. Almost every Velcro Valley firm has erected a half-pipe skateboard ramp on its premises. "We used to have one right out in the middle of the place," says Volcom's Woolcott, "but skateboards were, like, hitting people at their desks." Bummer.

For those who succeed in communicating core, the youth-apparel industry is a wholesome business activity. Teenagers spent $91.5 billion last year, and the men's and women's active-wear markets grew from $69 billion to $73 billion, according to the NPD Group. For leading Velcro Valley manufacturers like Quiksilver, that means a one-year, 37% increase in sales, to $316 million. Smaller firms like Hurley, Split, Girl, World, Ezekiel, Rusty and Shorties are reporting steady growth on sales of anywhere from $10 million to $70 million.

These explosive growth rates cause companies to confront the recurring Velcro Valley conundrum: What starts out as a couple of bros silk-screening T shirts and writing invoices on brown paper bags can quickly grow into a multimillion-dollar business. When that happens, it gets a little harder to take the afternoon off to go surfing. "If you want to grow," says Danny Kwok of Quiksilver, "you gotta give away a little bit of your life-style."

Down the street from Quiksilver, Woolcott says he is not interested in growing if it means sacrificing any portion of the life-style, which includes taking off whenever he wants on a surfing safari or snowboarding trip. "Getting bigger is totally secondary," he says. "I don't want to put pressure on what we're doing. I don't even think about getting Quiksilver big." Woolcott's office is festooned with Sex Pistols posters and Volcom's mission statement: YOUTH AGAINST THE ESTABLISHMENT.

His demeanor, as venerably core as it is, is somewhat belied by a business degree and a P&G-like devotion to building his brand. Volcom advertises in all the leading niche sports magazines, and Woolcott further infuses his brand with coreness by sponsoring—for as much as $100,000 a year—alternative-sports stars such as skateboarder Rune Glifberg and snowboarder Terje Haakonsen. As a result, Volcom commands almost universal respect throughout the bro-brah network, as Kwok calls Velcro Valley's web of business connections.

Among the challenges for companies seeking to grow: eliminating shrinkage (inventory theft), endemic to this industry, and moving manufacturing offshore to provide enough supply to satisfy retailers. "We're interested in companies that can keep up with our growth," says Timothy Harmon, 46, president of Pacific Sunwear, a 342-store national chain specializing in board-sports attire. "A lot of smaller companies aren't sophisticated enough to source overseas."

Companies such as Quiksilver, which now trades on the N.Y.S.E., have proved that it's possible to grow up and thrive. Others, such as Mossimo, show that you can grow up and screw up too. For Volcom, the business plan does not go much further than staying core—and respecting that stone. "I'm living the life that I always dreamed of living," says Woolcott. "Nobody's getting rich. Nobody owns a house. But I know that low tide is in about 45 minutes, and I'm gonna go surfing." At 10 a.m. on a Thursday, that's core. ■

A TALE OF TWO

The world's most powerful man and the richest have little in common—except the binds they're now in

By ADAM COHEN

WHEN BILL CLINTON AND Bill Gates played golf on Martha's Vineyard a few years ago, they didn't click. The President gave Gates a heavy dose of the Clinton Treatment, oozing charm and seeking emotional common ground in the fact that both had recently lost their mothers. Clinton must have been disappointed by the cool response of Gates, who saw the subject as unduly personal. Gates, for his part, was put off that Clinton didn't engage him on his favorite topic, technology. When the golfing ended, the two men went their separate ways. Gates didn't take sides in the Clinton-Dole election a couple of years later. Clinton let his Justice Department pursue a potentially devastating antitrust lawsuit against Microsoft.

It's not hard to see why these two larger-than-life figures—one the world's most powerful man, one the richest—didn't become fast friends. The two Bills are as different as the two ends of the baby-boom generation they represent. Clinton, who entered college in 1964, is dripping with Sixties values: a John F. Kennedy-style belief in public service as a calling; an Age-of-Aquarius focus on emotional connection; and a countercultural streak of sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. Gates, who came of age in the 1970s, has a Watergate-era detachment from politics, a mind-set more "me-generation" than "love-in," and a passion for the great revolutionary force of his own decade: the personal computer.

But Clinton and Gates are remarkably alike in other ways, particularly in their flaws. Both have almost limitless drive and self-absorption, and a willingness to push the rules to the edge—or past it—to get what they want. When called to account, both have been dismissive of the legal process and have had a strained relationship with the truth. These qualities have landed both men in similar binds: Clinton is waiting to hear if he will be removed from office, Gates is fending off the Justice Department's effort to rein in, or even carve up, Microsoft. Their flaws will take center stage this week, as both men mount defenses in their respective trials.

The two Bills began life worlds apart. Clinton's childhood in small-town, 1940s Arkansas was shaped by a mother who worked as a nurse and played at the racetrack, and an alcoholic stepfather. Gates, by contrast, was born into the Seattle upper crust, his father a lawyer and his mother president of the Junior League. Gates was a skinny prep school kid who spent all his free time in the computer lab—a nerd before the term was invented, a former teacher once said. Clinton, even in his schoolboy days, was the smooth saxophone player who used his music to meet women.

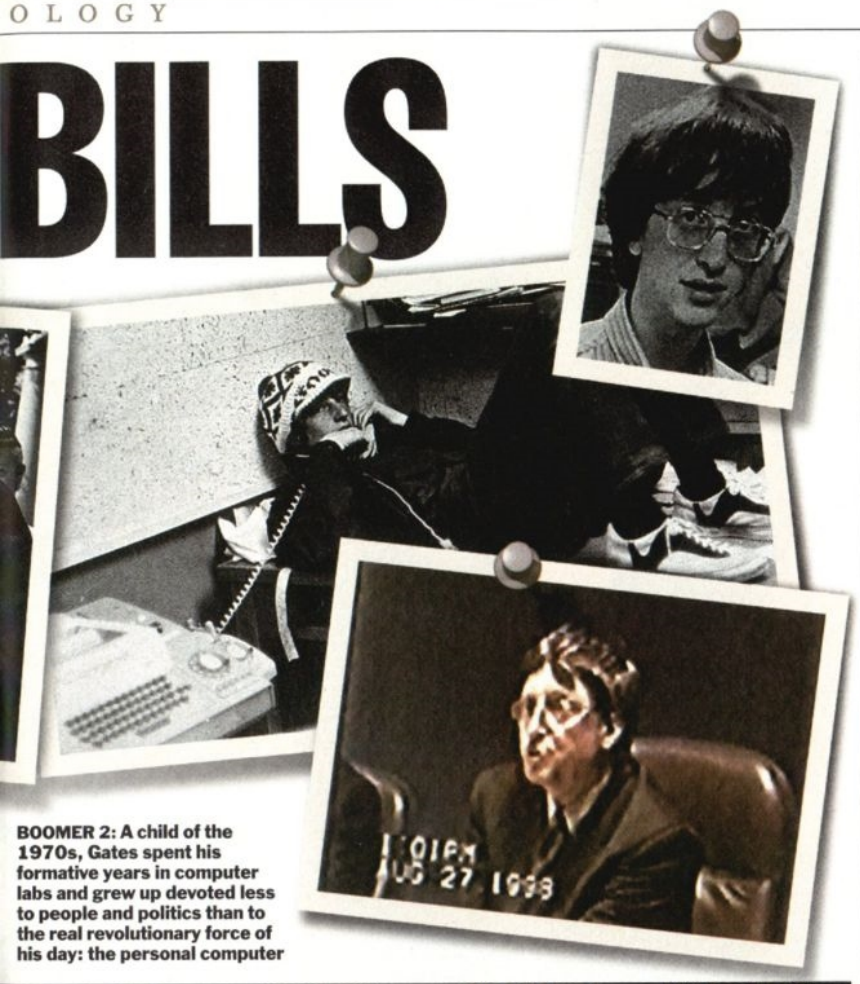
Both men found their callings early. Clinton was elected a senator at Boys Nation at 16. On a Washington field trip that year, he shook hands with President Kennedy—an iconic moment captured in a photo. After Yale Law School and a Rhodes scholarship, Clinton, at 32, became Governor of Arkansas. The single-minded rise to political power is a timeless story, but Clinton's came with the distinctive trappings of his era: the scruffy beard and antiwar protests while at Oxford, the experimenta-

BOOMER 1: Camelot and the Summer of Love shaped Clinton, whose career has combined a J.F.K.-style belief in public service with 1960s-era countercultural questions about the draft, drugs and sex

	CLAIM TO FAME	BACKGROUND	WILD OATS SOWN
BILL C.	World's most powerful man	Arkansas working class; paternity uncertain	Dodging the draft; not inhaling
BILL G.	World's richest man	Seattle upper crust; father William Henry Gates III (or is it IV?)	Playing poker; breaking the speed limit

TOP LEFT: GAMMA LIAISON; TOP RIGHT: ARNIE SACHS/CNS—SYGMA

BILLS



BOOMER 2: A child of the 1970s, Gates spent his formative years in computer labs and grew up devoted less to people and politics than to the real revolutionary force of his day: the personal computer

LUNATIC FRINGE	HIS UNDOING	HIS DEFENSE	LIKELY OUTCOME
Claims he killed Vince Foster	Couldn't resist crush of a blowsy intern	Testifying falsely is not perjury	Is impeached but finishes his term
Convinced he's the Antichrist	Couldn't resist crushing an Internet browser	Controlling 90% of a market does not a monopoly make	Loses the antitrust case but not Microsoft

tion with pot, the civil rights movement sensibility and the feminist wife who kept her name—at least initially.

Gates was, in his own field, just as much the boy wonder. He started his first computer company, Traf-O-Data, in high school. After dropping out of Harvard to build Microsoft, he hit the big time at 25 when IBM made an epic blunder in letting him retain the rights to the operating system Microsoft developed for IBM's PCs. Gates, who spent most of his waking hours among computers, turned as inward as the glad-handing Clinton turned outward. New acquaintances traded tales of his bad haircuts, dirty glasses and odd rocking motion. His early reluctance to give to charity—which he's recently begun to abandon—added to a perception that he lacked the Clinton ian ability to feel others' pain.

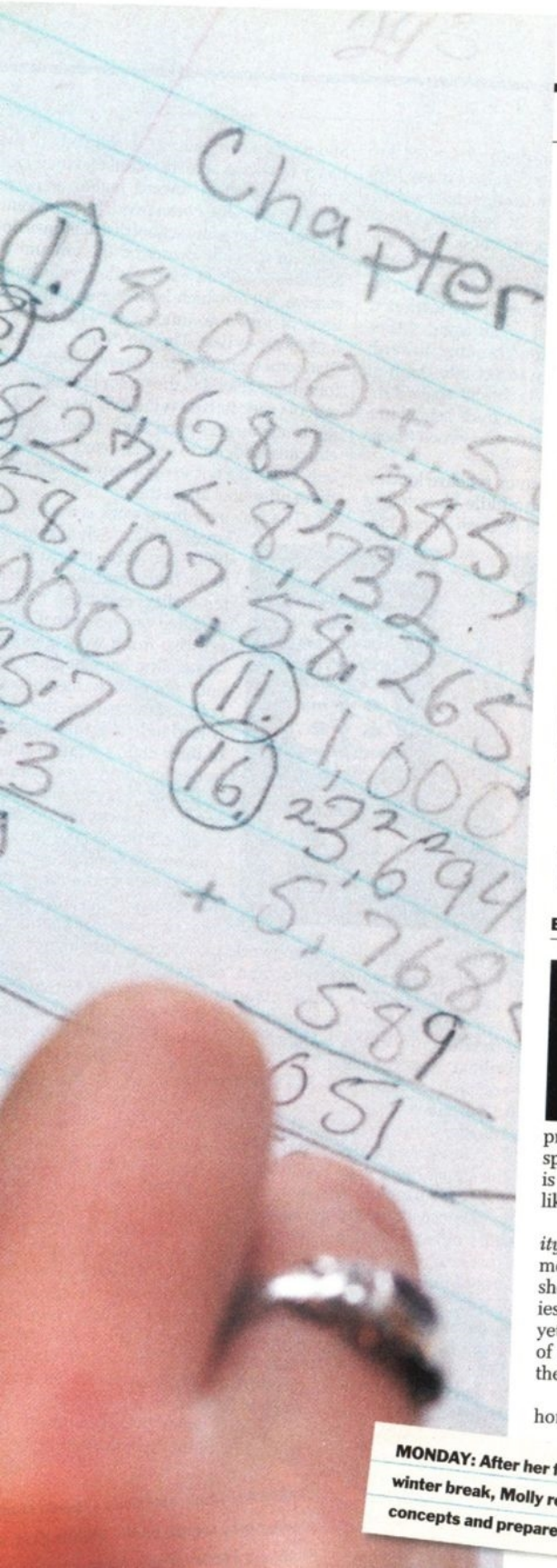
During their meteoric ascents, both Bills came to be regarded as unstoppable forces of nature. Clinton turned setbacks—being voted out as Governor at 34, "bimbo eruptions" that threatened to derail his campaigns—into triumphs. Gates crushed his competition, to the point that his dominance of the software field began to seem godlike. (Cyberjoke: How many Microsoft employees does it take to change a lightbulb? A: None. Bill Gates just redefines Darkness as the new industry standard.) In the end both landed at the top of the world. Clinton was elected and re-elected President; Gates' software controls more than 90% of the world's PCs, and his personal fortune tops $73 billion.

But now each man's indomitable drive may have taken him too far. Clinton's passion for connecting with other people drew him into an affair with a White House intern. Gates' need to plant himself at the top of the computer world may have led him to create a monopoly and use it to illegally beat down the competition. What has hurt both Bills most, though, isn't what they did but their similarly flawed responses to the charges against them. Clinton's seemingly false statement in a sworn deposition that he did not have sexual relations with Monica Lewinsky seemed to his critics to show contempt for the judicial process—and it now lies at the heart of his impeachment trial. The government's case against Microsoft has, in much the same way, found its greatest traction not from testimony about Gates' business practices but from excerpts of his own videotaped deposition in which he claimed not to recall key meetings and e-mails sent under his name. In their respective depositions, Gates and Clinton both diminished themselves with evasive, lawyerly responses—Gates claiming confusion about the meaning of the word "ask," Clinton saying his answer depended on the meaning of "is."

Both Bills have been survivors all their lives, and for now that pattern seems to be holding. Clinton's approval ratings have risen since the Lewinsky scandal broke. And Gates' personal wealth has increased over 500% since the antitrust case was filed. After months of being maligned by prosecutors, both men will have a chance this week to put forth their defense. Clinton will deny that he engaged in perjury and obstruction of justice, and argue that the charges against him do not rise to the level of impeachable offenses. Microsoft will contend that it is not a monopoly, that its seemingly dominant position in software could quickly collapse and that hardball business practices are the norm in this highly competitive field.

How will these two epic biographies end? When Gates built his sprawling $60 million mansion, he had a quote from *The Great Gatsby* inscribed in the library: "He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it." It was an odd choice, and the software magnate may have missed its tragic import. In the end of the novel, Jay Gatsby *does* fail to grasp his dream, and success destroys him. The two Bills are already modern Gatsbys of a sort, having achieved their very different versions of the American Dream. Whether their flaws, like the original Gatsby's, pull them down remains to be seen. ■

TOP: SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER; CENTER: COURTESY OF LAKESIDE SCHOOL



MONDAY: After her first day back at school following winter break, Molly reviews last semester's math concepts and prepares for a science test

EDUCATION

THE HOMEWORK ATE MY FAMILY

KIDS ARE DAZED PARENTS ARE STRESSED

Why piling it on is hurting students

By ROMESH RATNESAR

IT'S A TYPICAL TUESDAY AFTERNOON IN EARLY JANUARY FOR 11-year-old Molly Benedict, a sixth-grader at Presidio Middle School in San Francisco. When she gets home from school at 3:30, she heads straight for the basement of her family's two-story house, flips on her computer and bangs out a one-page book report on J.K. Rowling's *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*. After half an hour of work, Molly takes the paper upstairs and gives it to her mother Libby for proofreading. As Molly nibbles a snack of a bagel and orange-spice tea, Mom jots some corrections. "Why don't you say, 'This is the best book I ever read,'" Libby suggests. "Teachers really like strong opinions like that."

Time to kick back, call a few friends and get ready for *Felicity*, right? Not even close. Next Molly pulls out her math assignment: more than 100 fraction and long-division problems. Once she slogs through those, Molly labels all the countries and bodies of water on a map of the Middle East. And she's not through yet: she then reviews a semester's worth of science, including the ins and outs of the circulatory system.

By 5:30, after doing two hours of homework, Molly sits down at the piano and practices for

NAME: Molly Benedict

SUBJECT: Homework

TIME followed a San Francisco sixth-grader for one busy week

an hour. She'll barely have enough time to eat dinner and touch up that book report before crashing. "With less work I think we could learn what we're learning now," Molly says. "But I don't think it's too overwhelming." The strain of homework weighs more heavily on her mother. "I didn't feel [stressed] until I was in my 30s," says Libby, 43. "It hurts my feelings that my daughter feels that way at 11."

Most of us remember homework, if we remember it at all, as one of the minor annoyances of growing up. Sure, we dreaded the multiplication tables and those ridiculous shoe-box dioramas. But let's admit it: we finished most of our assignments on the bus ride to school—and who even bothered with the stuff until after the requisite hours had been spent alphabetizing baseball cards, gabbing on the phone or watching reruns of *Gilligan's Island*?

Kids today have scant time for such indulgences. Saddled with an out-of-school curriculum chock-full of Taekwondo lessons, ceramics workshops and bassoon practice, America's youngsters barely have time to check their e-mail before hunkering down with homework. On the whole, U.S. students come home with more schoolwork than ever before—and at a younger age. According to researchers at the University of Michigan, 6-to-9-year-olds in 1981 spent 44 min. a week on homework; in 1997 they did more than two hours' worth. The amount of time that 9-to-11-year-olds devoted to homework each week increased from 2 hr. 49 min. to more than 3½ hr.

After some historical ups and downs, homework in this country is at a high-water mark. In the early decades of the century progressive educators in many school districts banned homework in primary school in an effort to discourage rote learning. The cold war—specifically, the launch of Sputnik in 1957—put an end to that, as lawmakers scrambled to bolster math and science education in the U.S. to counter the threat of Soviet whiz kids. Students frolicked in the late 1960s and '70s, as homework declined to near World War II levels. But fears about U.S. economic competitiveness and the publication of *A Nation at Risk*, the 1983 government report that focused attention on the failings of American schools, ratcheted up the pressure to get tough again. Other forces have kept the trend heading upward: increasing competition to get into the best colleges and the batteries of statewide standardized tests—starting in grade school in a growing number of states—for which teachers must prepare their pupils.

The homework crunch is heard loudest in the country's better middle-class school districts, where parents push their kids hard and demand that teachers deliver enough academic rigor to get students into top secondary schools and colleges. Now there's a blowback: the sheer quantity of nightly homework and the difficulty of the assignments can turn ordinary weeknights into four-hour library-research excursions, leave kids in tears and parents with migraines, and generally transform the placid refuge of home life into a tense war zone. "The atmosphere in the house gets very frustrated," says Lynne O'Callaghan, a mom in Portland, Ore., whose daughter Maeve, 8, does two hours of homework a night. "Some days it's just a struggle. Who wants it that way?" Laura Mandel, a mother of three in Warren, N.J., feels similarly embattled. "It's ironic that politicians talk so much about family values," says Mandel, "when you can't have any family time anymore because the kids are so busy keeping their nose to the grindstone."

While kids grow more frazzled, parents are increasingly torn. Just how involved should they be? Should they help a son or daughter finish that geography assignment, or stay aloof and risk having a frustrated, sleep-deprived child? Should they complain to teachers about the heavy workload or be thankful that their kids are being pushed toward higher achievement? Battles over homework have become so intense that some school districts have decided to formally prescribe the amount of homework kids at each grade level should receive. All of which leaves open the questions of just how much and what kind of homework is best. Though there's evidence that homework does improve academic performance, at least in the junior high and high school years, its true value may be more subtle. It encourages good study habits and acclimates students to self-directed work—but only when it's not so oppressive that it turns them off school altogether.

Amount of time grade-school students spent on homework in one week in 1981:

85 MINUTES

in 1997:

134 MINUTES

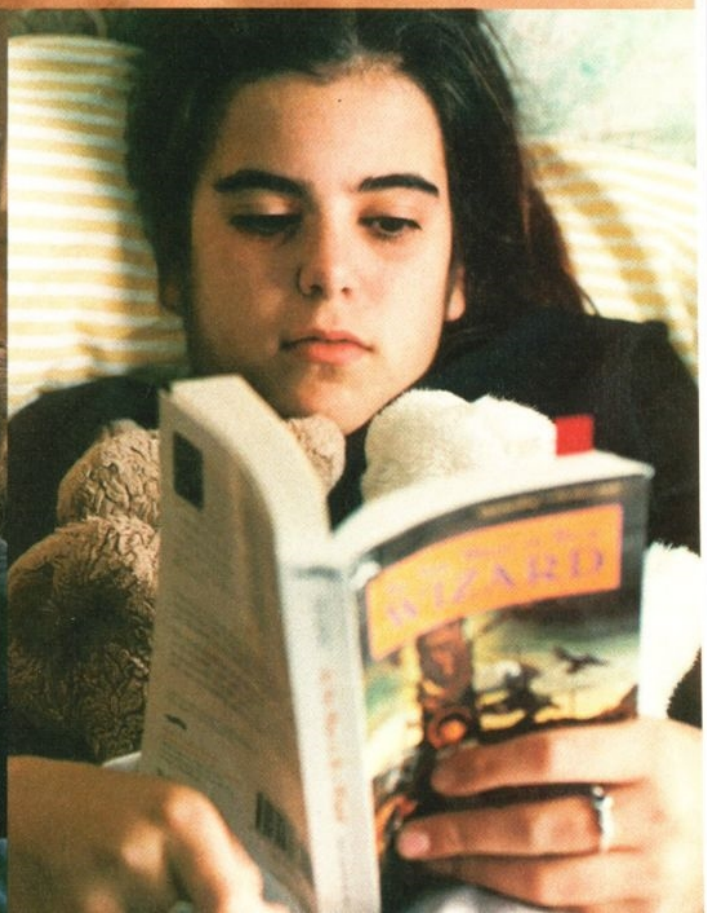
The war over homework is about even larger issues. Schools in the 1990s are expected to fill so many roles—and do so with often paltry resources and ill-qualified teachers—that it's no surprise more work gets sent home. For baby-boomer parents homework has become both a status gauge—the nightly load indicates the toughness of their child's school—and an outlet for nervy overbearance, so that each homework assignment is practically theirs to complete too. Yet the growth in dual-income families means less energy and shorter fuses for assisting the kids. And all the swirling arguments over homework underscore the bigger questions that confound American teachers, parents and policymakers: What should we expect from our children? What do we want them to learn? How much is enough?

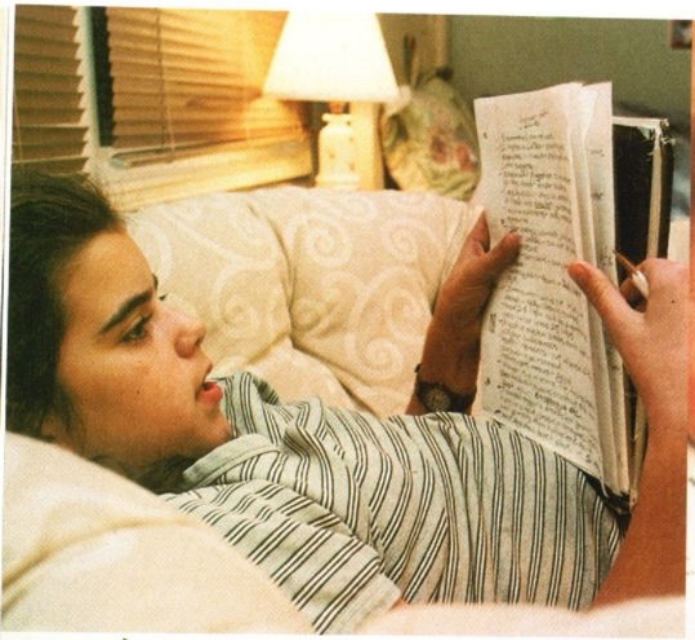
Erica Astrove is pretty sure she knows. She's just seven—a loquacious, blue-eyed second-grader at the public Hunnewell School in Wellesley, Mass. She plays the piano, takes skating lessons and plans to add pottery and chorus. For fun Erica reads almanacs; her parents gave her a book of world maps and flags for Christmas. "My little researcher," her mother Christina says. There's not much Erica shies away from—except homework. Recently, she told her mother she doesn't want to go to middle school, high school or college because of homework. Asked if she might have a bit more tolerance for homework once she enters third grade, Erica shakes her head. "I'm going to keep on crying," she says.

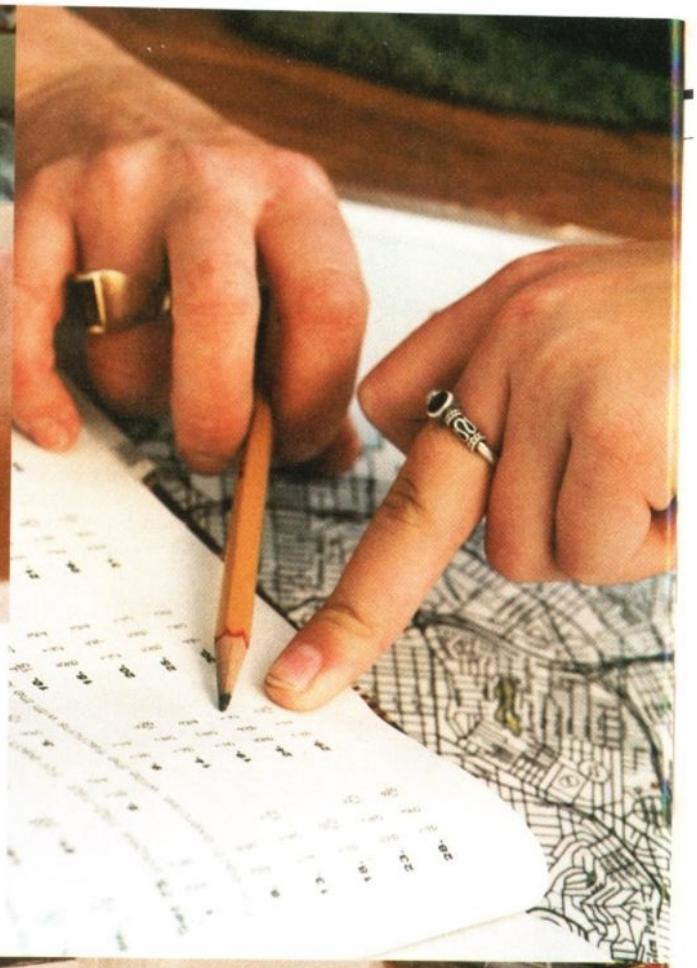
Erica's mom has experience drying tears. Her homework agonies began when

TUESDAY: Molly practices a Haydn sonata in betwee a geography lesson on the Middle East, math with Mom and a little leisure reading before bedtime

SOMALIA
MIDDLE EAST


WIZARD





Language Arts 1 period
Dec. 2, 1998

A+ Great description, Molly!

WEDNESDAY: After reading from a science text, it's time for more math problems before finally kicking back in relief. The good grades prove it's all worth it

her eldest daughter Kate was in second grade. In addition to nightly spelling and reading assignments, Kate sometimes came home with math problems so vexing that Christina wondered whether algebra was required to solve them. Mother and daughter pored over some problems for two hours. They once scattered 200 pennies on the kitchen table in a vain attempt to get a solution. "The [problems] would be so hard," Christina says, "that I would leave them for my husband to solve when he got home from work late." Those were not happy times. "It made all our time together negative," Christina says. "It was painful for all of us."

The pain caused by homework isn't just emotional. Carl Glassman, father of two girls who attend public school in New York City, reports that last year his eldest daughter missed much of her first semester in sixth grade because of pneumonia, "due to the fact that she was doing homework until 11 every night." Laura Mandel, the New Jersey mother of three, found her son Jeffrey, 6, suffering homework-related nightmares this month when she tried gently to rouse him for school. "Oh, Mom," he pleaded, half asleep, "don't tell me there's another homework sheet."

The steady flood of homework can cause chronic weariness. Holly Manges, a high-achieving fifth-grader at the public Eastern elementary school in Lexington, Ohio, approached her mother earlier this school year close to tears. "Is it O.K. if I don't get all A's?" she asked. "I don't care anymore. I'm just too tired." Over time, that homework fatigue can pull at the fabric of families. As early as third grade, Rachel Heckelman, now 11, came home every day from her elementary school in Houston with three hours' worth of homework. The assignments were often so dizzyingly complex—one asked her to design an entire magazine—that Rachel looked for any way to procrastinate. Her mother Lissa tried banning TV for the night. When that didn't work, Lissa pleaded with increasing impatience. "I would get red in the face, and she would get defensive," Lissa says. Rachel's father typically removed himself from the fracas by repairing to the bedroom and shutting the door.

The frustrations that homework visits upon kids can irk their parents to the point of revolt. David Kooyman, of Covina, Calif., was so incensed about his three grade-schoolers' homework load that he exacted a pledge from their teachers not to lower his kids' grades if they didn't do assignments. When the kids found themselves lost in class discussions, Kooyman reluctantly allowed them to do the homework, but he is planning to sue the school district for violating his civil rights. "They have us hostage to homework," he grumbles. "I'm 47, and I

Where It's an Unaffordable Luxury

WHEN THE DISMISSAL BELL RINGS AT BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL, 10TH-GRADER Shante Bodley's day has only just begun. Her afternoons, like those of most students, are often booked solid. For Bodley, it's not debating practice or piano lessons that keep her busy but rather a $6.25-an-hour job cooking at a convention center. After her shift ends at 6 p.m., she must babysit for her five-year-old niece, often until 10 p.m. Only then does she begin to think about hitting the books. "I have too many other responsibilities, and I can't focus on my homework," says Bodley. And when she can't focus? Without a note of chagrin, she admits, "I just don't do it."

Neither do an alarming number of her peers. In contrast to their overburdened counterparts in private and suburban schools, students in Boston's 11 public district high schools give homework such a low priority that many no longer bother to carry a backpack. Frustrated teachers say often only a handful of students turn in homework, making it nearly impossible to discuss course material. The Boston *Globe* reported that as many as 20% of teachers have, in response, simply stopped assigning homework. "Peculiar to urban high schools is the notion that homework is an imposition," laments Boston High English teacher Riza Gross. "It's horrifying and deteriorating."

Superintendent Thomas Payzant has since vowed to crack down on the truant teachers. While their "behavior is unacceptable," he maintains, "parents are responsible for students many more hours than teachers and have got to do some monitoring of homework." But what happens when such home support is lacking? While their suburban peers return home to parents eager to boot up the computer to help with a research paper, many inner-city students don't have the same resources or have parents who are undereducated or too busy making ends meet to help with homework.

BROOKS KRAFT—SYGMA FOR TIME

"I JUST DON'T DO IT": For urban kids like Bodley, homework is out of reach

"Homework is done in radically different environments and is biased against poorer kids," says Etta Kralovec, director of educational studies at the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, Maine. In the early '90s she surveyed Maine high school dropouts, who all cited their inability to keep up with homework as a major factor in the decision to leave school. Kralovec's solution to the inequities: "Homework should be done in school by all students—poor, middle and upper class—so that they all have the same access to computers and teachers." Boston's Dorchester High School has taken a step in that direction, opening up classrooms after school, where students can do homework under the watchful eye of teachers.

But for many students with jobs, an after-school study hall is a luxury they can't afford. At Boston High School, many kids receive class credit for paid jobs. A more radical proposal comes from Richard Clark, dean of the graduate college of education at the University of Massachusetts Boston: "Don't go to work at Hardees, and instead go to work on your homework, and we'll pay you for that."

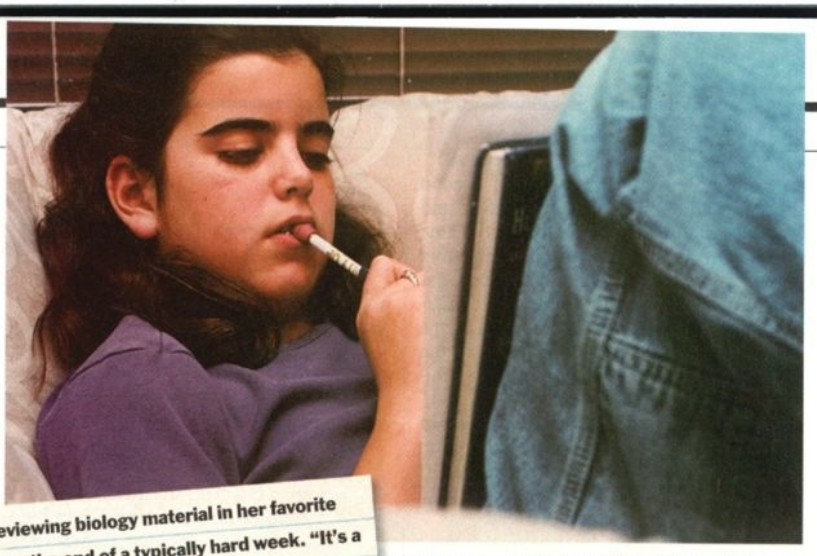
The stakes are rising quickly for Boston high-schoolers. This year for the first time, students who don't complete their course work—of which homework counts at least 20%—cannot advance to the next grade. And freshmen entering high school this fall will have to pass tough state exams to graduate.

Bodley won't face that hurdle, but not doing homework could hinder her progress nonetheless. Her teachers say she has plenty of smarts, but the missed assignments added up to three Cs on her latest report card. More grades like those, her teachers worry, could keep her out of college. —*By Jodie Morse/Boston*

have 25-year-old teachers telling me what to do with my home life."

Other parents are ambivalent. Many resent teachers for piling on projects that cut into unstructured family time. And yet the drive of middle- and upper-middle-class Americans to keep their children at the head of the class has never been more intense. The teachers who assign mountains of homework often believe they are bowing to the wishes of demanding parents. Says Jeana Considine, a fifth-grade teacher at Elm Elementary School in Hinsdale, Ill.: "The same parents who are complaining that they don't have enough family time would be really upset if their child didn't score well." Pepperdine University president David Davenport, father of a fourth-grader who clocks two hours of homework a night, sees a chain reaction: "The pressure to get into highly selective colleges and universities backs up into high school advanced-placement courses, which backs up to elementary schools." Anxious parents can rail about what teachers do in the classroom, but homework is still one area where parents can directly improve their child's chances.

So even those determined to remain passive observers while their kids labor over essays and science-fair projects can find themselves getting sucked in. "It's something I never wanted to do. I hated doing homework when I was a kid," says Lizanne Merrill, a New York City artist whose daughter Gracie is in second grade. But Gracie often trudges home with elaborate assignments that all but demand Merrill's involvement. A research paper assigned to be done over Christmas vacation required Gracie, 8, to do some fieldwork on sea turtles at the American Museum of Natural History. Mom went along: "I just tell myself, if I don't help out on her homework, what kind of deadbeat mother would I be?"



THURSDAY: Reviewing biology material in her favorite chair, Molly nears the end of a typically hard week. "It's a lot of work," she says, "but I've adapted well"

It's hard to blame parents like Alexis Rasley of Oak Park, Ill., if they occasionally get too involved. Last fall a homework assignment for fifth-graders at the public Horace Mann School was to build a mini-space station that accounted for food, water, waste treatment, radiation shielding and zero gravity. Rasley's son Taylor, 10, spent countless maddening hours toiling at a basement countertop surrounded by cut-open soda bottles. "He just kept sitting there saying, 'I don't know what to do,'" Rasley says. "When the frustration level gets that high, you say, 'O.K., I'm going to help,' because the situation has become so hurtful."

Being an attentive, empathetic parent is one thing; acting as a surrogate student is another. But when pressures mount, the line can get blurred. When Susan Solomon of San Francisco saw her son bogged down last year with a language-arts paper that would help his application to an élite high school, she took matters into her own hands: she did his math homework. He later copied his mother's calculations in his own handwriting. "He knew how to do it," Solomon shrugs. "It was just busywork." In the affluent Boston suburb of Sherborn, Mass., parents at the public Pine Hill School tend to talk about homework in the first-person plural; and they sometimes become more than equal partners in carrying out such third-grade projects as writing up the ownership history of their house, complete with a sketch of the floor plan. Homework has been known to arrive at school two hours after the child does.

"So much of this is about parents wanting their kids to look good," admits psychologist Kim Gatof, mother of third-grader Jake. For an "invention convention," members of Jake's class are building contraptions of their devising. Jake wants to build a better mousetrap. "I can say, 'Just build it yourself,'" says Kim. "Or we can help with it, and

Your Assignment in 2004

A SIXTH-GRADER SETTLES DOWN TO TACKLE HER HOMEWORK on a weekday afternoon in 2004. Instead of hunching over the kitchen table with a three-ring binder, she's sitting on the bus with her laptop. She logs on to the Internet to take a math-skills test on the school home page and get her own personalized assignment, downloads the software she'll need, seeks help from an online school librarian and e-mails the finished work to her teacher. Mom and Dad check in from their office computers, comparing her scores with the class and state averages.

Homework in the future may not be any less laborious, but it will certainly be more wired. And as more children gain access to computers and the Net—75% of teens and 47% of kids ages 2 to 12 are expected to be online by 2002—schools and technology companies are responding with unique assignments and high-tech homework help for parents and kids. On the menu:

TAILOR-MADE ASSIGNMENTS. The most profound way homework will change is that instead of everybody heading home with the same lesson, each student will sit down to an individual assignment, says Kevin O'Leary, president of educational-software giant the Learning Co. "If you thought of it conceptually as every child having a personal tutor, that's what we're aiming for." The school's server, or central computer, will maintain information on each student's progress and dole out the appropriate work when the child checks the Web page. At Pine Hill School in Sherborn, Mass., some teachers already give different assignments to students in the same classroom. "Most kids may be tested on 20 spelling words, while a couple in the class may be studying only 10," says principal David Nihill.

KEEPING IN TOUCH. For students like high school junior Samantha Symonds of Pottstown, Pa., the simple ease of getting assignments online and turning them

t can be on the same level as the others." Jake may have a hard time topping Tucker Carter, another third-grader, who has already made his presentation. Tucker whipped up a fully functioning battery-operated alarm clock that uses a windshield pump to squirt cold water at the sleeper. The kids whooped at this bit of ingenuity, but even they were suspicious. Either Tucker is a prodigiously gifted engineer, or his dad built the clock for him. Sighed David Nihill, the school's principal: "It looks like Alexander Graham Bell made it himself."

S ALL THIS HOMEWORK REALLY DOING any good? Julian Betts, an associate professor of economics at the University of California, San Diego, examined surveys on the homework habits of 6,000 students over five years and found that students who did an extra 30 min. of nightly math homework beginning in seventh grade would, by 11th grade, see their achievement level soar by the equivalent of two grades. Betts argues that the amount of homework is a better indicator of how students perform than the size of class or the quality of teachers. But his study was limited to students in junior high and high school. What about younger children? In 1989 University of Missouri psychology professor Harris Cooper reviewed more than 100 studies on homework and concluded that while benefits from homework can be measured starting in junior high, the effect of home assignments on standardized test scores in the lower grades is negligible or nonexistent. "Piling in massive amounts of homework will not lead to gains," Cooper says, "and may be detrimental by leading children to question their abilities."

Still, some researchers make a case for elementary school homework. Carol Huntsinger, an education professor at the College of Lake County, near Chicago, compared the academic performance of local Chinese-American children with that of European-American kids. In the early grades, the Chinese-American students outperformed their white counterparts in math and mastery of vocabulary words. After examining a host of other factors, Huntsinger concluded that homework made the critical difference. In first grade the Chinese-American children were doing more than 20 min. of math homework a night, some of it formally assigned by their parents, while their white classmates averaged just 5 min.

It may be unwise to make too much of Huntsinger's study, which focused on a small group of families. All experts agree that weighing second-graders down with hours of homework is pointless and probably damaging to their self-esteem and desire to learn. But in reasonable amounts, homework has value for students at all grade levels. "Homework has benefits that go well beyond its immediate direct impact on what's going on in school," says Cooper. Doing homework is important for honing organizational skills, learning how to manage time and developing the ability to learn autonomously.

The question of the day, of course, is what is the right amount? Cooper recommends 10 to 20 min. nightly in first grade and an increase of 10 min. a night for each grade after that. But the point is not simply to fill up a set amount of time. For preoccupied teachers, admits Michelann Ortloff, a Portland school official and former elementary school teacher, "it's always easy to pull a few things out of the workbook, give them to students and say, 'This is your homework.'" Too many teachers send kids home with mind-numbing math worksheets that are not even reviewed the next day. Too many are enamored of those unwieldy "projects" that seem to exasperate kids more than they instruct them and that lead to excessive parent involvement. For young students, the optimal arrangement would mix skill-building drills with creative tasks closely tied to what's being taught in the classroom—such as interviewing grandparents as a social-studies lesson or using soccer standings to teach rudimentary statistics.

Educators agree that parents should be vigilant about making sure such a healthy blend is maintained. Everyone frowns on parents' doing homework for their kids, but most agree that parents should monitor homework; offer guidance, not answers, when asked for help; and give teachers regular reports on how their kids are handling it all. Gail Block, a fifth-grade language-arts instructor in San Francisco who feels that homework helps overcome the limits of time in the classroom, was nonetheless surprised to hear that her student Molly Benedict takes close to three hours a night to finish. Pepperdine president Davenport notes the amount of time his daughter spends on each assignment at the bottom of her work sheet. "Sometimes," he says, "teachers are not aware of how much time is being spent."

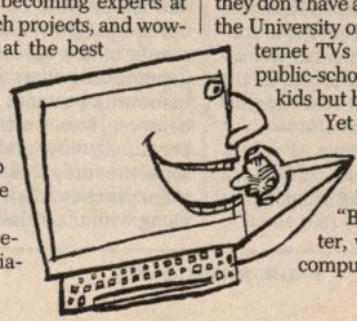
Parents could benefit from a little perspective too. American students on the whole still work less, play more and perform worse than many of their counterparts around the world. As Harold Stevenson and James Stigler point out in their book *The Learning Gap*, Japanese and Chinese elementary school students spend significantly more time on homework than do children in the U.S. A first-grader in Taipei does seven times as much homework as a

via e-mail is reason enough to take homework digital. Samantha, a competitive fencer, travels far from her school for tournaments and boots up to stay on top of her classwork. Logging in in hotel rooms and airports, she gets copies of course lectures and lab assignments, e-mails her teacher when she's stumped and even takes tests online. "You can actually focus on what you need to know rather than tracking down someone to answer your questions," Samantha says.

UNLIMITED RESEARCH. Kids are rapidly becoming experts at searching websites and CD-ROMs for research projects, and wowing teachers with what they find. "Even at the best schools, you used to be limited by how much you could pack into one little library," says Judy Breck, an educator for 20 years and now the content master at Homework Central, a commercial homework-help website. "Now if you have Web access, you're only limited by what's known."

And what's allowed. Exciting as the research potential is, it's also a major plagiarism temptation. Schools in the future may follow the lead of St. Stephens and St. Agnes School in Alexandria, Va., which emphasizes the "ethical use of technology resources" in its student handbook and in computer classes.

WIRING THE HAVE-NOTS. As computers become the homework tool of choice, educators worry about children who don't have access to the technology. "The kids who don't have computers at home will be at such a fundamental disadvantage. It will be as if they don't have a pen or paper," says Elliot Soloway, a professor at the University of Michigan. He just finished a study in which Internet TVs were placed in the homes of a class of Detroit public-school students, and found it not only benefited the kids but boosted parental involvement as well.



Yet winning kids over to become fans of homework may take more than high-tech help. Annette Bitter's seventh-graders love doing research on the laptops they got through a Microsoft study. "But of course there are always excuses," says Bitter, who keeps hearing a modern tale of woe: "The computer ate my homework." —*By Rebecca Winters*

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR TIME BY SCOTT MENCHIN

first-grader in Minneapolis—and scores higher on tests of knowledge and skills.

But American parents should worry less about the precise number of minutes their students devote to homework and more about the uneven and poorly conceived way in which it is assigned. "What defines the homework problem in the U.S. today is variation," Cooper says. Less than one-third of U.S. school districts provide any guidelines to parents and teachers on how much homework children should receive and what purpose it's supposed to serve. In places that have instituted formal homework policies, a semblance of sanity has arrived. In Hinsdale, Ill., parents often complained that their children got too much homework from some teachers and too little from others. So a committee of teachers, parents and administrators spent several months devising a formal policy that requires "meaningful and purposeful" homework at all grade levels but limits the load according to age and mandates that some of it be optional. Besides helping students build their homework appetite over time, the policy aims to persuade the academically more eager parents that it's safe to back off.

The need for a more rational approach to homework may be one argument for establishing national standards for what all U.S. students should know. If such standards existed, teachers might assign homework with a more precise goal in mind, and parents might spend fewer nights agonizing about whether their children were overburdened or understimulated by homework. Of course, the debate over national standards is a complex one, and cramming for a national test could mean more mindless at-home drudgery for kids. But not necessarily. When Taylor Hoss, 10, of Vancouver, Wash., came home last year with packets of extra homework assigned in

Howard Gardner

A Prescription for Peace

An educational theorist urges parents to treat homework as an opportunity, not a threat

THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH MET MEMORABLY ON THE BATTLEfield of Agincourt. During the Civil War, the North and South shed fraternal blood at Gettysburg. For many parents and children, the encounter over homework bears the mark of a similar armed struggle: Who is in control? What weapons should be used? What are the spoils of victory, the costs of loss? And the ultimate question of warfare: What is it all for?

I've had to ponder these questions as a child psychologist, an educational reformer and a father of four. I've got the battle scars to prove it. Perhaps the chief lesson I've learned is that homework is but one chapter in the lengthy book of parenting. The tensions can be reduced if the family's approach to homework echoes the broader relationship between child and parents that has unfolded over many years. Moreover, if families see homework as an occasion for energized action rather than angry reaction, homework can become a far more productive and even enjoyable activity.

We have many desires and expectations for our children, some explicit, some tacit. I hope my children will become responsible people who meet commitments; are generous to others; and are knowledgeable about the world, their heritage, the beautiful objects and experiences of life, the discoveries of today, the challenges of tomorrow. It's important to be clear about such goals. It is equally important to lead lives that embody these goals. I can hardly expect my children to want to study, to love music, to be responsible and helpful if those around them don't model such behavior.

In short, education is not just what happens in school; it takes place at home, on the street, in the wider community and especially nowadays as a result of daily exposure to the mass media. And yet, of course, we allocate certain facets of education to schools. We expect teachers to foster the basic literacies; to convey important insights and practices from our own society; to introduce youngsters to crucial bodies of knowledge and to the ways in which scholars have approached them—the "mental habits" of the historian, the mathematician, the scientist. We hope as well that teachers will serve as role models. As the longtime East Harlem school principal Deborah Meier, now in Boston, has declared with respect to teachers and students, "We need to be their Joe DiMaggios."

Enter homework. While much education takes place from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m., it's valuable for students to do additional work at home—perhaps an hour or so in the elementary years, two to three hours at the secondary level. There's so much to be mastered that most students can't do it all in school. Practice is best done in the hours after school. Some projects need the reflective periods that can't be provided in the classroom. And of course it is valuable for youngsters to learn to work on their own, to monitor their own learning, to be able to use guidance and suggestions from parents and peers.

I believe the major problem surrounding homework is that it is seen as an intrusion from outside, to which parents and children must react. Youngsters value their "out of school" time; they would rather be playing with friends or watching TV than sitting alone at a desk. Parents are afraid that unless their children do homework, they will not get into a good college or will not develop good work habits. So at the first sign that the youngster is not performing well, homework becomes the central battleground of the after-school hours.

Let's say instead that homework were seen not as an intrusion but rather as a daily occasion where major tasks and opportunities of growing up could be worked through. Homework can serve as an occasion where one acquires a sense of responsibility. We should *act*—not react. And let me propose a meaning for each of these three key letters:

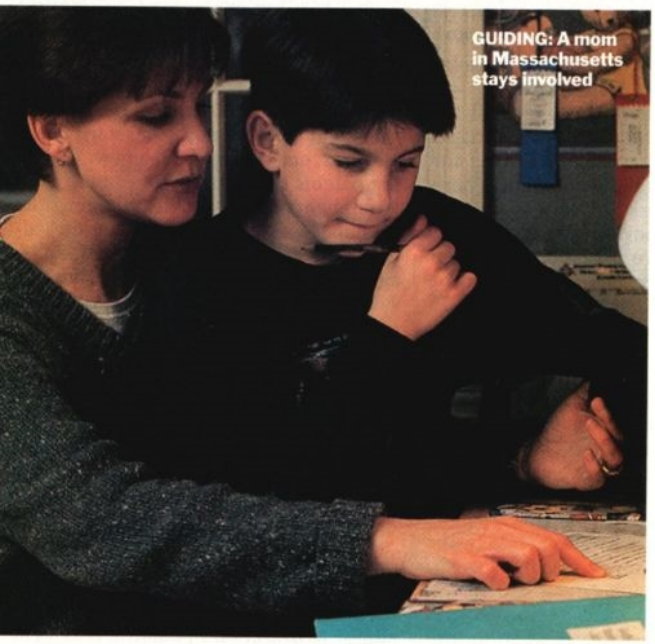
AMPLIFICATION. Homework can amplify what one already values as a parent or child. If one wants to know more about what a tax is, or how to read a poem, or how steady practice with conjugations can allow one to be understood in a faraway country, homework provides a wonderful means to reinforce these endeavors. Homework seems less problematic in Asian societies because families and schools are already in accord on the need for home study. Indeed, when Asians move to America, parents often purchase their own copies of textbooks so they can learn along with their children.

Howard Gardner, who created the theory of multiple intelligences, is a professor at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. His forthcoming book, The Disciplined Mind, *will be published in May by Simon & Schuster.*

preparation for the state's new mandatory assessment exams, his parents shuddered. But as they worked through the test-prep material, the Hosses were pleased with the degree of critical thinking the questions required. "I was very impressed," says Taylor's dad Schuyler. "It makes you connect the dots."

There are other ways of soothing nerves. Both parents and students must be willing to embrace the "work" component of homework—to recognize the quiet satisfaction that comes from practice and drill, the steady application of concepts and the mastery of skills. It's a tough thing to ask of many American parents. "You want your children to be happy, and you pray for their success in the future," says Laura Mandel. "But does homework bring either of those goals? I don't think more homework will make a more successful adult." Maybe not, but wisely assigned homework may help make a more successful, well, child. "It is all about learning responsibility," says Janine Bempechat, an assistant professor at Harvard's Graduate School of Education. "When you have homework on a regular basis, you learn persistence, diligence and delayed gratification."

Molly Benedict, for one, seems to be swallowing the bad medicine with surprising equanimity. "I don't have a lot of time to do just whatever," she admits. "My friends and I think it's a lot of work. But we've adapted well." Kids like Molly have learned it's a rough world, and homework is only part of it. But who knows? If teachers and parents start approaching homework with a little less heat and a little more care, kids may still have time left to be kids. Or whatever. ***—With reporting by Michele Donley and Sheila Gribben/Chicago, Deborah Fowler/Houston, Laird Harrison/San Francisco, Jodie Morse/Boston and Todd Murphy/Portland, Ore.***



GUIDING: A mom in Massachusetts stays involved

BROOKS KRAFT—SYGMA FOR TIME

COUNTERING. Not every aspect of homework is wondrous. Some homework is boring drill. As a parent, I tried not to criticize the homework, since that causes tension. Instead I tried to complement it by providing alternative experiences or encounters. If the school insists on having students memorize mountains of information about, say, Central Asia without giving them a sense of the place, I would bring out a book or rent a movie that brings the region to life. If the school requires a lesson on rocks, one can spend an afternoon at a science museum, or for that matter on a neighboring lot or hill.

Finally, as my work on multiple intelligences has taught me, individuals have distinctly different kinds of minds—even and sometimes especially when they are members of the same family. Unfortunately, this fact has not been seriously confronted in schools. Parents have a special responsibility when their youngsters do not learn in the traditional ways. It is up to us to find ways to help children use *their kinds of minds* both to understand the work of school and to exhibit their understanding to others. Suppose that the assignment is to learn about evolution by reading a chapter and answering some factual questions. The parent of a youngster with strong "naturalistic" intelligence might accompany the child to a natural-history museum and trace the antecedents of *Homo sapiens*. Siblings with other profiles of intelligence might benefit instead from viewing a drama about Darwin's life or creating a new form of "virtual life" on the computer.

TEACHING. Even the best schools can't teach everything. In fact, I think the best schools do not even try to cover all fronts. Rather than complaining about this, parents should try to make a virtue of necessity. We should bone up on (or remember) the knowledge we value and teach it to our children. Sometimes it will be academic subject matter, but just as often it will be a value or an attitude. Perhaps the greatest gift my mother gave me when I was young was her commitment to sit just behind me each day when I practiced the piano. She said little, though she would occasionally make a comment or suggest that we listen to a record or go to a concert. I learned to love music. Even more important, I learned that—no matter how much or how little talent one has—one can steadily improve by working regularly at something. Now every day I sit slightly behind my 13-year-old son Benjamin while he practices piano, hoping he will love music throughout his life and learn the value of systematic honing of one's skills.

I've dwelled here on my family and my values. But each family must identify its own values. Some will highlight competition, others cooperation; some will stress mastery of technology, others the cultivation of an art or craft or the achievement of athletic prowess; some will seek a curriculum that emphasizes facts and figures, others a curriculum that encourages youngsters to be creative or even iconoclastic.

We cannot all find schools that meet these goals. I urge that we view school as one of several educational experiences. And when the dreaded *H* word looms, we should take an active stance: amplifying when we are in agreement, countering when we feel there is a lack and teaching—always teaching—what we feel is sacred.

The Duke of Wellington is said to have observed, "The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." This statement reflects a recognition that teaching and learning can occur in many places and that *work* need not be contrasted with *play*. The ultimate test is whether youngsters grow up to be decent human beings and whether, when it is their turn, they can successfully transmit values and practices to their offspring. Recent talk that parents do not matter is highly misleading. We do matter, especially when it comes to inculcating discipline, respect, responsibility, core values. Perhaps we cannot turn battlegrounds into playing fields, but at least we should attempt to make work at home part of the larger tapestry of success in life. ■

FAMILY

War of the Diapers

A parenting guru claims we've been doing potty training all wrong

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

NICKELODEON (2)

UNDER THE GUN: Chuckie takes the plunge in a *Rugrats* episode that toddlers still talk about

WITH ALL THE UNSETTLED ISSUES dominating the news lately, from the Middle East peace process to the Clinton impeachment to Saddam Hussein's defiance, Americans hardly need something new to worry about. Yet that's just what they got on Page One of the New York *Times* last week. Under the headline TWO EXPERTS DO BATTLE OVER POTTY TRAINING came the unwelcome assertion that baby-boom parents may be taking exactly the wrong approach to this crucial milestone in child rearing.

That, at least, is the view of psychologist and child-care guru John Rosemond, who laid out his complaints in a series of columns published in more than 100 newspapers last month. And superficially at least, his arguments seem to make sense. For more than a generation, observes Rosemond, experts like Dr. T. Berry Brazelton have advised parents to let kids decide for themselves when to make the transition from diapers to potty. As a result, the age of toilet training has risen dramatically—as has the incidence of constipation, bladder-control problems and other potty-related ills.

Just as bad, argues Rosemond, is the psychological damage inflicted by wishy-washy parents. "The issue," he says, "is the mother's ability to give up the role of caretaker and become an authority figure." If that transition is delayed much beyond the age of two, says Rosemond, the child won't mature properly and will probably develop behavior problems later in life.

What makes the whole thing so silly, he says, is that toilet training can be a snap if you use the technique he calls "naked and $75." You remove the diaper, put a portable potty within reach of your two-year-old and wait for the inevitable accident. "Kids that age hate to have 'it' running down their legs," Rosemond explains. "So they stop the flow, and you lead them to the seat. The $75 is for cleaning the carpet." Within a few days, he says, the child is trained—and knows who's boss. "This technique is not my idea," says Rosemond. "This is the way grandma trained her children."

Well, yeah, says Brazelton, professor emeritus at Harvard Medical School and chairman of the Pampers Parenting Institute. That's the trouble. Back in the early '60s, Brazelton was distressed by the amount of bed-wetting and deliberate fecal retention he was seeing in his patients. So he asked mothers to try something new: let kids decide for themselves when to take the potty plunge.

"By giving the child a sense of autonomy," says Brazelton, "we reduced the incidence of problems from the national average of 8% to about 1%." Brazelton's results, reported in the journal *Pediatrics*, transformed the way most parents do toilet training. Even the term was recast as the kinder, gentler "toilet teaching."

Brazelton agrees that the incidence of potty-related problems has been rising lately, but he ascribes it to a return to the old ways, not reliance on the new. "Working parents don't have a lot of time for a leisurely approach to toilet teaching," he says, and observes that many day-care centers insist that children be out of diapers by age three. Under this sort of pressure, he suspects, many are resorting to just the sort of rigid timetables Rosemond advocates. Like Brazelton, psychologist and child-care expert Penelope Leach dismisses the notion that laid-back parenting has caused problems. She too believes kids who are forced to use the toilet before they're ready "are more likely to rebel and develop anal retention that can cause severe constipation or blockages."

Leach does side with Rosemond on one point: Brazelton's affiliation with Pampers, which is pushing a supersize disposable diaper for children 35 lbs. or larger, stinks. Is Brazelton's pediatric judgment being influenced by Pampers' desire to sell more diapers? It certainly might be taken that way, even though Leach and Rosemond acknowledge that Brazelton was giving the same advice long before he and Pampers hooked up. "I agree there's a danger," admits Brazelton. "But I honestly believe in what the company does."

For moms and dads on the front lines, such concerns are academic. They want to get their kids over the potty hump with as little disruption as possible. And despite Rosemond's contention that they're going about it all wrong, his "back-to-grandma" movement hasn't yet attracted much support. Says Becky Tamblyn Pence of Crystal Lake, Ill., mother of Emily, 5, and Michael, 3: "There are so many things to fight about just to get through the day. At least let them have control over this." —*With reporting by Wendy Cole/Chicago*

Toilet Trends

Percentage of 2½-year-olds that are still in diapers:

DIAPERS: URBANO DELVALLE FOR TIME

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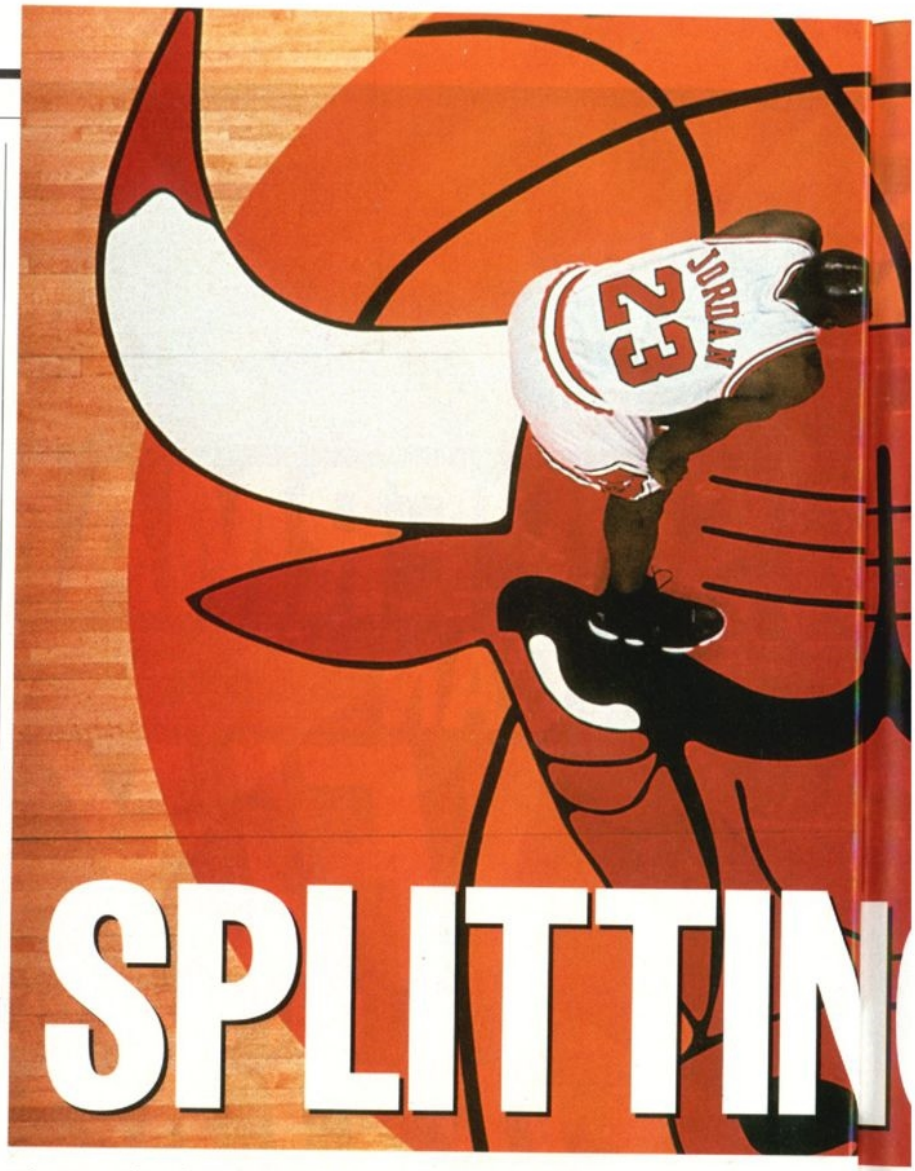
SPORT

How the NBA champion Chicago Bulls fell apart within days of Michael Jordan's retirement

By JOEL STEIN CHICAGO



NOT A GOOD WEEK TO BE IN CHICAGO: 23 inches of snow and Jenny Jones wasn't doing any makeovers. The best thing the city had going was the free Gatorade at Harry Caray's restaurant and some of that was probably the nasty blue flavor. Not much consolation for losing the best basketball player ever.

But that wasn't all Chicago was losing, as it will begin to realize this week. Though Bulls owner Jerry Reinsdorf and general manager Jerry Krause knew that Michael Jordan and head coach Phil Jackson were unlikely to return, they had held out hope. And they couldn't stem the player exodus that would follow Jordan's retirement. Suddenly, with the season starting on Feb. 2, the Bulls had only four signed players. If they didn't do something fast, it was going to be really easy for opponents to double team Toni Kukoc, now their premiere player. Here's how it all fell apart.

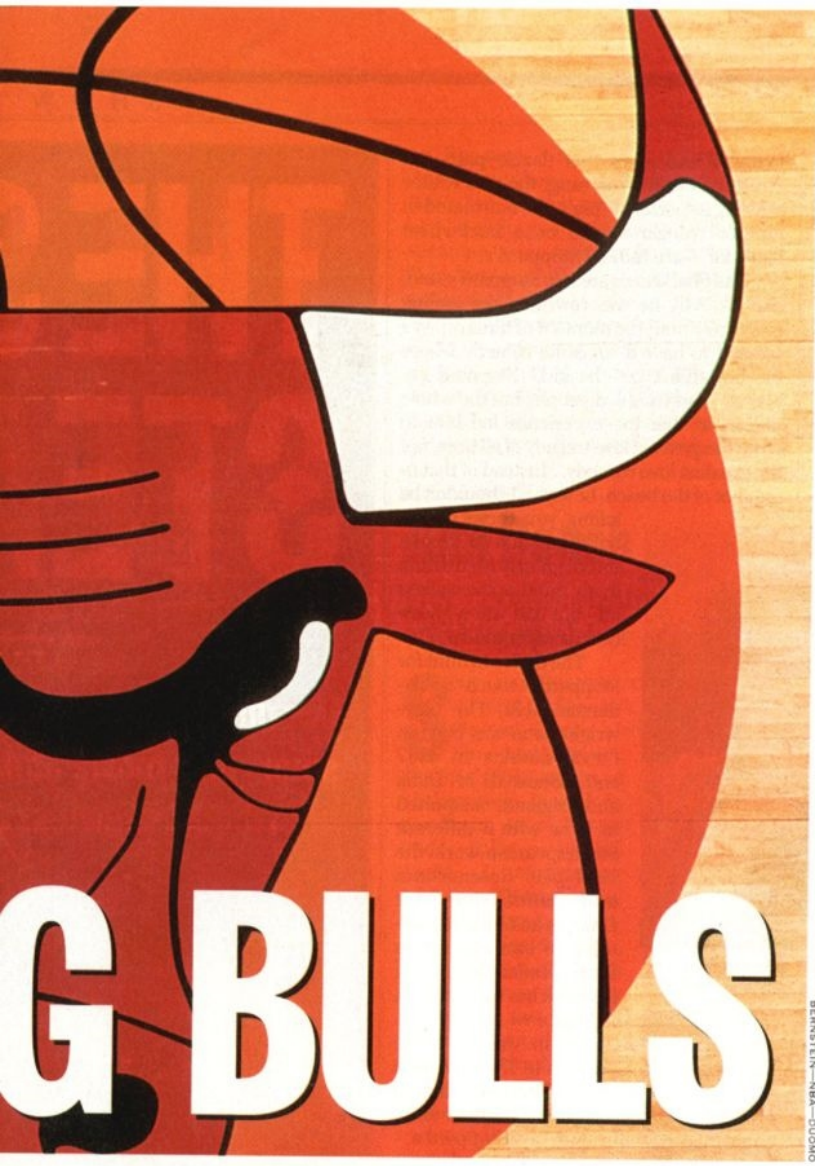
MONDAY, JAN. 4: Reinsdorf flies to New York City for the final owners' meeting before the Jan. 6 deadline set for canceling the NBA season. From the plane he tries to call Jordan who, he discovers, is in the Bahamas playing golf. He phones Jordan's agent, David Falk, who can't reach his client. Reinsdorf then calls Jackson at his new house in upstate New York to ask whether he won't change his mind about coaching. Jackson pleasantly chuckles a no, probably holds back on offering a koan about one-year contracts.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 6: At 6 a.m., after 12 hours of haggling, NBA commissioner David Stern and players' union director Billy Hunter reach an agreement. By mid-afternoon, the players ratify it. Bulls guard Steve Kerr, a free agent, arrives in New York for a players' meeting to discover the deal has been made. "All of a sudden, it focused: 'Wow. We all have to get jobs,'" he says. Kerr calls his agent, who has already received half a dozen offers. Kerr, though, wasn't going to consider other offers until he knew whether Jordan was returning. Bill Wennington, the Bulls' center and free agent, also in New York, says that if Jordan doesn't come back, he doesn't see a role for himself on the Bulls who "are going to try to rebuild for the future. It's going to be a lot of different players."

THURSDAY, JAN. 7: The NBA will not allow owners to call agents until Friday. In his office on the second floor of the Berto Center in Chicago, general manager Krause looks down at an empty practice floor. On his wall hangs a felt board listing every NBA team's players, categorized under lists: free agents, injured, on roster. Under the Bulls' on-roster section, it lists only Ron Harper, Toni Kukoc, Keith Booth and Randy Brown. Free agents: the 10 other players, including Jordan, Scottie Pippen and Dennis Rodman. Below them are listed three draft picks the Bulls have not yet signed.

FRIDAY, JAN. 8: At 5 p.m. the NBA allows owners to call agents. There are many busy signals. NBA security officials are sent to every team's practice facilities to prevent management from talking directly to players before Jan. 18, the first official practice day. The Bulls' war room, a large conference space with six phones and a fax machine overlooking the practice court, is empty. From his house, outside Chicago, Krause calls Pippen's agent, Kyle Rote—because he's not yet allowed to talk to Pippen directly and also because Pippen despises

WHO'S SIGNED: BOOTH, BROWN, HARPER, KUKOC WHO'S NOT: BUECHLER, BURRELL, K



BERNSTEIN—NBA—DUOMO

ALONE AT CENTER COURT **Jordan gathers himself during the 1998 finals**

Krause and hardly speaks to him. Krause then makes cursory calls to express interest in every player on the 1998 roster, including Dennis Rodman, whom he does not want if Jordan doesn't return.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, JAN. 9-10: Krause continues to call virtually every agent of everyone who has ever played a game of basketball in which score was kept.

MONDAY, JAN. 11: The Bulls' second draft pick, Corey Carr, takes his first practice in the Berto Center with 15 other NBA players, including ex-Bull, now Charlotte Hornet, B.J. Armstrong. Luc Longley practices, but sits out the scrimmages. "I'm a free agent," he shrugs. "I don't want to get hurt."

At noon Jordan phones Reinsdorf to say he's retiring. Jordan then calls commissioner Stern. At 10:45 p.m., Associated Press reports the news.

TUESDAY, JAN. 12: For a while, Krause and Reinsdorf take a break from the phone, in what they call a mourning period. "When you finally hear Michael Jordan is retiring, you don't just shake that off. That's 13 years of your life. You don't just go to Plan B," says Bulls p. r. director Tim Hallam.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 13: During his press conference at the United Center, Jordan, sporting a bandaged finger that he hurt while cutting a cigar, says he made up his mind to retire at the end of last season, but kept quiet in order to support the union, which would have had a weaker position if it couldn't shake its premiere moneymaker in Stern's face. In the serious, unemotional, professional manner that characterized his career, Jordan says, "Right now, I don't have the mental challenges I've had in the past." His wife Juanita says he will do more car pooling.

THURSDAY, JAN. 14: The four Bulls work out with other NBA players. Longley no longer comes to practice. Kerr is at a speaking engagement. Krause is trying to sign Pippen, who under the new rules can be paid more by the Bulls than by a different team. Reinsdorf would then probably trade Pippen to another team, like Los Angeles, for some young talent, like Eddie Jones. Good luck. Krause is in more promising negotiations with free agent Brent Barry of the Miami Heat. Barry is a 6-ft. 6-in. white guy who can dunk. Kids in Chicago will probably not want to "be like Brent," but the free-agent market is shrinking quickly, with Jayson Williams re-upping with New Jersey. Meanwhile, Pippen is close to signing with Houston and Longley with Phoenix. Rodman's agent is talking to Los Angeles and Orlando. No word yet from the World Wrestling Federation.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15: The signing deadline is pushed back to Tuesday, mostly because someone figured out that Monday is Martin Luther King Jr. Day, and the league doesn't need any more bad publicity.

The Bulls announce that Tim Floyd, hired at the end of last season as Jackson's likely replacement, is finally anointed the new head coach. Until now, Floyd kept most of his stuff in boxes stacked up in the hall outside the coach's office and called himself a consultant. Chicago remains obsessed with Jordan's retirement. The *Sun Times* observes that he'd be a great politician. The *Tribune*, in a completely earnest front-page story, suggests that Jordan could become an astronaut.

Meanwhile, the four lonely Bulls, Ron Harper, Toni Kukoc, Keith Booth and Randy Brown, are facing a surreal adjustment to playing for a team unlikely to make the playoffs. The Bulls have suddenly become the NBA equivalent of the Florida Marlins: world champions who the following season have a second-rate crew that finish last. Steven Julius, the Bulls psychologist, says the four remaining Bulls will cope with their new status by continuing to think of themselves as defending champions. "Ron Harper can step up under adversity and even other pain," he says. "Toni Kukoc is a tough guy. He grew up in war-torn Croatia." —***Reported by Julie Grace/Chicago***

ERR, KLEINE, LARUE, LONGLEY, PIPPEN, RODMAN, SIMPKINS, WENNINGTON

THE REAL THING

Tom Stoppard

His witty wordplay would make even the Bard proud

As attuned to the absurdities of modern life as anyone, the British playwright Tom Stoppard nevertheless cannot believe something he has heard about *Shakespeare in Love*. "Is it true that in America you can't see this film if you're 15?" he asks, his understanding of an R rating only slightly off. "That glimpse of nipple, and we lose 10 million viewers!"

He might well be confused. The unlikely hit Stoppard has co-written with Los Angeles screenwriter Marc Norman is indeed daring—but only in its literary aspirations. *Shakespeare in Love* boldly imagines young Will, played by Joseph Fiennes, struggling with writer's block and a script called *Romeo and Ethel, the Pirate's Daughter*, until he falls in love with Viola De Lesseps (Gwyneth Paltrow), who becomes his Juliet. Fact weaves with fantasy, verse with demotic dialect, low comedy with high passion; and as director John Madden puts it, "Who dares put words in Shakespeare's mouth and get away with it?" The answer is Stoppard, who says, "It never occurred to me to worry about Shakespeare's language butting up against mine. It's not a competition."

FANTASY SCRIPT Stoppard has a talent for mixing fact and fiction

Still, the movie took a decade to happen. Norman, whose previous films include *Cutthroat Island*, got the idea in 1988 from one of his sons, who was studying Elizabethan drama, and eventually produced a script for Universal. In 1992 Stoppard—who wrote the movies *Empire of the Sun, The Russia House* and *Brazil*, among others—came in to do a rewrite. The film fell apart over casting and languished until Miramax bought the rights from Universal in 1997.

Though there is no dispute over the writing credits, Norman admits he is beginning to feel "burned" by hearing the movie repeatedly called Stoppardian. He says, "In terms of the story, structure and the language—I accomplished that in my screenplay." But both men confirm that many of the jokes that dazzle past—the Stratford-upon-Avon mug; the pub waiter offering a special of "pig's foot marinated in juniper vinegar served on a buckwheat pancake"—are indeed Stoppard's.

The final scenes are also Stoppard's, and, like his Will, he was rewriting the ending practically until the moment of filming. "We seemed to have a romantic comedy where the boy didn't get the girl," Stoppard explains. "This troubled people, but the whole point was that the experience led him to write the greatest love tragedy of all time, not the greatest love comedy." Instead of that final shot of the beach, he says, "I shouldn't be telling you these things, but in my first go I had a sort of ghostly Manhattan in my mind as she walked off—but that was a ghostly skyscraper too far."

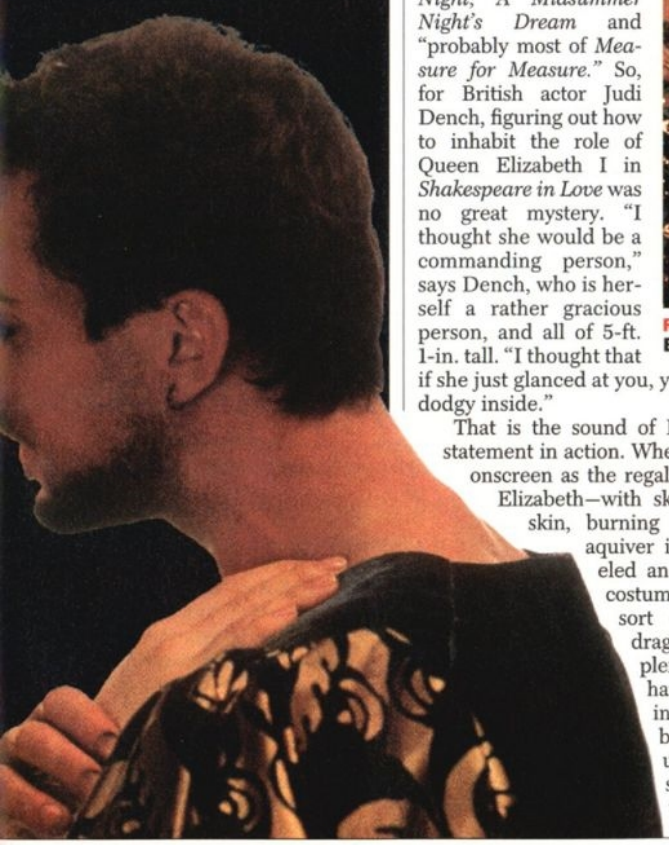
The desire to hunt for Stoppard's touch is understandable. The playwright, who was born in Czechoslovakia in 1937 and educated in India and England, catapulted to fame with a different Shakespearean work: the 1967 play *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, an existential reimagining of two characters from *Hamlet*. Since then his work has been known for its wordplay and highbrow subject matter—such as chaos theory in *Arcadia*, or the life of poet A.E. Housman in *The Invention of Love*, now running in London. Many of his plays have been criticized for their emotional inaccessibility, but, says Stoppard a bit testily, "If people think it, then they think it. That's fine." In fact, romantic passion has long been a preoccupation: his 1982 play *The Real Thing* is as searing a testament to love and its uncertainties—can *this* be the real thing?—as anything Stoppard has ever written, until now.

Though he confesses he was initially reluctant to return to Shakespeare, Stoppard says he has been bowled over by the power of the Bard—and the theater—ever since his "first, deep" experience seeing *Hamlet*: "It alerted you. It jumped you into the central truth about theater, which is that it's an event and not a text." This, he is convinced, is why theater will endure and why he continues to produce a play every few years (of his next he will say only "19th century" and "Russia").

CENE LERS

ly passionate, the *eare in Love* taps some

By ELIZABETH GLEICK LONDON



By now, Stoppard has won most awards out there, and he was knighted in 1997; but he is worried that his work is like "building sand castles"—with Shakespearean immortality far from guaranteed. "I'm thinking of the tide coming in and sweeping it all away," he admits. "History is stiff with writers who have been praised in terms exceeding anything my generation has received, and you think, 'Well, where are they now?' It's a chastening thought." But not one, fortunately, that keeps him from his desk for long. ■

THE DRAMA QUEEN

Judi Dench

Her commanding cameo adds a jewel to her crown

SHE HAS PLAYED ALL THE GREAT queens: Cleopatra, Gertrude in *Hamlet,* Queen Victoria in the 1997 film *Mrs. Brown.* She has great swaths of Shakespeare locked in her brain: all of *Romeo and Juliet, Twelfth Night, A Midsummer Night's Dream* and "probably most of *Measure for Measure.*" So, for British actor Judi Dench, figuring out how to inhabit the role of Queen Elizabeth I in *Shakespeare in Love* was no great mystery. "I thought she would be a commanding person," says Dench, who is herself a rather gracious person, and all of 5-ft. 1-in. tall. "I thought that if she just glanced at you, you'd be pretty dodgy inside."

REIGNING SUPREME Dench's fiery Elizabeth consumes the screen

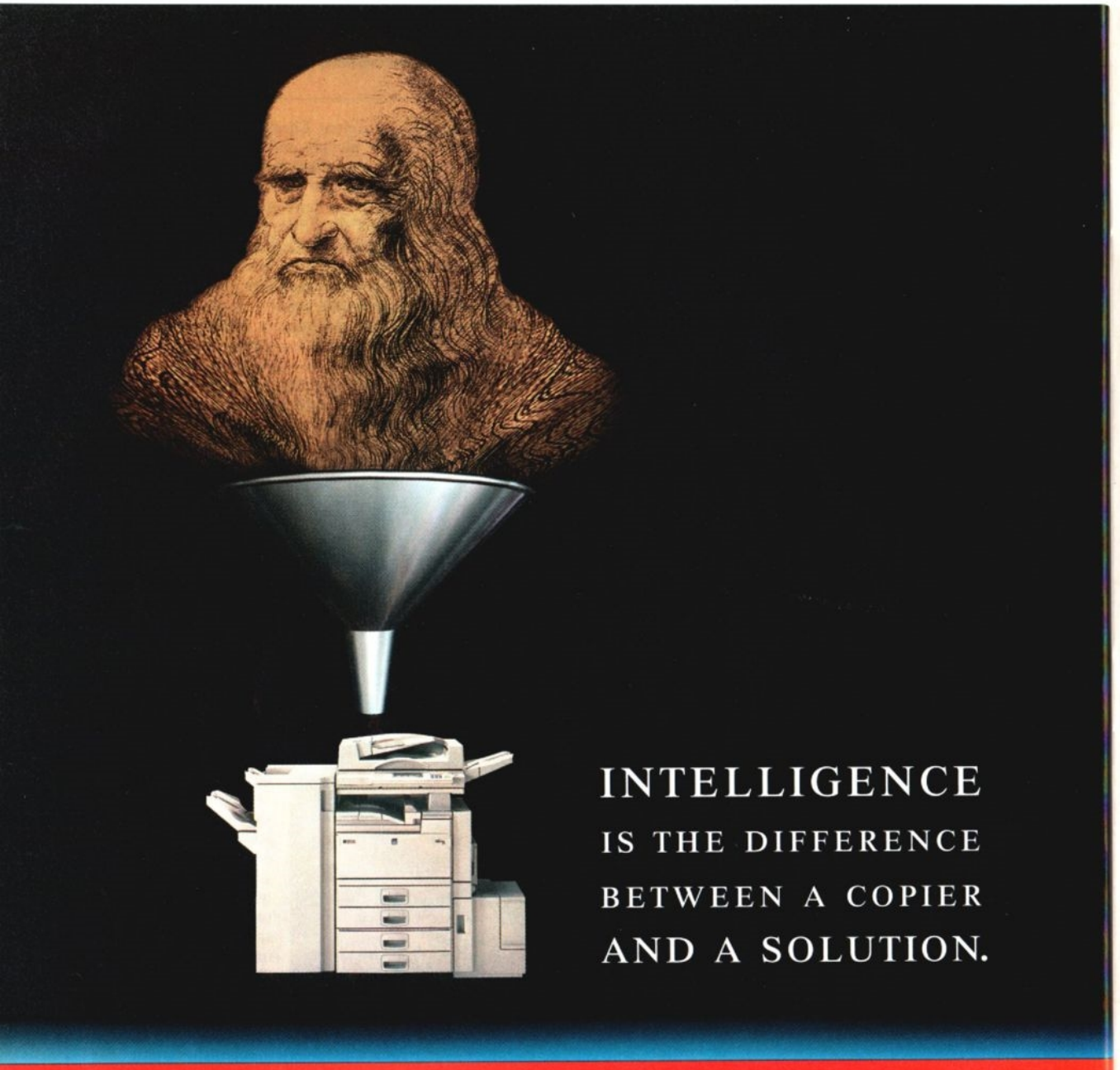
That is the sound of Dench understatement in action. When she appears onscreen as the regal, nay, godlike, Elizabeth—with skeletally white skin, burning eyes and all aquiver in that bejeweled and befeathered costume like some sort of monstrous dragonfly—multiplex audiences have erupted in cheers. With barely 10 minutes onscreen, she makes her terrifyingly omniscient Elizabeth pivotal to the film, with players and viewers alike perched breathlessly on her every word. Dench attributes this potency not to her own skill but to the deference the film's other characters show her. John Madden, who directed her in both *Mrs. Brown* and *Shakespeare,* knows better. "She has this amazing accessibility," he says. "She could make Attila the Hun seem sympathetic."

After 41 years on the English stage, after receiving the female equivalent of a knighthood in 1987—"Oh, don't call me Dame," she says, burying her face in her hands—it appears that Dench's American moment has arrived. Last year she received an Oscar nomination for *Mrs. Brown;* her Golden Globe nomination this year for *Shakespeare* puts her back in the Oscar game; and in April, she will appear on Broadway for the first time in 40 years, starring in David Hare's *Amy's View,* a 1997 London hit. She has even gone mainstream—playing M in the James Bond movies.

Dench, 64, may be one of Britain's hardest-working actors. She is currently filming her third Bond movie and starring in London's West End in the Peter Hall–directed *Filumena,* and she often stars in British sitcoms. But amazingly, Dench confesses that she still suffers from stage fright. "It's anxiety and fear that create adrenaline, which for me is petrol," she explains. Worst of all, she says, is actually watching herself onscreen. She has never seen some of her movies, and only watched *Shakespeare in Love* to prepare for a U.S. press junket. "I'm very squeamish about it," she admits. "Once I see it, I regret what I've left undone. It's why I love the theater." Going to see the Bond films, though, is different. "Oh, *yes*!" she says, speaking in actressy italics, as she tends to do. "It's so *thrilling*! It's absolutely *wonderful*! It's terribly *exciting!*"

Much of her squeamishness stems from a fundamental—and misplaced—insecurity about her looks. When asked to play Cleopatra in 1987, Dench, only half-joking, called herself a "menopausal dwarf." "I'm not a face that people want to film," she insists. "I faced that very, very early on." Now Dench may have to face an even more frightening fact: the camera loves her. ■

LAURIE SPARHAM—MIRAMAX (3)



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Seamy and Steamy

Fosse makes Broadway dance the way it used to

By TERRY TEACHOUT

THE OLD RAZZLE-DAZZLER has done it again—posthumously. Eleven years after he dropped dead of a heart attack at 60, Bob Fosse has two shows running side by side on Broadway. *Fosse*, a retrospective of dances from such musicals as *Sweet Charity, Damn Yankees* and *The Pajama Game*, opened last week right next door to the long-running revival of *Chicago*, the 1975 show that sealed Fosse's reputation as the most gifted musical-comedy director of his generation. Not bad for a self-doubting perfectionist who, even though he was the only person ever to win an Oscar, a Tony and an Emmy in the same season (in 1973, for *Cabaret, Pippin* and *Liza with a "Z"*), never quite managed to shake off the nagging suspicion that he was merely a purveyor of glitzy trash.

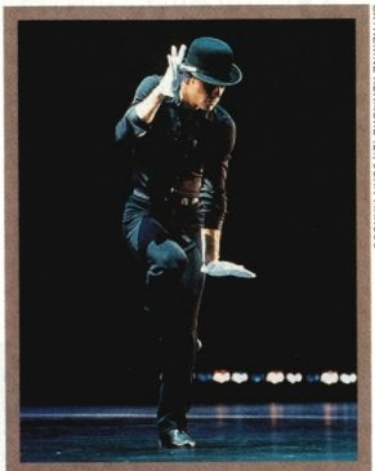
Fosse may be glitzy, but it is also an inevitable hit, a galvanizing eruption of energy, panache and arrogantly sure-footed stagecraft that comes at a time when theatrical dance is in the doldrums. There hasn't been anything like it in years—10 years, to be exact, for it was in 1989 that Jerome Robbins put his ballet career on hold to direct *Jerome Robbins' Broadway*, a song-and-dance spectacular that theater buffs still recall with awe. The comparison is inescapable: Fosse was the only other Broadway choreographer with anything like Robbins' stylistic individuality and clarity of purpose, and he has had no successors.

To be sure, a few contemporary dance directors are doing compelling work. Rob Marshall's sardonic numbers in *Cabaret* are proof of that. But far more revealing was the failure of the latest revival of *On the Town*, which closed this week after just 65 performances. It says everything about the current state of dance on Broadway that one of *the* great dance shows of the '40s (and, ironically, Robbins' very first musical) should be sunk a half-century later by the lackluster choreography of Broadway neophyte Keith Young. No less illustrative of the dearth of fresh blood is the fact that *Chicago's* dances were staged not by a promising new face but by Ann Reinking, Fosse's former girlfriend, working "in the style of Bob Fosse."

Reinking also co-directed and co-choreographed *Fosse*, although she had plenty of help. Richard Maltby Jr., who created *Ain't Misbehavin'*, was largely responsible for shaping the production and is billed as its director, while Chet Walker "re-created" the choreography. All three share credit for having "conceived" the show, which originated five years ago in a series of classes on Fosse's dance style taught by Walker and Gwen Verdon, Fosse's ex-wife and the original star of many of his most successful shows (*Sweet Charity, Chicago*). Exactly who did exactly what will surely be the subject of endless journalistic postmortems, but in the end it doesn't matter. *Fosse* is all Fosse. No one else could have dreamed up those waggling fingers and twitching shoulders—and no one else would have dared to impose so bleak a vision of human desire on the traditionally cheery world of Broadway dance.

Like most choreographers, Fosse spun his idiosyncratic moves out of the peculiarities of his own body. "He was a bit bent and crooked by nature," recalls Reinking, "and somewhat pigeon-toed." The style that resulted, says *Fosse* dance captain Brad Musgrove, was the antithesis of the expansive approach of classical ballet: "It's all turned in. You're knock-kneed, you roll over on your ankles, you're sitting into your hip, you're arching your back, the elbows are in, the wrists are flexed. You have to work exactly the opposite from the way you're trained."

Some of the company's best dancers, interestingly, have a ballet background. Desmond Richardson, formerly with Alvin Ailey and now a principal dancer with American Ballet Theatre, tears up the joint in *Percussion 4*, while Elizabeth Parkinson, an ex-Joffrey ballerina with legs as long as *War and Peace*, is vol-



CATHERINE ASHMORE (2); JOAN MARCUS

ARCHIVE PHOTOS

FOSSE'S WORLD **Shady men in bowler hats (Musgrove), down-at-the-heels hoofers (Trujillo, Richardson) and long-legged good-time girls (Shannon Lewis)**

canically sexy in *Sing, Sing, Sing*. But the Broadway gypsies are just as satisfying, especially Jane Lanier and Scott Wise, who bring welcome warmth to *Fosse* without compromising its essential tough mindedness.

If Fosse had a pop-culture counterpart, it was Billy Wilder, Hollywood's cynic in chief. Indeed, his *Double Indemnity* would have made a perfect Fosse show, for both men were drawn to seamy stories like a fly to manure: *Sweet Charity* is about a prostitute manqué, *Chicago* two murderesses, and the film version of *Cabaret*, Fosse's greatest achievement, is a veritable saturnalia of sexual variation. And while the fatalistic *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries* is *Fosse's* unlikely theme song, some of the cherries in this particular bowl are unnervingly sour. Robbins and Fred Astaire may have been Fosse's idols, but he had none of their open-hearted romanticism. Instead, he crammed his dances full of sexual imagery so harsh and loveless that you can't help wondering what made him so successful a womanizer.

Fosse is not completely without heart; *Mr. Bojangles*, in which Sergio Trujillo gracefully portrays an aged, down-at-heels dancer, is genuinely moving. In general, though, the show's rare lyric moments are as unconvincing as the synthesized string sounds that swirl out of the orchestra pit in *I Wanna Be a Dancin' Man*. For all its compulsive flair, *Fosse* is cold and enigmatic at the core, as glittering as a perfect diamond—and hard enough to cut glass. What makes it work is its maker's willingness to stare into the abyss, backed up by the taut, pellucid brilliance of the company's dancing, Andrew Bridge's vibrant lighting and the perfect set and costumes of Santo Loquasto, who has conjured up a hundred clever variations on Fosse's beloved basic black.

It may well be that Fosse's dark sensibility will prove even better suited to the '90s than it was to the '70s. How else to explain why theatergoers are cheering a plotless show without a single love song, an evening-long shudder of disillusion in which the women are hookers, the men pimps and the audience voyeurs, gazing raptly at one primal scene after another? You'll hoot at the zany antics of *Steam Heat* and weep over the sweet sentimentality of *Mr. Bojangles*, but the picture that will stay in your mind longest is the sinister image of a pencil-thin dancer dressed in black, arms held close to his body, with a bowler hat pulled low over his eyes so that nobody can see who he really is. —***With reporting by William Tynan/New York***

CINEMA

All They Need Is Love

Everyone wins in the winning *Playing by Heart*

WILLARD CARROLL IS A COCKEYED optimist. The writer-director of *Playing by Heart* thinks our dysfunctions are curable. Or at the very least transcendable. With a little help from the great cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond, he bathes this radically unfashionable idea in a glow so romantic that even Los Angeles, where most of his multicharacter, multigenerational saga takes place, is transformed. The world capital of road rage is returned, in his vision, to something like the balmy prettiness of its prelapsarian prewar era.

PETER SOREL—MIRAMAX (2)

YOUTHFUL PASSION **Jolie hides her loneliness behind brassiness until she meets Ryan Phillippe**

MATURE DEVOTION **Connery and Rowlands draw on a lifetime of understanding to get past the rough spot**

This is no accident. It is something like a moral imperative for Carroll. He wants us to understand that a prescription compounded of kindness, patience, civility and a touch of irony can work wonders on anger and despair—even when their cause is mortality itself. For at the heart of *Heart* are two stories in which couples are obliged to confront death. In one of them, a mother (Ellen Burstyn) and a son who is dying of AIDS (Jay Mohr) try to bring their troubled relationship to a peaceful conclusion in the few days remaining to them. In the other, a long-married couple (Sean Connery and Gena Rowlands) are coping successfully with his incurable illness—until she finds evidence of a past betrayal that threatens to destroy the trust on which they have based their happy, privileged life.

These four are intended as exemplary figures. As we watch them struggling toward acceptance of harsh fates, we are encouraged to believe that everyone else in the film, whose bedevilments are merely romantic, can work things out as well. A colorful, often comic crew includes a woman (Gillian Anderson) so mistrustful of men that she keeps a mastiff to ward them off; a guy (Dennis Quaid) mysteriously given to alternately angry and self-pitying (but always noisy) rants in restaurants; a married woman (Madeleine Stowe) coldly addicted to a sexually stirring but loveless affair; a lonely young actress (Angelina Jolie) hiding neediness under a brassy surface. Most of them find someone willing to help still the insanities that Carroll regards as only temporary. Each comes to some understanding of his or her miseries and to a degree of hope for better times ahead.

Is there something a little too comfortable—and comforting—in the way this movie works out? Possibly so. On the other hand, its emotional range is extraordinarily generous, the conflicts it permits its unimprovable cast to explore are well beyond the call of their usual duties. And Carroll orchestrates the several variations on his redemptive theme expertly, ultimately resolving them all in a way that is both surprising and satisfying. With the bitter taste of movies like Todd Soldonz's *Happiness*—this film's dark double—still on our tongues, still all the rage, one has to wonder whether the audience for serious movies is still capable of suspending disbelief in the common decency and common sense of middle-class Americans, whether it is willing to try a little tenderness—if only as a relief from chic transgressiveness. —***By Richard Schickel***

Cries and Whispers

Private Confessions reveals an Old Master in top form and his star actress in full radiance

By RICHARD CORLISS

IN MOST PEOPLE'S LIVES, HIGH DRAMA is not an asteroid heading for Earth or a battle on Omaha Beach. It is the agony and suspense in an intimate conversation. Do you love me? Have you betrayed me? Will you leave me? The answers to those questions make the heart soar or sink; they leave lasting marks on the soul, like a trophy or a gravestone. Years later, we look back and think: from that moment, everything was different. Yet movies rarely touch on this form of domestic convulsion. They offer escapism—not just from daily drudgery but from our most exalted apprehensions.

Ingmar Bergman has been listening to, and making, these confessions for half a century—in films, such as *The Seventh Seal, Through a Glass Darkly* and *Persona*, that define the age of anxiety. And though Bergman retired from film directing in 1983, he has continued to write for the screen, wrestling with his Lutheran God, facing up to his household demons, making them the stuff of astringent artistry.

Private Confessions (known in Europe as *Private Conversations*, after Martin Luther's term for his version of the sacrament of penance) is the last of a trilogy of films about his parents. All three—the others are the 1982 *Fanny and Alexander* and the 1992 *Best Intentions*—were made as Swedish TV serials, then condensed for theatrical release. This film, directed by Bergman's lustrous actress Liv Ullmann, is the finest of the three. It distills four lives into a series of chats, revelatory confessions, between a woman and the men in her life.

First conversation, July 1925: Anna (Pernilla August) tells her uncle, Pastor Jacob (Max von Sydow), of her affair with Tomas (Thomas Hanzon), a divinity student; Jacob advises her to reveal the affair to her husband Henrik (Samuel Froler), also a clergyman. Second conversation, a few weeks later: Anna tells Henrik. Third, a few months before: Anna and Tomas have their tryst. Fourth, 10 years later: Anna talks with Jacob about her marriage and the affair. Final conversation, May 1907: the 18-year-old Anna makes a confession to Jacob.

Two people talking—drama and life in its essence. The camera, manned by Bergman's master cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, holds on the actors' faces as they pour or spit out their lines. The film could lie there, inert and artless as an episode of an afternoon soap opera. It doesn't; it brings old rancors and flames alive. These troubled folks might be your parents, or you.

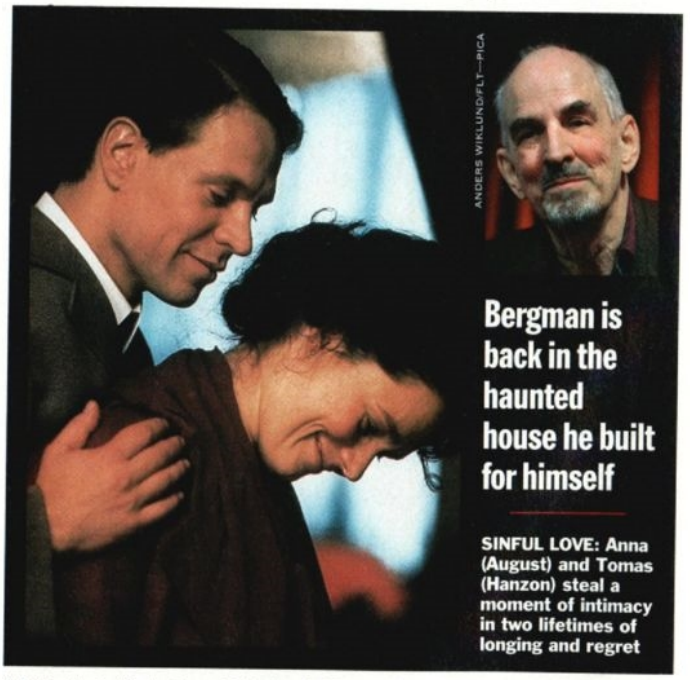
Bergman is back in the haunted house he built for himself. He sets his favorite obsessions—God and sex—at war in all these desperate creatures. The men try balancing their clerical duties with their clumsy passions. Henrik's first reaction on hearing of Anna's infidelity is to console her, as a minister would a sinner; Tomas kneels before Anna as a communicant receiving the Eucharist, or a child before its mother. Love is a sacrament of which neither man is worthy. Henrik and Tomas are really complementary halves of one weak man: the Bergman man. Henrik tastes the truth as if it were a bitter plum, and the corners of his mouth tighten in rage and impotence.

Anna, whose conflicted intelligence exercises itself in passion (when that was the only outlet allowed a middle-class woman), is more than a match for her husband or her lover. Her passion is as potent as Tomas' guilt or Henrik's rage. She can plan an adulterous weekend as if it were a state dinner and tell Henrik that "the thought of your seed in my body was unbearable." She can dish out the awful truth or a blessed lie, and her men don't know the difference. Her only proper adversary is a disapproving God.

And her only pipeline to the Almighty is Jacob, who watches her judiciously, lovingly, over the 28 years of this story. Von Sydow, a Bergman stalwart since he played the knight in *The Seventh Seal*, has graduated to a severe serenity. His face carries all Bergman's hopes and fears for Anna.

Great filmmakers create, or attract, great actors. Bergman's performers, especially his actresses—Ullmann, Eva Dahlbeck, Bibi and Harriet Andersson—have transformed his dour testaments into radiance. August (who will play the young Darth Vader's mother in the new *Star Wars* film) is an excellent heir to that magnificent tradition. Emotions don't play on her face; they live there in all their complexity and contradiction. They flush into a mischievous grin or produce tears as natural as a summer shower. Her face is a book. Read it for two hours and know the triumph and pain of a strong woman's love.

At the end of the film, the man who may have been her heart's truest desire caresses Anna's face with his large hand. An older Anna looks back on that moment with a smile that understands and accepts everything. For out of these private conversations, Bergman says, something beyond anguish or exaltation may emerge. Something like wisdom. ■



ANDERS WIKLUND/FLT—PICA

Bergman is back in the haunted house he built for himself

SINFUL LOVE: Anna (August) and Tomas (Hanzon) steal a moment of intimacy in two lifetimes of longing and regret

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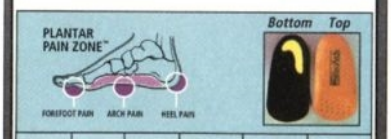

Sizes	Sm	Med	Lg	X-Lg	XX-Lg
Men	5-6½	7-7½	8-8½	9-10½	11-13
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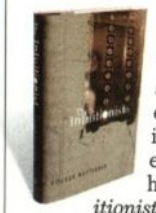
The Promise of Verticality

An eerie, powerful first novel frames a vivid metaphor for freedom—racial and otherwise



WHETHER THE SUBJECT IS love or alienation, the invention of rich, new literary metaphors is difficult enough. When the subject is race in America, however, it's almost impossible. In his first novel, *The Intuitionist* (Anchor Books; 255 pages; $19.95), Colson Whitehead has solved the problem, coming up with the freshest racial allegory since Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* and Toni Morrison's *The Bluest Eye*.

His touchstone image: the modern elevator, that everyday mechanical wonder whose promise is to open up the sky, to loft human beings equally into the heavens. Without the elevator, space is scarce, the boundaries of the city grimly fixed. With it, there's hope of a place for everyone.

Lila Mae Watson, Whitehead's hero, is an aging black elevator inspector in an unnamed eastern metropolis that resembles a Kafkaesque New York City. The bureaucracy of the elevator workers dominates the city government. That bureaucracy is divided between two main factions that vie with each other for political influence: the so-called Empiricists, a dry, hard-headed bunch who do their jobs with scientific precision; and the Intuitionists like Watson, who work by instinct, by feel. James Fulton, the Intuitionists' patron saint, is a deceased pioneer of "verticality" whose books contain cryptic, Masonic meditations that seem to address the nature of life: "We conform to objects, we capitulate to them. We need to reverse this order."

When, as part of a contest between white power brokers, Watson is blamed for the catastrophic free fall of an elevator she inspected, the path to exoneration seems to lie in a thorough decoding of Fulton's mystic writings, particularly those on the "black box," a gravity-defying superelevator that represents liberation and transcendence.

The story of how Watson comes to this quest, and where it ultimately leads her, is strange yet familiar. A child of the South, she worked her way up through the Byzantine white establishment by dint of stoic application and cheerful self-denial. Her city, which exists either in the near future or in the recent past, still refers to black people as coloreds and maintains a subtle quota system whose goal is not human equality but the appearance of social justice. The elevator bosses take their leisure at riotous banquets where the entertainment consists of humiliating minstrel shows. The civil rights movement, in Whitehead's parallel universe, either never happened or has been reversed. Either way the effect is eerie, suggesting that the path to freedom is not inevitable and never has been.

NATASHA STOVALL

GOING UP: Author Whitehead has created a pointed fable worthy of the tradition of Ralph Ellison and Toni Morrison

Whitehead's fable is swift and pointed and by no means solely about race. Watson's tenaciousness, faith and curiosity are universal virtues, allowing her to maneuver in a society petrified by caste and class. What saves her, and ultimately brings her peace, is literature, the wisdom of the masters. The deeper she digs for knowledge and understanding, the higher she rises. A book is her black box.

—***By Walter Kirn***

WILLIAM MERCER MCLEOD—OUTLINE

Q+A Scott Adams

Scott Adams' cartoon, *Dilbert*, will debut Jan. 25 on UPN.

Q: Do you think Drew Carey is trying to look like Dilbert on purpose?
A: I think it's a sad and tragic accident of birth.
Q: Here's the stumper: How does Dilbert have a potbelly if he doesn't have a mouth?
A: In the TV show we solved that with a bit of engineering sleight-of-hand. We've created what I call the amazing disappearing mouth, which will appear when he's speaking, then disappear when he's done.
Q: That's why people would tune into the show instead of reading the comic.
A: There's so much more. He has teeth and occasionally a tongue.
Q: Wow! I'll tune into that episode!
A: It's not a *Melrose Place* type of thing.
Q: If you wanted, you could draw better than that. Right?
A: Well, I'm a busy guy. It would require me to spend more than 10 minutes drawing if I increased the quality. Time management is very important.
Q: You're a certified hypnotist. Hypnotize me, *Dilbert* Cartoonist Guy!
A: How do you know you're not? That's the beauty of it. How do you know you wanted to call and interview me today?
Q: But as a bank teller you were robbed at gunpoint twice, so why didn't you just hypnotize them?
A: That was before I learned hypnosis. My only tool was fear. I was trying to hold them off by shooting perspiration directly out of my forehead, which I think blinded at least one of them.
Q: You've got a really generic name, and not many people know what you look like. You think any Scott Adamses are getting action based on your reputation?
A: That would be so sad for me. The ultimate irony: I get famous, other people get action.

—By Joel Stein

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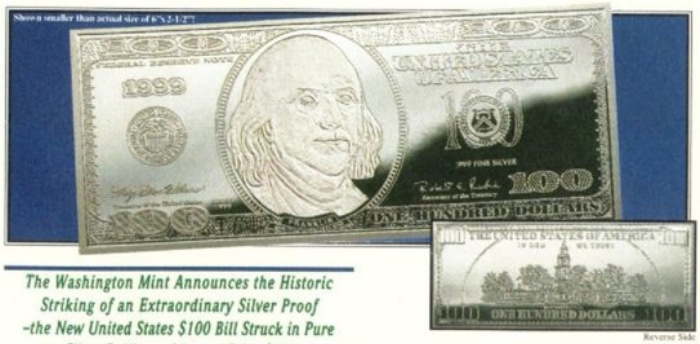

Reverse Side

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BOOKS

THE ORCHID THIEF *By Susan Orlean* John Laroche is a serial monomaniac who learns everything about Ice Age fossils; then chucks fossils for orchids, becomes a celebrated breeder, then a thief of wild orchids; and finally turns his back on the plant world and its obsessed hobbyists and dives into computers. As he explains to the author of this loose-jointed but absorbing account, "When I was a baby I probably got exposed to something that mutated me, and now I'm incredibly smart." Writer Orlean, at any rate, is a superb tour guide through the loony subculture of Florida's orchid fanciers, and a writer whose sentences can glow like rare blooms, as when she reports that the air above an orchid swamp's sinkholes "has the slack, drapey weight of wet velvet." *—By John Skow*

GLAMORAMA *By Bret Easton Ellis* As with Ellis' *American Psycho*, what stabs out at you here—more than the violence, gratuitous sex and endless references to famous people and clothes—is the novel's length. The idea—models so solipsistic that they become terrorists—is a good-enough one for a short story of 15 pages, but it's unsustainable at 482. Ellis' writing can be sharp, though, and after the first inanely repetitive 185 pages, the book succeeds in delivering a creepy sense of dread about our culture. *Glamorama*'s contribution to the world may be the motto of its main character, a male model: The better you look, the more you see. As a sum-up of our decade, it's downright Tom Wolfean. *—By Joel Stein*

NOTE FOUND IN A BOTTLE: MY LIFE AS A DRINKER *By Susan Cheever* This may be one of the most frustrating alcoholism memoirs ever written. We hear plenty about the author's fabulous family and friends: Brooke Hayward and Peter Duchin, Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne. The author gushes forth details of her spiked morning coffees, the countless martinis and cases of champagne, and the out-of-control life all the drinking engendered. We even hear about her father's A.A. meetings (Dad is John, for those who have somehow missed all previous Cheeverabilia). But she slides right over what it feels like to give up drinking. Did she have the help of a rehab clinic or A.A.? How has life changed now that she's sober? Still, this oddly gripping account is always good for a few more tidbits about growing up Cheever. *—By Elizabeth Gleick*

AUTEUR ALERT

BOB SEBREE—ABC

***A SAINTLY SWITCH:* Celebrated '70s director, film critic and biographer Peter Bogdanovich thinks out of the box—these days, way out of the box. His latest effort: directing a *Wonderful World of Disney* TV movie about parental role reversal. (It airs Jan. 24 on ABC, and it's fun!) But don't look for a review in *Film Comment*.**

THEATER

STEPHANIE BERGER

FAR EAST *By A.R. Gurney* "Sparky" Watts (Michael Hayden), a Navy lieutenant stationed in Japan in 1954, has a poop deck full of problems. He's trying to hide a Japanese girlfriend from his stuffy family back home. His roommate is being blackmailed into passing military secrets. The tart wife of his commanding officer is putting moves on him. Gurney, the prolific chronicler of Wasp life (*The Dining Room, Love Letters*), seems a bit out of his depth in this plotty drama, which raises (but doesn't grapple with) issues ranging from homosexuality in the military to the origins of Vietnam. But the compact grace of his writing and Daniel Sullivan's delicate direction make it a diverting reminder of the kind of play that doesn't get written much anymore. *—By Richard Zoglin*

MUSIC

AMERICANA *The Offspring* The Offspring is a best-selling punk band, but it isn't a great one. The group lacks the caustic poetry of Nirvana, the righteous snarl of Rancid and the amiable snottiness of Green Day. In its new album the Offspring attempts to make a virtue of its creative limitations: the songs on *Americana* are basic and direct, and a few of the tracks, including *The Kids Aren't Alright*, have a brutal appeal. But the band's weakness for cheap laughs soon grows tiresome—there's even a punk-rock parody of the easily mocked standard *Feelings*. For a group that revels in attacking the emptiness of contemporary culture, it has made a pretty empty-headed album. *—By Christopher John Farley*

STEVE DOUBLE—RETNA

CINEMA

ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE *Directed by Larry Clark* If the hard-drugs crowd—Generation H—needed a bard, Clark would be the guy. His *Kids* was a glum screed about teens, drugs and unsafe sex. At least in *Paradise*, from a novel by ex-con Eddie Little, the lowlifes have some fun shooting up and stealing. Here two career criminals (James Woods and Melanie Griffith) adopt a young couple (Vincent Kartheiser and Natasha Gregson Wagner) into *la dolce* venom. There's a droll tough love in this inversion of *Father Knows Best*, where Dad is given to arias of rage, Mom kills people, Bud and Princess do junk. The tone is naturalism run amuck: two-ton emoting, closeups of syringes in groins. Enough! But it's fun to see a scene stealer like Woods go bananas. Here he goes a bunch of them. *—By Richard Corliss*

TOBIN YELLAND—TRIMARK

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Christine Gorman

Radical Surgery

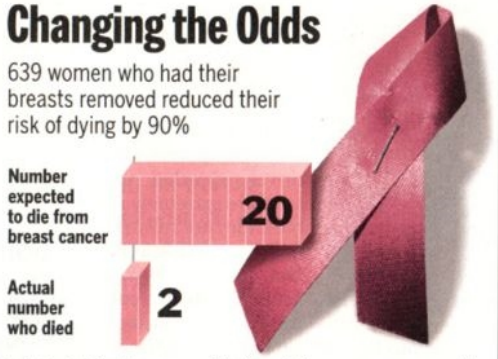
A study shows that cutting off your breasts will reduce your cancer risk. But few should do it

FOR NEARLY FOUR DECADES, SOME WOMEN WITH A family history of breast cancer have been so fearful of possibly having inherited a strong predisposition to the disease that they opted—even though they showed no signs of cancer—to have their breasts surgically removed. But it's impossible to extract every last piece of breast tissue from the upper body; so they were never sure that the procedure, called a bilateral prophylactic mastectomy, would truly help protect them.

Until now. Last week physicians from the Mayo Clinic reported that 639 women, all facing a moderate to high risk of developing breast cancer, underwent prophylactic mastectomies from 1960 to 1993 and reduced their chances of dying from the malignancy at least 90%. The study, published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, has received so much attention that it could spark an increase in the number of preventive mastectomies. Currently, according to Dr. Kenneth Kern, a surgical oncologist at the University of Connecticut Health Center and Hartford Hospital, perhaps a few hundred such operations are performed nationwide each year.

Changing the Odds

639 women who had their breasts removed reduced their risk of dying by 90%



But before you or a loved one decide to add to that number, it pays to understand some key statistics—starting with that 90% reduction in deaths. The Mayo investigators derived the figure from statistical models and from the death rate of the patients' sisters, who did not undergo the operation but presumably faced the same cancer risk. The deaths among the untreated sisters led doctors to predict that there should have been 20 deaths from breast cancer in the research subjects. In fact, after the mastectomies, there were only two deaths.

That's good news if you're one of the 18 whose lives were saved—but a high price to pay if you're one of the 619 who underwent radical but ultimately needless surgery.

Most women and even many physicians overestimate a woman's risk of developing breast cancer, says Dr. Barbara Weber, professor of medicine and genetics at the University of Pennsylvania Cancer Center in Philadelphia. For example, everyone has heard that 1 in 9 women develop breast cancer. "That doesn't mean you have a 1 in 9 chance of getting sick tomorrow," she notes. It means that over a lifetime of 85 years, 1 out of 9 women will develop breast cancer. But two-thirds of breast-cancer patients die of something else. In fact, heart disease is by far the biggest killer of women in the U.S., followed by lung cancer.

Even if your mom or grandmother had breast cancer, you're not automatically at greater risk. It depends on their age when they developed the disease. In the U.S., the incidence of breast cancer in women 80 to 85 years old is 15 times as high as it is for women 30 to 34 years old. So if your mother and grandmother had breast cancer in their 70s, you face no more risk than anyone else your age. But if your mother and grandmother had breast cancer before they turned 50, you may have inherited a genetic predisposition toward the disease. That's particularly likely if you also have a family history of ovarian cancer.

Researchers have identified two major genes—dubbed BRAC1 and BRAC2—whose mutations dramatically increase your risk of breast and ovarian cancer. Getting tested for these genetic mutations costs as much as $2,400 for the first test in a family and $400 for subsequent tests and is usually not covered by insurance.

It's easy to make incorrect assumptions about breast cancer. So before you undergo a prophylactic mastectomy or any other preventive therapy for breast cancer, take the time to understand your real risks—as well as any potential benefits. ■

For facilities that offer genetic counseling near you, call 800-4-CANCER. You can e-mail Christine at **gorman@time.com**

RICK NEASE FOR TIME

Bad News on Alfalfa Sprouts

UNHEALTHY HEALTH FOOD? ALTHOUGH growers are trying to eliminate the risk of salmonella poisoning from alfalfa sprouts, scientists report it's not so easy. The bacteria, it turns out, may hide in tiny crevices in the seeds. The most susceptible to getting sick: the very young, the elderly and folks with weak immune systems.

Good News on Calcium

DOSING UP ON CALCIUM may help your colon. A study out last week says calcium supplements (1,200 mg daily) may reduce the odds of developing new polyps. The polyps, called adenomas, may be a precursor to colon cancer. How does calcium work? Researchers theorize that it binds with compounds that would otherwise irritate the lining of the bowel.

Bad News on Animal Bites

DON'T PUSSYFOOT AROUND IF YOU'RE bitten by a dog or cat. Scientists report that in at least half of all cases, bites carry pasteurella—nasty bacteria that can cause an infection in the blood or joints and, in rare instances, meningitis. If swelling or pain develops, see a doctor promptly.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: *Journal of the American Medical Association* (1/13/99; item 1); *New England Journal of Medicine* (1/14/99; items 2 and 3)

FROM LEFT: STEVEN NEEDHAM—ENVISION; SPL—PHOTO RESEARCHERS

James J. Cramer

Intel or Yahoo?

Some like their tech stocks with proven earnings; some with torrid growth. Me? I want both

IN THIS CORNER THE OLD TECH CHAMPION, WEIGHing in at $235 billion in market capitalization, built on decades of solid earnings: Intel. And in the other corner the new tech challenger, having briefly hit $50 billion in market cap last week, and with dynamite earnings potential: Yahoo. These two heavyweights, by coincidence, held overlapping conference calls last week to discuss their fourth-quarter earnings reports with investment professionals. Intel is a bellwether because of its ubiquity in personal computers, so it has always drawn the bigger group of acolytes—until this year. Yahoo muscled in with runaway revenue projections, and suddenly many investment pros, who would normally have stopped everything to get on an Intel call, instead stayed through till the end of Yahoo's presentation to get the skinny on this new, great growth story.

These two companies symbolize the struggle between investors who like their technology stocks to offer hard assets, proven earnings and a price roughly in line with market multiples, vs. those traders who are willing to pay a much higher price for rapid growth. The latest returns favor Intel. In a tough week that saw most stocks retreat, the market seemed eager to pay 30 times this year's earnings for Intel. Its stock held steady as Yahoo lost 8% of its value. Yet both stocks still managed to outshine the larger averages, as they've done for a while.

It took Intel 24 years to reach $50 billion in market cap, while it took Yahoo less than two years. For some, even Intel's price seems hard to swallow, given the relative maturity of its business and its growth prospects. But increasingly, even institutional investors are flocking to stocks like Yahoo as the performance of the Net stocks has put less aggressive investments to shame.

As an investor, I want a smattering of both old and new U.S. tech stocks, even if the prices of some Net stocks are overinflated to adolescent values. While it may seem counterintuitive to think of Intel as old tech, the market values hardware makers by a much more stringent standard than the newer Net businesses. Even though Intel and Seagate, the largest maker of personal-computer disk drives, signaled that sales are extremely robust, they are still in an industry that will be lucky to grow 20% in 1999. Yahoo, by contrast, is in a business that seems to double every six months. Its stock is up 14% in the first half of January, after rising 584% in 1998. If advertisers come to view the Net the way they view television, as a medium where it's worth spending billions to reach viewers, Yahoo investors could find themselves, if not on the ground floor, at least on the ninth or 10th floor of a giant skyscraper.

Investors buy prospects, and the prospects are for a year of record earnings at Intel and another year of monster growth at Yahoo. But the volatility in tech and the Net in particular has increased dramatically, to the point where only thrill seekers can bank solely on the latter. At one point last week, with Yahoo up 90 points, to 443, I let go some stock, and was happy to buy it back some 100 points lower a day later, when, despite reporting blowout earnings, it had fallen with the rest of the Net stocks.

If you can't handle that kind of volatility and prefer steadier performance, old tech may be your best bet. Neither old nor new tech, however, is for the squeamish. That's who they make bonds for. ■

Cramer runs a hedge fund and writes for **thestreet.com.** *He holds investments in Intel. Nothing in this column should be construed as advice to buy or sell stocks.*

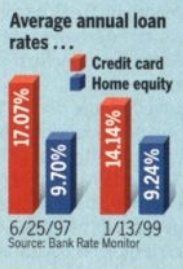
JOSE PELAEZ—THE STOCK MARKET

Hear an Ad, Then Call Free

IF LONG-DISTANCE RATES STILL aren't cheap enough for you, listen up—to the advertisement playing on the telephone. Last week BroadPoint Communications introduced a service that gives consumers as much as two minutes of free long distance for every 10-to-15-sec. targeted ad they hear. Already 40,000 callers have surfed to *www.broadpoint.com* to fill out a detailed questionnaire and obtain a PIN for the 800 service, known as FreeWay. Of course, with long-distance rates already as low as 10¢ to 15¢ a minute, listening to yet another Blockbuster or T.G.I. Friday's pitch may seem too high a price.

Home-Equity Loans Online

NOW THAT YOU'VE RACKED UP DEBT shopping online, you can use the Net to pay them off. Bank One last week rolled out a Web service that lets users apply for a home-equity loan and get an answer in a minute. Such loans can be a cheap way to consolidate credit-card debt, and interest payments are usually tax deductible.



Pricier Pills, Easy Appeals

SOME GOOD AND BAD NEWS ON MANaged care: Aetna U.S. Healthcare said last week that it would allow its customers to appeal coverage denials to an external review board. Other HMOs, like United Healthcare, are expected to follow suit. But many HMOs are raising average co-payments for prescriptions $5 to $15. Tip: stick with generic drugs. —**By Daniel Eisenberg and Aixa M. Pascual**

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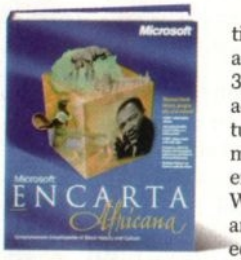
Anita Hamilton

Out of Africa

A remarkable new CD-ROM delivers a vivid, multimedia encyclopedia about black people

WHEN THE DELIVERY GUYS DROP STACKS OF THE LATEST CD-ROMS in my office each day, my first reaction is usually a groan. It's hard to get excited about the latest Barbie disc or Wheel of Fortune for the PC. But last week, after I checked out Encarta Africana, a two-disc, multimedia reference work by Microsoft on the history and culture of Africa and people of African descent, I wanted to kiss the FedEx guy. This remarkable new work blends old-fashioned scholarship and storytelling with color videos and stereo sound to bring its subject alive, starting with a video lecture by poet Maya Angelou, who notes that "it takes more than a horrifying transatlantic voyage chained in the filthy hold of a slave ship to erase someone's culture."

From the soothing chants of the South African national anthem to the thousands of articles on black leaders, thinkers, artists and athletes, Encarta Africana explores the richness and diversity of the peoples who originated in Africa. Its spirited and colorful approach draws you in, and back, like an addiction. Sit down for a quick get-acquainted session and you'll find yourself clicking for hours among articles, videos, maps, songs and lectures.



Best of Africana

- **The CD tracks** cultural influences from voodoo to jazz
- **Multimedia treats** include hundreds of videos and songs
- **Homework just got** easier with 3,361 detailed articles

The first thing you'll notice is Encarta Africana's upbeat tone. While it faithfully charts tragedies such as the slave trade, race riots in the U.S. and genocide in Rwanda, it never sinks into despair. An essay on Haiti, for example, informs readers not only that the country is the poorest in the Americas but also that it became the world's first black republic when it gained its independence from the French in 1804.

Uncovering the discs' multimedia treasures is the most fun. Brief movies on historic sites in Africa tell of the medieval trading city Timbuktu (in what is now Mali) and the underground churches hewn from volcanic rock in Ethiopia's 12th century Christian empire Lalibela. Choice video clips, such as those of the Harlem Globetrotters' comic basketball team and singer Bessie Smith, reveal what words could only suggest.

Just when you think it's time to hunker down and read a few of Encarta Africana's 3,361 articles, you'll stumble across a series of video lectures that highlight the work's major themes. Music producer Quincy Jones and comedian Whoopi Goldberg discuss race and music; the volume's co-editors, Harvard professors Henry Louis Gates Jr. and Kwame Anthony Appiah, explain the struggle begun in 1909 by black scholar W.E.B. Du Bois to publish an encyclopedia that would chronicle black history.

Once you finally do get to the articles, it's easy to search for entries by keyword or browse by topic. I found myself going cross-eyed reading the lengthy essays on topics ranging from the history of Carnival to the brief life of American painter Jean-Michel Basquiat, but switching to the largest font option was a big help.

Groundbreaking as Encarta Africana may be, it falls short on two key points, starting with its price. Though Microsoft will donate copies to 8,000 schools, the rest of the nation's schools and families will be charged $70 ($50 with a rebate). Second, Encarta Africana is available only for the PC. Microsoft explains that "only" 40% of schools use Apple computers, but that's a poor excuse. A reference work this useful and exciting should be available to everyone—even those renegade Mac users. ■

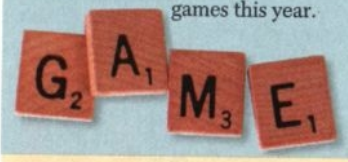
For more on Encarta Africana, visit **timedigital.com.** *Questions for Anita? E-mail her at* **afhtime@aol.com.**

Chefs' Creature Comforts

COMFORT FOOD IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE us feel happy inside, but the kitchen devices that help make those dishes are rarely as endearing. Black & Decker's new line of Ergo appliances aims to take the edge out of unfriendly utensils with its cushioned handles that are angled for more comfortable, natural hand positions. Available in July, the hand mixer, electric knife and can opener will cost $20 to $25 each.

You've Got Scrabble!

ADDICTED TO SCRABBLE? IN MARCH Hasbro Interactive will offer an e-mail version of its popular board and CD-ROM game. Here's how it works: one player buys and installs the $15 program and makes her first move, which is automatically saved as a file that can be sent as an attachment in any Windows e-mail program (including AOL 4.0). When the second player gets the file, he opens it up and makes his own move, which is also saved and routed back to the sender. Hasbro promises more e-mail games this year.



Watch Where You're Going

YOU'RE HIKING ALONG A LOVELY TRAIL when suddenly you forget whether you should follow the path to the left or the right to get back home. What now? Casio's new satellite navigation watch ($490, available in June) could help you out in a pinch. The first watch with a built-in global-positioning-system receiver, it records your longitude and latitude (within 100 ft. or so) to help keep you on track. —A.H.

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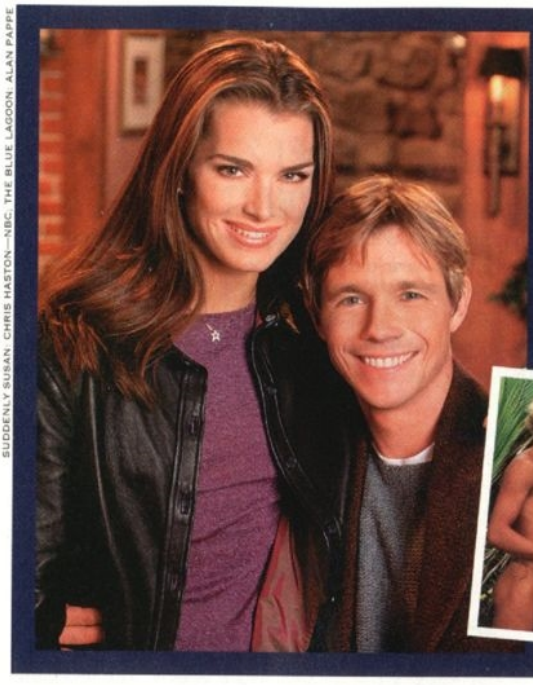
By MICHELE ORECKLIN



SUDDENLY SUSAN: CHRIS HASTON—NBC; THE BLUE LAGOON: ALAN PAPPE

FROM CASTAWAYS TO COLUMNISTS

In the 1980 film *The Blue Lagoon*, BROOKE SHIELDS and CHRISTOPHER ATKINS were such comely castaways that they managed to make natural childbirth and trapping your own dinner seem enticing. But while Shields' career blossomed, Atkins' seemed marooned (unless you count *Beaks: the Movie* or *Dead Man's Island*). Soon, however, he'll reunite with civilization, and Shields, on an upcoming episode of *Suddenly Susan*. No longer a hunter-gatherer, Atkins plays Tony, a bridge columnist whom Susan meets at a journalism convention and pursues to get even with her ex-boyfriend. Alas, Tony is impervious to her advances. Perhaps she neglected to pack the loincloth.

LOOMIS DEAN—LIFE

Do Not Return To Sender

Everyone knows ELVIS PRESLEY met his future wife Priscilla while stationed in Germany in the late 1950s. News has surfaced that another underage girl captured his attention around that time, only she didn't find out about it until 39 years later. In 1960 Karen Golz, then a 10-year-old German schoolgirl, sent Elvis an effusively admiring letter in which she promised to marry him and informed him of her upcoming birthday. Elvis, touched, penned a return missive: "Dear Karen, may you have a very happy 11th Birthday and a lot of 'Teddy Bears.' Your Friend, Elvis," and gave it to his landlady to mail. Bad move—she never sent it. When she died recently, relatives found it among her belongings and had it delivered to Golz, now a 50-year-old hausfrau. The letter's value is estimated at $6,000, peanuts really, compared with how Priscilla made out.

ABC Goes After E! on Oscar Night

GERARDO SOMOZA—OUTLINE

For those made anxious by change, this year's Academy Awards may prove deeply disturbing. For the first time, the show will air on Sunday rather than Monday, and in a first of potentially far greater importance, the Academy plans to produce its own pre-show. It's set to air live on ABC in the half hour before the main event, and the Academy has decreed that no other networks can broadcast from the red carpet during this time. Meanwhile GEENA DAVIS, who will host the pre-show, has promised not to ask arrivals about their outfits, which may leave little to talk about. "Maybe she'll ask them about algebra," muses JOAN RIVERS, who has traditionally owned that piece of airtime on the E! channel and will broadcast this year until she's cut off. "She shouldn't ask about fashion," Rivers continues. "She's a lovely girl, but this is a person who wears pirate outfits."

NATION—SYGMA

WHEN BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE BREAK UP

BERLINER STUDIO—OUTLINE

WHO: Gwyneth Paltrow and Ben Affleck

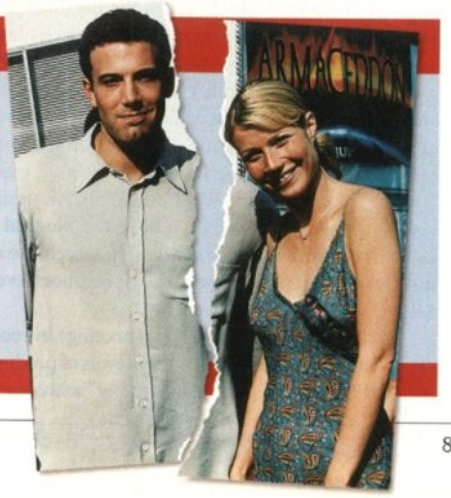
WHEN: Just after they finished promoting their film *Shakespeare in Love*

HOW LONG THEY DATED: About a year—they began at roughly the same time her best friend Winona Ryder started dating his best friend Matt Damon

OFFICIAL REASON FOR SPLIT: Oddly, the stars' publicists declined comment

WHOM EACH MIGHT DATE NEXT: Tabloids link Paltrow to former *A Perfect Murder* co-star Viggo Mortensen; Affleck could hook up with Alanis Morissette, with whom he co-stars in an upcoming film (she plays God, a figure traditionally hard to resist)

RELATIONSHIP RETROSPECTIVE Was it as good for them as it was for us?



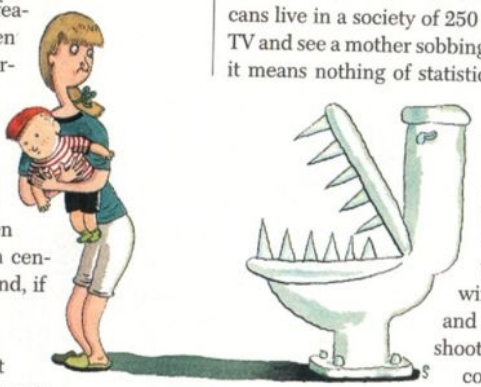
Robert Wright

Safe, Not Sound

Is the war on risk scaring our kids to death?

MY WIFE AND I MUST BE CARING PARENTS, BECAUSE we've been sent "the catalog for parents who care." It is called *Perfectly Safe* and is devoted to creating "the perfectly safe home." It offers, for example, a venetian-blind-cord shortener (so your child won't inadvertently hang himself) and a plastic "safety film" to put over windows and glass doors ("For use during hurricanes too!"). The catalog also gives you the opportunity to "Lock out 'toilet tragedies' with Lid Loc."

It is amazing how many things you don't realize you need until you get a catalog featuring them. My wife and I had never even discussed toilet tragedies, much less formulated a viable strategy for combatting them. And consider the Tub Rug, a temperature-sensitive bath mat on which the words TOO HOT! appear under appropriate circumstances. It is almost embarrassing to admit, but we had been using a system, devised during the 19th century, in which a parent feels the water and, if it's too hot, says, "Too hot!"



Don't get me wrong. Parents are free to spend as much as they want to cut the chances of tragedy from very near zero to very, very near zero. Still, I do believe this child-safety business is getting out of hand.

The *Perfectly Safe* catalog is the least of it. Lid Loc won't scare a kid half to death, which is more than you can say for some other attempts to remove the last scintilla of risk from human experience.

Exhibit A: A coloring book from the police in Montgomery County, Md., warns children, "You cannot tell if a stranger is dangerous by the way he or she looks. A dangerous stranger could look and act like a very nice person." The accompanying drawing is of four adults who look like the neighbors in an old Dick-and-Jane reader, among them a well-dressed elderly woman.

Now, a young child's chances of being abducted by a well-dressed elderly woman are about the same as those of being snatched by a low-flying eagle. And, for that matter, a young child's chances of being abducted period are not much higher (especially if you eliminate cases involving custody disputes and other family feuds). Yet to stave off this peril, we're giving kids coloring books that have the psychological impact of the 1950s movie *Invaders from Mars*, in which the child protagonist learns that anyone—next-door neighbors, even the police—may be a robotic Martian convert.

Naturally, the several school shootings in recent years have propelled safety extremists to new levels of productivity. The Associated Press has reported that "many" schools are supplementing their fire drills with "bullet drills," in which children duck and cover on command. Will this save a single life? Probably not. Will it teach some six-year-olds that the world is a dark and terrible place where gnawing dread is a logical frame of mind? Probably.

Much of the problem here is our cognitive machinery for gauging risk. Human beings evolved in societies of 40, 50, maybe 100 people. In those groups, if you saw a mother sobbing that her child had been carried off by a wild animal, it meant your child faced a real risk. So, apparently, the human brain evolved to take such reports seriously. But today Americans live in a society of 250 million people. If you turn on the TV and see a mother sobbing that her child has been abducted, it means nothing of statistical significance. Still, you instinctively pay attention, and you probably feel alarmed.

How to relax? Start by recalling the core definition of news: that which is new. The less common a tragedy, the more likely it is to lead the nightly broadcast. Last winter, when you turned on the TV and saw footage from the school shooting in West Paducah, Ky., you could find some consolation: if this sort of thing had much chance of happening at your child's school, it wouldn't be the lead story.

True, the fact that it was the lead story helped make such shootings more likely in the future. And two other school rampages—in Jonesboro, Ark., and Springfield, Ore.—did occur. Even so, the chances of such a tragedy visiting your neighborhood remain minuscule. You'll know it's time to worry when your newspaper *stops* covering school massacres that happen outside your region.

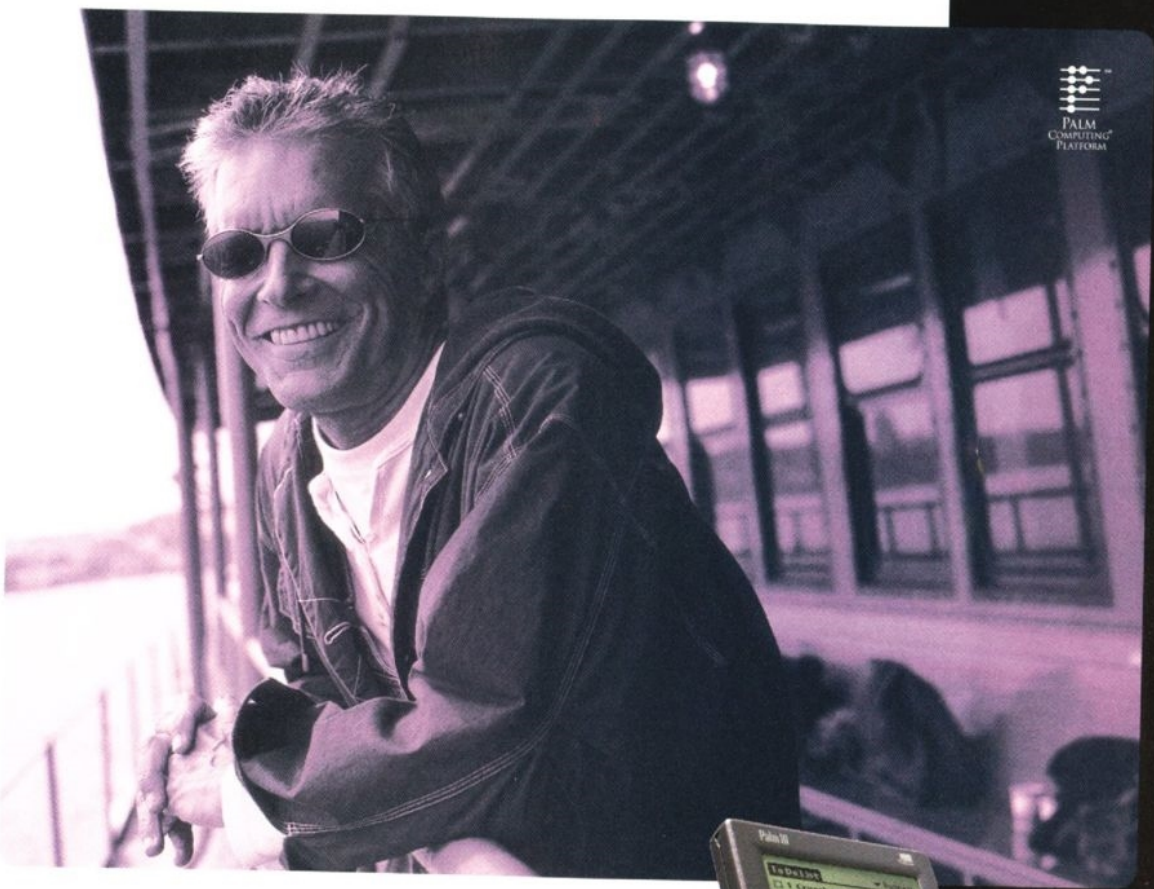
In America life expectancy is at an all-time high. Yet 63% of children ages 7 to 10 are worried about dying young, according to one study. This is not as paradoxical as it sounds. We have lengthened the human lifetime by declaring war against risk on fronts ranging from medicine to car design. And wars make people painfully conscious of the enemy.

Consider the current movement to have school-age children fingerprinted just in case the police-department coloring books fail to thwart abduction. Ever try to fingerprint a seven-year-old without having her ask why? (She might even ask a more troubling question: How likely is it that a fingerprint would help you locate an abducted child?)

The war on risk has scored many successes, and I don't want to be ungrateful. But as more time, effort and money go into the crusade, bringing increasingly marginal gains, you have to start wondering: Is all this safety worth the fear it brings? ■

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY PETER SPACEK

SUCCESS IS A DIRECT RESULT OF AMBITION, CONNECTIONS, OR A REALLY GOOD TO-DO LIST.



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